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Autobiography, Correspondence, & C. ...

Lyman Beecher

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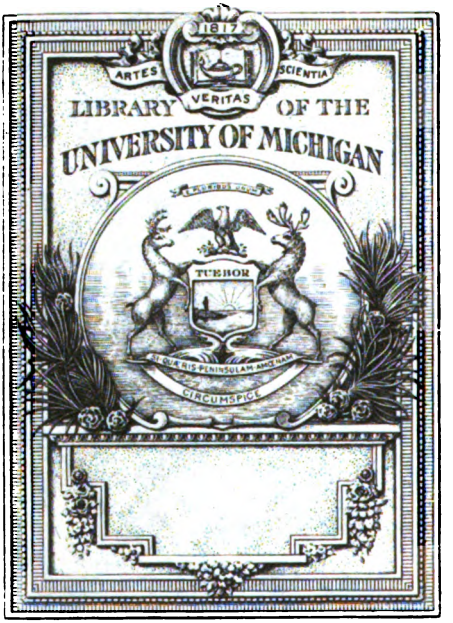

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY,

CORRESPONDENCE, ETC.,

OF

LYMAN BEECHER, D.D.

EDITED BY

CHARLES BEECHER.

With Illustrations.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY, CORRESPONDENCE, ETC.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

THE STONE CABIN. Residence of Mrs. Stowe, Andover.

SIXTEEN years after the Mayflower brought the first Pilgrim Fathers, there arrived in Boston the most opulent company of any who had settled in New England. It was led by John Davenport, a celebrated London clergyman. With him was Theophilus Eaton, formerly ambassador to Denmark, and afterward deputy governor of India, where he

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made a large fortune. With these were other merchants of London of good estates, bringing with them servants and an abundance of household stuffs. The Massachusetts planters were anxious to retain so respectable a company, and made very liberal offers.

But at that time the Antinomian controversy originated by Mrs. Anne Hutchinson was at its height. Sir Harry Vane and some of the chief ministers and magistrates sustained her views, but the great majority were against her, and all the colonists were involved in the conflict.

To avoid this and other dangers, it was decided to establish an independent colony. Eaton and others explored the country, and decided to settle at Quinnipiac, now New Haven, on account of its good harbor. The Dutch explorers had named it *Red Mount*, from the red cliffs, now called East and West Rock.

After fixing upon a site and building a hut, Eaton returned to Boston, leaving a small party to guard the premises, among whom, tradition states, was Isaac Beecher, from whom the subject of this narrative is descended.

A fortnight's stormy voyage in the ensuing spring brought the company to their wilderness home, and their first Sabbath service was on the spot where now stands the old Beecher House, near the corner of George and College Streets, as shown in the vignette of Chapter II.

Ere long the city was laid out on the present plan, while in after days James Hillhouse planted the colonnades of embowering greens which have given to New Haven the favorite name of *Elm City*.

A year after the settlement of New Haven, a goodly company from Kent and Sussex established a colony at Menunkatunk, now Guilford. The leaders were Henry Whitfield, a wealthy and distinguished clergyman, and Samuel Des-

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borough, afterward member of Parliament from Edinburgh, and finally Lord Chancellor of Scotland.

The large stone house, built by Rev. Mr. Whitfield, and said by tradition to be the oldest in the country, is still standing in perfect preservation.

Lord Desborough was chief magistrate of Guilford nine years, and was succeeded by William Leet, a lawyer of Cambridge, and register of the Bishops' Court. With these came nearly forty gentlemen of education and means. There was not a merchant or mechanic among them, and it was with trouble and expense that they secured even a blacksmith.

At that day distinctions in society were marked by titles of address, by dress, and by manners. Clergymen, the graduates of colleges, planters of good family, and members of the General Court, were called *gentlemen*, and addressed by the term Mr.

Those without these advantages were called *yeomen*, and this class included those of respectable character who owned land, also the better class of laborers and tenants. A yeoman was addressed as *Goodman*, and his wife as *Goodwife* or *Goody*. Most of the Guilford planters bore the title of *Mr.*

At the time when this narrative opens, these marked distinctions of society had in a measure ceased; still, in Guilford, at this time, there was a class, quite a number of whom would be designated as "gentlemen of the old school," as that term has been used. At the present day, it is rare to find in so small a village so large a proportion of persons of literary tastes and refined culture. For example, besides the two clergymen, there were Joseph Pyncheon, a wealthy farmer; his son, a physician; Henry Caldwell, a merchant; Nathaniel Rossiter, a lawyer; Henry Hill, a farmer: these

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all had a collegiate education. Several others might be named, who, amid farming and mechanical pursuits, found time for refined and literary culture. Of this circle was General Andrew Ward, who at first resided in the centre of the town, and afterward on a farm of about two hundred acres, forming a portion of some narrow plains, between wooded hills, which, from their chief products, were called *Nutplains*.

Another gentleman living in Guilford at this time, Dr. Beecher's future father-in law, was Eli Foote.

He was of a family which, according to tradition, traces its genealogy back to the man who aided King Charles to conceal himself in the "royal oak," which stood in a field of clover. As a reward, he was knighted; and the Foote coat of arms bears an oak for its crest and a clover-leaf in its quarterings.*

The town of Guilford was laid out, like that of New Haven, around a central square, on which were placed the church and its surrounding home for the dead. The settlers at first clustered around this centre, but soon their farms extended on every side. In the northern portion, now called North Guilford, was the homestead of Lot Benton, whose house, the scene of Dr. Beecher's childhood, appears in the vignette of Chapter III.

The country around consists of rocky hills and valleys, gradually rising to where *Old Bluff Head* lifts its wooded summit four hundred feet, and then descends, precipitous

* Although the colonies of New Haven, Guilford, and Saybrook embraced a larger proportion of gentlemen, in distinction from yeomen, than any of the others, yet it is stated in Hollister's History of Connecticut that more than *four fifths* of the early land proprietors of Hartford, Windsor, and Wethersfield belonged to families having coats of arms in Great Britain.

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and bare, to a beautiful lake embowered in thick woods. From these heights descend the clear *trout-brooks*, now tinkling and glancing up from deep ravines by the road, and then dancing over white pebbles along the country paths, lined with billows of rosy laurel (*kalmias*).

These are the scenes in the midst of which Dr. Beecher's mind received its earliest, most vivid, and most enduring impressions.

As the memories of later years began to fade by degrees, those of childhood and youth seemed, as has been so often witnessed in the aged, to acquire increased freshness and vividness. As he told the simple story of his boyish days to his listening children, he seemed himself again a child. Again he roamed the hunting-grounds; again followed the trouting-brooks, rehearsing his piscatory exploits with the zest of actual reality. To the stranger some of these incidents may seem trivial, unworthy of a place in the history of a grave divine; and it must be confessed they lack, when read, a certain nameless charm, which only the inimitable manner of recital could throw around them.

These earlier reminiscences, however, had so much electricity in them—they revealed so vividly what he must have been in the keenness of his sportsmanlike tastes—they contained such a curious mixture of pathos and oddity, that those who listened could not bear altogether to suppress them.

Mirthfulness was such a constitutional trait, especially in conversation, that it is impossible to preserve the impressions of many of his brief, crisp sayings.

A printed word may seem to frown, which, as spoken, only smiled.

It was in recalling the impressions of opening existence that he also recalled, in all its freshness, the peculiar dialect

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of that period, the vigorous vernacular of a Connecticut farmer's boy of eighty years ago. Traces of the rustic dialect always clung to him through life in private conversation and in the freedom of animated extempore preaching. Thus, he would always say *creetur'* and *natur'*.

At the same time, in all matters of written style, few men have been more fastidious or more unwearied in the use of the file. As his sister used to say, "He was given to the lust of finishing."

It was his favorite plan, during the latter part of his life, to write a history of his own life and times, and more than once the work was commenced, and would have been completed had it not been for the said love of finishing, and the incessant demands of practical responsibilities that never gave him time to finish.

When he had nearly reached the boundary of threescore years and ten, the hope of accomplishing the design vanished, and he appealed to his children for aid.

They gladly commenced the work, and, as the first step, the son to whom he intrusted the chief labor received and arranged his sermons, letters, and other manuscripts.

Then, in a quiet, social way, in the sitting-room of his daughter, Mrs. Stowe, he detailed the recollections of his life, which were taken down as they fell from his lips. If his memory flagged, or any facts were left obscure, he was plied with questions to elicit whatever his children deemed of interest.

Afterward, letters and other documents material to the history were incorporated, and the whole read over to him in the same social manner, drawing forth comments, and accompanied by other questions and answers, some of which were preserved. These were some of the happiest hours of his life. They would constitute by themselves, if any ad-

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equate idea could be conveyed of them, one of the most characteristic and striking portions of that life.

At subsequent times, the whole work, or material portions of it, were read over to him when others of his children were present, and their recollections preserved.

Thus the work, especially in its earlier portions, gradually grew into a conversational history by Dr. Beecher and his children. Farther on, conversation yields to correspondence —a taste for which may fairly be said to be hereditary in the family. It is only with these qualifications, then, that the work can be called an Autobiography, being based upon a narrative the thread of which winds through the whole.

Few can appreciate the difficulties of an attempt to convey a lifelike impression of a man so much of whose power was exerted in bursts of extempore eloquence, both in public and in council with his ministerial brethren, and many of whose best things—the apt illustration, the quick repartee, the quaint humor, the trenchant wit—were necessarily evanescent. Yet those who knew him in his palmy days, and who remembered him in the full tide of glorious revival triumphs, and who recall the life, the magnetism he imparted to all who came in contact with him, will sympathize with his children in their regretful feeling that the difficulties alluded to have become impossibilities.

It is but a pale and faded likeness, a faint and feeble impression we can hope to convey of that so good and great that is gone from us unto God.

Our humble endeavor will be, as far as possible, to let him, though dead, yet speak; to let that heart speak, so rich in domestic affection, so unwavering in loyalty to Christ, so deathless in its desire to win souls.

We would let the one idea of his life, that suffused it in every part with a warm and tender radiance, the idea of en-

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tire consecration to the Master's work and to the salvation of men, suffuse these pages as with a halo of the glory unto which he is gone.

And our prayer is that this memorial may be accepted by the great Head of the Church, and honored to continue in days to come that which formed the single object of his life—the promotion of revivals of religion, and the hastening forward of the glad day when the whole world shall be converted unto Christ.

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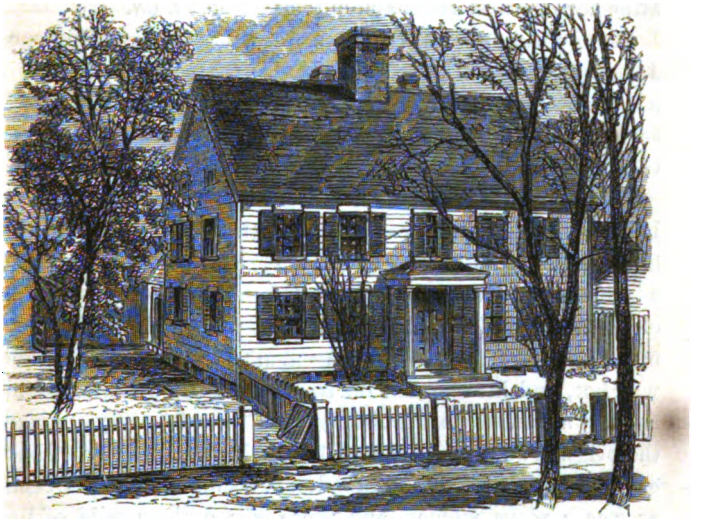
CHAPTER II.

ANCESTRY.



THE OLD BEECHER HOUSE, NEW HAVEN.

My ancestors came from England to New Haven with Davenport in 1638. There was one Hannah Beecher, a widow (whose husband had died just before they sailed), and her son Isaac. She was about to leave the enterprise on her husband's death, but, being a midwife, they promised her, if she would come, her husband's share in the town plot.

This promise was kept, and it was under a large spreading oak that grew on her land that they kept their first Sabbath, April 15, 1638; and Davenport preached the first ser-

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mon, from Matt., iv., 1: "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil."

I suppose they thought that was what they had come for. The text is a good sermon enough in itself. It was a prophecy of all that has happened since. I don't know any thing more of Hannah, except that the inventory of her estate, after her death in 1659, amounted to £55 5*s.* 6*d.*

I know nothing, either, about her son Isaac. Of his son, Joseph Beecher, I know two things: first, that he married a Pomeroy, who, after his death, married a Lyman; and, second, that he was of great muscular strength, being able to lift a barrel of cider, and drink out of the bung-hole.

Nathaniel Beecher, the son of Joseph, was my grandfather. He was not quite so strong as his father, being only able to lift a barrel of cider into a cart. He was six feet high, and a blacksmith by trade. His anvil stood on the stump of the old oak-tree under which Davenport preached the first sermon; just the place for a strong man to strike while the iron was hot, and hit the nail on the head. He married Sarah Sperry, a descendant, probably, of Richard Sperry, one of the original settlers of 1639–1645. Her mother was a Roberts, the daughter of a full-blooded Welshman. Sarah Beecher was a pious woman, and there is a curious relic of her among my papers, entitled, "Sarah Beecher, her Experiences," in which she mentions "being born of such parents, who, by instruction and example, taught me to serve God."

My father, David Beecher, the son of Nathaniel, was short, like his mother, and could lift a barrel of cider and carry it into the cellar. He was a blacksmith, and worked on the same anvil his father had before him, on the old oak stump.

In summer he worked on his farm, and raised the nicest rye, white as wheat.

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He kept a hired man in the shop, and, besides the usual smith-work, made the best hoes in New England. Judge Pickett, of Nova Scotia, wanted a dozen or two of his hoes, but the duty was too high; so he promised to send him a barrel of seed-corn, with *something else* besides in it; what that was I sha'n't tell.

He lived well, according to the times, and laid up four or five thousand dollars.

In those days, six mahogany chairs in a shut-up parlor were considered magnificent; he never got beyond cherry.

He was one of the best-read men in New England, well versed in Astronomy, Geography, and History, and in the interests of the Protestant Reformation, and enjoyed the respect of the educated circles. He was fond of politics, and an attentive reader of the single newspaper then published in New Haven. Old Squire Roger Sherman (one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence) used to say that he always calculated to see Mr. Beecher as soon as he got home from Congress, to talk over the particulars.

He always kept a number of college students and of representatives to the Legislature as boarders, being fond of their conversation. He often kept pace with his student-boarders in their studies, frequently spending his evenings in their rooms. He had a tenacious memory for what he read, but was entirely careless and forgetful as to his dress, hat, tools, etc. Your Aunt Esther says she has known him at least twelve times come in from the barn and sit down on a coat-pocket full of eggs, jump up, and say, "Oh, wife!"

"Why, my dear," she would reply, "I do wonder you can put eggs in your pocket after you have broken them so once."

"Well," he would say, "I thought I should remember this time."

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He was fond of fun, and enjoyed a joke as much as other folks.

He was, on the whole, a good deal like me; in fact, since I was sixty years of age, Esther has often called me "father" instead of "brother." He was just of my height — five feet seven and a half inches — with the same colored hair, eyes, and complexion, though I am a little the heavier. Esther says his eyes were the most beautiful she ever saw; my Frederick, that died in Litchfield, had eyes just like them. If father had received a regular education he would have been equal to any body.

He was very fond of pets. Esther's cats were his as much as hers. He would go to bed first, saying to the cat, "Come, Hector, we'll go to bed;" and when mother came up Hector would run down to Esther's bed.

From keeping boarders, it came about that his table was rather better than farmers' tables, and his cooking and seasoning rather too rich, and so he suffered severely from dyspepsia, and this produced hypochondria. He would pass from a state of cheerfulness to one of acute distress, apparently without any cause.

"Oh," said he to Esther once, as she was stroking her pet kitten, "I would give all the world if any body loved me as you love that kitten."

"Why, father," she replied, quite shocked, "you know that I love you, and so does mother."

"No you don't," said he. "You don't love me a bit; you wish I was dead and out of the way."

Esther's mother, his last wife, who outlived him, and who was a very pious woman, had learned to perceive the approach of these turns, and knew how to treat them. I knew all about them; have had just such feelings myself.

He was five times married. His first wife was Mary

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Austin; the second, Lydia Morris; third, Esther Lyman; fourth, Elizabeth Hoadly; the fifth, Mary Lewis Elliott. I can't say, "last of all the man died also," for his last wife survived him. He had twelve children, all but four of whom died in infancy. I was born October 12, 1775.

I am the son of father's third and best-beloved wife, Esther Lyman. Her father was John Lyman, of Middletown, Conn., son of Ebenezer, or Samuel, who came from Scotland to Boston. So you see I have a little Scotch blood, as well as Welsh, to mix with the English, in my veins. This Scotch ancestor was a man of large stature, strong mind, and excellent character. Mother herself was of a joyous, sparkling, hopeful temperament. Her mother was a Hawley, daughter of a Rev. Mr. Stowe, of Middletown, and an eminently godly woman, not belying her name, Grace. After her first husband's death she married Priest* Fowler, as he was called, of North Guilford.

I remember Granny Fowler from earliest childhood. She used to visit us, and as soon as ever I saw her coming I *clicked it* into the house, crying, "Granny's coming! Granny's coming!"

My mother was tall, well-proportioned, dignified in her movements, fair to look upon, intelligent in conversation, and in character lovely. I was her only child. She died of consumption two days after I was born. I was a seven months' child; and when the woman that attended on her saw what a puny thing I was, and that the mother could not live, she thought it useless to attempt to keep me alive. I was actually wrapped up and laid aside.

But, after a while, one of the women thought she would

* "Priest" and Parson are still sometimes prefixed in this manner in New England country towns to the names of clergymen. "Priest" Fowler means the Rev. Mr. Fowler.

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look and see if I was living, and, finding I was, concluded to wash and dress me, saying, "It's a pity he hadn't died with his mother." So you see it was but by a hair's-breadth I got a foothold in this world.

At this time Aunt Williston, of West Haven, and Aunt Benton, of North Guilford, mother's sisters, came forward; the former obtained a nurse; the latter, in three or four weeks, took me and the nurse home, and from that time performed the part of a mother to me.

Note.—In former editions Hannah Beecher's son is named John. His true name was Isaac, as above given. It should be stated, also, that the land on which the old oak grew was not, as above stated, the property of Hannah Beecher. Her house-lot was a little way outside the main settlement, west of the creek, near where the State Hospital now stands. The corner lot, where Dr. Beecher was born, and where the old oak flourished, was bought in 1764 by David Beecher, who built the house shown in the vignette. Doubtless his anvil stood on the old oak stump, but not that of Dr. Beecher's grandfather Nathaniel. Dr. Beecher followed the old family tradition, which in these particulars was inaccurate.

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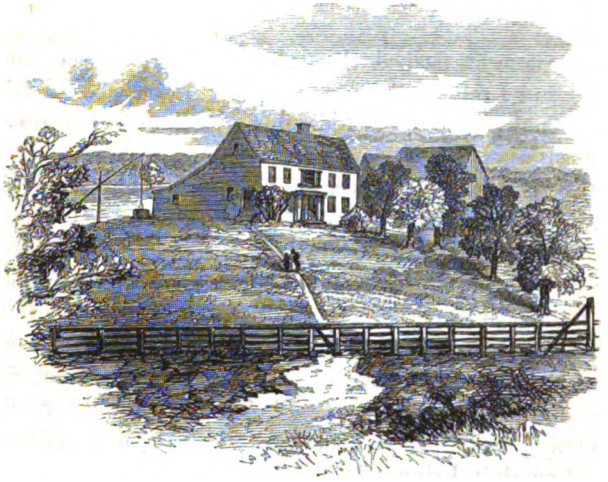
CHAPTER III.

EARLY DAYS.



LOT BENTON'S HOUSE, NORTH GUILFORD.

As the nurse's milk did not agree with me, she was dismissed, almost heart-broken at having to give me up, and I was given in charge to a girl named Annis, to be brought up by hand.

Afterward I found the nurse out, and visited her when I was in college.

Annis was a noble girl, and had a great influence over my character. She was about thirteen, intelligent and well-favored. She was nurse, mother, sister, and all. She and Aunt Benton fill up the memory of my early days.

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She was pious, and, though little was said to children then, talked with me about my soul. I remember one night, when the northern lights were very bright, a blood-red arch from horizon to zenith, and light enough to read out of doors. Every body was out looking at it, and Uncle Stephen Benton said, "Ah! we don't know at what time the day of judgment will come—at midnight or at cock-crowing."

The thought flashed through my mind, "It has come now," and I felt all the dismay of the reality. I began to cry. Annis quieted me, and, after I went to bed (I always slept with her), she talked with me about my soul.

Uncle Lot Benton was a substantial farmer, an upright, tall, bright, dark-eyed man of pleasant countenance. Uncle Lot Griswold, in the "Mayflower," is a pretty good picture of him. He had strong feelings, hid under a don't-care look, yet spilling over at the corner of his eye.

If a neighbor came to borrow a hoe, Uncle Lot would say, "Why don't ye have hoes o' your own? What d'ye hang on to your neighbors for?" Then, when the borrower was going away, "Here, come back; *take* the hoe, can't ye? You'll break it, I s'pose."

Uncle Lot was a saving, contriving, scheming man, who farmed on the principle of making his ground yield the most with the least outlay.

He made and mended his own tools, harness, and plow. His farm was on a ridge of good, quick, strong land, sloping to the east and west—a beautiful situation. He had forty head of cattle, two horses, and forty sheep.

There was rotation of crops, corn following grass, and oats corn, and then grass again. We made as stout oats as could stand.

Raised an acre or two of flax, though it was impossible to keep Aunt Benton and niece in spinning for the winter.

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We raised our own breadstuffs, and fodder for stock, and cut salt hay on the marsh.

Flax-pulling was hard enough to break your back the first day, the second lighter, the third easy enough. We had about three days' pulling for Uncle Benton and me, boy and man. Then we rotted it, beat it, and bleached it. I knew my business about flax.

In fall and winter there was wood to be cut and hauled from the wood-lot. We kept no spirits in the house. Uncle Lot always bought a gallon of rum, which answered for haying and harvest. One pint bottle served for seven or eight hands. In June we filled our gallon bottle with cider and water, and went down to Quinnepaug Outlet to wash and shear the sheep. We built an inclosure of rails and drove the sheep in. The old ram we boys used to drag in and souse under. He would come out and stand dripping.

Then, after a day or two, we sheared them. The only difficulty with me was, I used to cut in and take out a little piece of the skin now and then.

Then the fleece was washed, salted, carded, and spun. Aunt Benton spun it all in the house. Flax in winter, wool in summer; woman's work is never done.

They made all sorts of linen work, table-cloths, shirting, sheets, and cloths. If it hadn't been for this household manufactory we never should have succeeded in the Revolution.

I remember in those days how the selectmen visited the farm-houses, and took an inventory and gave receipts. We paid in beef. The kitchen was full, and they came with carts and carried it to the army.

H. B. S. "Was there no complaining?"

No complaint; not a word.

H. B. S. "We were independent already, and only determined we would remain so."

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Yes. If we had been slaveholders we should have gone to the dogs.

H. B. S. "Were there not some that held slaves then?"

Yes, a few. Darb, the fiddler, was a slave; belonged to old Mr. Ben Rossiter. Darb came in one evening and played dancing tunes after I was abed. There were about a dozen slaves in North Guilford, but the slavery was very lenient. Old Priest Fowler's Moses was quite the man of business; sent Johnny Fowler to college, and paid the bills, managed the farm, rung the church bell, and was factotum. He lived a slave because he was a king.

I remember near the close of the war, when New Haven was attacked by the British, Aaron Burr happened to be there, and took command of a party of militia. Father took his old firelock and went out with them. But the British were too strong for them, and the word came each one to look out for himself. Father was down in the "second quarter," so called, and happened to see a scout; he raised his gun, and stood deliberating whether he could kill a fellow-being. The click of a trigger near by turned his head toward a British marksman, who had no such scruples, but was aiming straight at his head. He popped down into a ravine, losing his gun and hat, and wandered about all that hot July day bareheaded, and got a sunstroke, from which he never wholly recovered.

I remember that day we were plowing, when we heard the sound of cannon toward New Haven. "Whoa!" said Uncle Benton; stopped team, off harness, mounted old Sorrel, bareback, shouldered the old musket, and rode off to New Haven. Deacon Bartlett went too; and Sam Bartlett said he never saw his father more keen after deer than he was to get a shot at the regulars. He had a large-bored, long old shot-gun, that I bought afterward for ducks.

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I remember the firing at the close of the war. They sent us a cannon from New Haven, and we fired it thirteen times, one for every state. The last time they filled it full of stones, and let drive into the top of a great oak-tree.

Then came hard times, taxes, whisky insurrection, Shay's rebellion, and the new Constitution. Uncle Benton objected to the eight dollars per day for members of Congress; but General Collins smoothed him down, and he voted for it. I remember one day they were discussing who should be president, a knot of them, and I spoke up, "Why, General Washington!" and they looked at each other and smiled.

H. B. S. "How did they live in those days? Tell us something about Aunt Benton's kitchen."

I can see her now as plain as I can see you. She and Annis got breakfast very early. We had wooden trenchers first, then pewter, and finally earthenware. Our living was very good. Rye bread, fresh butter, buckwheat cakes, and pie for breakfast. After the dishes were washed, Annis and I helped aunt milk. Then they made cheese and spun till dinner. We dined on salt pork, vegetables, and pies; corned beef also; and always, on Sunday, a boiled Indian pudding. We made a stock of pies at Thanksgiving, froze them for winter's use, and they lasted till March.

After dinner aunt put things "to rights," Annis spun, and I worked at flax and foddering.

In the evening we visited, chatted, ate apples, drank cider, and told stories. On Sunday nights the boys went a courting.

I used to have the heartburn after eating puddings and pies, and Aunt Benton had a notion I was weakly. "Lyman," she would say, "won't you go into the milk-room and get a piece of cake? You don't look *well*."

H. B. S. "Well, father, you had to work hard; but what did you do for amusement?"

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Hunting and fishing were my amusements, except that I used to play checkers with Sam Bartlett, and go to singing-school with Annis, and sing from Law's Collection.

The first time I went a fishing Uncle Benton took me down to Beaver Head, tied a brown thread on a stick, put a crooked pin on it and a worm, and said, "There, Lyman, throw it in." I threw it in, and out came a shiner! The first time I caught a perch was at Quinnepaug Outlet. He got off my hook and fell in the shallows, and began to flapper off, and away I went after him down the shallows on all fours, quicker than a flash.

Another time I found a school* of perch in a hole under the roots of a tree, and took them all out with my hand.

I always liked "training-day," because then I could go a fishing. Fished all day till dark, and felt sorry when night came. That was my passion. Couldn't leave off till the bullheads had done biting. Once, at the saw-mill, I hooked a pickerel without bait; how I whopped him out!

Used to follow the trout-brook round to the mill-dam. Once, below the dam, in a deep hole, I saw six salmon-trout. Dropped my hook with a grasshopper; none of 'em bit. Tried a worm, squirmed lively; one of 'em struck it; took him out. Cut a stick, strung him; baited my hook, threw in; another of 'em struck it; pulled him out, strung him; another, and another, till I had the whole six.

H. B. S. "Did you hunt any?"

Yes, down between home and the western road—squirrels, quail, partridges, and what not. Used to catch muskrats and minks; deer were scarce. The wolves used to howl in the woods; never heard them but once since, and that was in the black swamp in Indiana.

H. B. S. "Did you care any thing about flowers then?"

* "School" is still the New England provincialism for "shoal."

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Well, Aunt Benton had a beautiful garden in front of the house. All the common sorts of flowers grew there —peonies, pinks, featherfew, balsams, roses, and the like. There was the first place I ever saw Esther. She came over from New Haven on a visit. She was bright and nimble, and went skipping about the garden like a little butterfly.

H. B. S. "Was that a healthy country?"

Healthy? In eighteen years of early life I never went to the funeral of a young person of our circles. Never knew but one case of fever and ague. The ground sloped away to the marsh so far that there was no miasm. The drainage was swift, and the trout-brook did not dry up the year round. Every storm threw floods down the mountain-side and swept every thing clean. Sometimes a cloud broke on the mountains, filled the channel, carried away bridges, and went past like a great wave of the sea.

When I used to be out hoeing corn, and saw two thunder-clouds rising, my nerves braced up, and, as it grew darker, the excitement increased, till, finally, when the thunder burst, it was like the effect of a strong glass of wine.

H. B. S. "Were you afraid?"

Not I. I wished it would thunder all day. I never heard such thunder since, except once in the hills round Marietta, Ohio.

H. B. S. "And were you never sick?"

I had the mumps, measles, hooping-cough, and all that sort of thing. One or two narrow escapes too: I stumbled over the dye-pot, and sat down in a kettle of scalding water. That threw me into convulsions. Came near being crushed by a falling tree; should have been if it had not *lodged:* that saved me.

H. B. S. "Well, father, how did it happen that you did not become a farmer?"

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I should, if Uncle Benton had not cleared a fifteen-acre lot, and I driven plow over the whole three times. He always meant I should be his heir, and have the homestead, and be a farmer as he was. I wish you could see his old plow. It was a curious thing of his own making—clumsy, heavy, and patched with old hoes and pieces of iron to keep it from wearing out. That plow is the most horrible memorial of that time.

If that plow could tell the story of my feelings it would be a development. Uncle Lot, however, thought a great deal of it. One day I drove the ox-team so as to graze it with the wheel.

"There, there, Lyman, you've run over that plow and broke it all to pieces."

"Why, Uncle Lot, I haven't touched the plow."

"Well, I'd a great deal rather you had than to have gone so plaguy nigh it."

Now I am naturally quick, and that old plow was so slow—one furrow a little way, and then another—and the whole fifteen acres three times over, some of it steep as the roof of a house. I became inexpressibly sick of it. What should I do, then, but build castles in the air. First I knew I would be a rod ahead, and the plow out, and Uncle Lot would say "Whoa," and come and give me a shake.

Not long after the job was finished Uncle Benton and I were walking together over to Toket Hill, and I had got so used to driving that I fell into a brown study, and kept saying "Whoa!" "Haw!" "Gee!" as if the oxen were along.

"Why, Lyman," said Uncle Lot, "did you think you were driving the oxen?" It was then, I believe, he gave up. Next day we were out behind the barn picking up apples.

"Lyman," said he, "should you like to go to college?"

"I don't know, sir," said I. But the next day we were

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out picking apples again, and, without his saying a word, I said, "Yes, sir, I should." So he drove over to New Haven, and talked with father, and they settled it between them. Uncle Lot was to clothe me—Aunt Benton could make nearly every thing—and father was to do the rest.

Uncle took his nephew, Lot Benton, for his heir, and gave him the homestead, and moved to Old Guilford. When he died he left me his Guilford house, and land worth about $2000 besides.

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CHAPTER IV.

EARLY EDUCATION.

I WENT to school first in North Guilford, in a great barn of a school-house, with desks around, and a long desk through the centre. The best writer sat at the end next the fire. The fireplace took in wood cart length, and it was hot enough at that end to roast an ox, and that was all the heat there was. I was about the fourth or fifth from the fire, and the ink always froze in my pen. So it was, "Master, may I go to the fire?" all day long.

They had a parish meeting once to see about moving the old thing, but quarreled and broke up in a row. It never would have been set straight if it hadn't been for our old neighbor, Tim Baldwin.

H. B. S. "Why, what did he do?"

Well, I'll tell you. Next morning he said he wasn't going to have any quarreling about that school-house; so he yoked his oxen, and Tim Rossiter's, and went down, hitched on—"Whoa, haw, Bright—gee up!" and dragged the school-house along where he wanted it. Then he unhitched and left it there, and there it stood. And, when people found it was done, they stopped quarreling.

Bishop was our first teacher—a poor creature who didn't know what else to do, so he kept school. I worked all summer, and went to school in winter, and learned my letters out of Dilworth.

Dan Bartlett came next, and taught me Daboll's Arithmetic. Jones was next—pretty good in common things. I came late that quarter, and stood at the foot in reading.

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After we had done reading, he said to me, "Come up here next the head."

Afterward, I remember, we chose sides; two pretty girls drew lots for first pick. After we had done, "Very well," said he. "Lyman Beecher is the best reader in school." Oh, how proud I felt!

Then came Augustus Baldwin. He really took hold and gave us a start. We thought him the most wonderful man in the world. He was "college-learned," and a little vain. After lecturing us on manners, he would wind up by saying, "Be as I am!" and strutted about. We swallowed it all, admiring. I went in arithmetic through the Rule of Three; but nobody ever explained any thing. We only did sums. The only books we had at Uncle Benton's were the great Bible and Psalm-book. Father came over once and made me a present of Robinson Crusoe and Goody Two-shoes. They thought me a genius because I took Robinson Crusoe out to the barn to read and beat flax. But I was not much of a reader.

C. B. "Well, father, what sort of religious training did you have?"

We always had family prayers, and I heard the Bible read every morning. Aunt Benton became pious when I was about ten. I remember Parson Bray's coming to see her, and talking about "inability." I never heard Parson Bray preach a sermon I understood.

They say every body knows about God naturally. A lie. All such ideas are by teaching. One Sunday evening I was out playing. They kept Saturday evening, and children might play on Sunday evening as soon as they could see three stars. But I was so impatient I did not wait for that. Bill H. saw me, and said,

"That's wicked; there ain't three stars."

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"Don't care."

"God says you mustn't."

"Don't care."

"He'll punish you."

"Well, if he does, I'll tell Aunt Benton."

"Well, he's bigger than Aunt Benton, and he'll put you in the fire and burn you forever and ever."

That took hold. I understood what fire was, and what forever was. What emotion I had thinking, No end! no end! It has been a sort of mainspring ever since.

I had a good orthodox education; was serious-minded, conscientious, and had a settled fear of God and terror of the day of judgment. Conscience, however, only troubled me about particular sins. I knew nothing about my heart. For instance: I got to pulling hair with Alex. Collins one training-day, and Granny Rossiter told Aunt Benton, "I'm afeard Lyman's been a fighting." I felt so ashamed, as if I had lost my character. It laid heavy on my heart long after. Again: one Sunday, Spring (my first dog) and I staid at home in the forenoon. Spring and Spot (Uncle Tim's dog) would visit on Sundays, and off they went to the woods to hunt squirrels. This time they found a rabbit. I had great workings. I knew it would be wrong. But nobody was there. After holding back as long as I could, I let go, and went down to the branch.* The rabbit had run to his burrow, and the dogs could not reach him. I staid a while, but conscience tormented me so that I went back. Then I had nothing to do; so I took the big Bible, and read Susanna, Bel and the Dragon, and the Revelations till I was tired. Then I fell to whittling, and made elder pin-boxes. But, when they were made, I was so conscience-smitten that I gathered them up and threw them into the fire.

* A little brook.

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Curious, now, this thing of personal identity! Here I am now, an old man, telling you this story about a little boy; and yet I feel that I am the same person now that I was then.

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CHAPTER V.

FITTING FOR COLLEGE.

At sixteen I went to school in New Haven, taught by Colonel Mansfield, father of Mansfield of Cincinnati. Harry Baldwin, my college chum, was there too. I began to study my Accidence there, but did not stay long. My mother's sister, Aunt Williston, of West Haven, took me to board, in exchange for their son at college, who boarded with father.

Uncle Williston was a very pious man; but, like most ministers of that day, fond of his pipe. He used a ton or more of tobacco in his lifetime. Had a little shelf by the side of his writing-table—a piece of plank—on which he cut tobacco; it was nearly cut through. Never saw him without a pipe in his mouth. Aunt Williston was kind, and kept good watch over us young folks. Her niece, Lucy, about my age, was a pretty girl, and I liked to sit up nights cosily chatting with her. But no; Aunt Williston came in and ordered me off to bed.

H. B. S. "Was she *very* pretty?"

Why— (hesitation). She was really a sensible girl, of fair form and presence, which, I dare say, would have waxed into beauty.

H. B. S. "Was Uncle Williston a good preacher?"

Well, he always read his morning sermon to us Saturday evening, and the other at noon, and catechised us on them in the evening. Lucy and I were bored alike. He was not weak—every body loved him—but he was not keen. I remember one sermon on "My son, eat thou honey, because it is good." He repeated it over and over, and turned it this

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way and that, and scratched it as a hen does an ear of corn, and wound up—"And what other reason shall I give why virtue should be chosen? My son, eat thou honey, for it is good."

I studied Latin grammar. The grammar was written in Latin. I studied, parsed, recited every thing in Latin. A deadly trial; but the best fortune I ever had. Really, a thorough-going thing. I got it by heart, every word of it. In that thing none of my class surpassed me.

I staid all winter at Uncle Williston's, and then went to Parson Bray's, at North Guilford, who fitted boys for college. He gave us sums to do in arithmetic, but never explained. I suffered in that department through his neglect. He was a farmer; had two slaves to till his farm, and abundance of cattle and hogs. He preached twice on the Sabbath, and attended funerals, and that was all except the quarterly sacramental lecture. That was the average of ministerial work in those days.

H. B. S. "That is one reason why they lived longer, and staid longer in the same place."

True. Nowadays they wear a man out in a few years. They make him a slave, worse than on the plantation. The old way was healthier.

I remember the Association met there, and dined at Uncle Benton's. As soon as Aunt Benton saw them coming, she threw the irons in the fire, and ran down cellar to draw a pail of beer. Then the hot irons were thrust in hissing and foaming, it was sweetened, and the flip was ready. Then came pipes, and in less than fifteen minutes you could not see across the room.

Parson Bray took a newspaper, the first one I ever read. Those were French Revolutionary days, and the paper was full of battles between the French and Austrians. I have read the papers regularly ever since, and kept up with the times.

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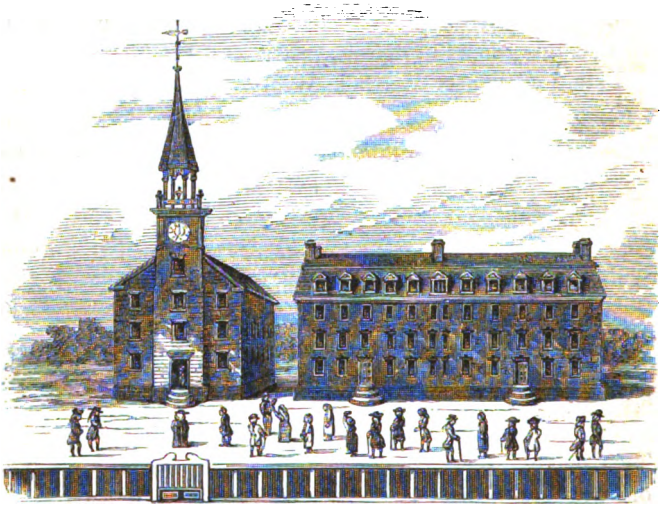
CHAPTER VI.

YALE.



YALE COLLEGE AS IT WAS THEN.

After spending about two years in fitting for college, I went home to father's in New Haven, and spent a month before Commencement. I was eighteen. Farmer's life and farmer's fare had made me strong and hearty beyond any thing I should have reached if I had grown up in father's family, though that was far more intellectual. I built up the physical first, the intellectual afterward.

Father was now living with his fifth wife, and Esther, her daughter, was about thirteen, and forever reading. Then

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there were Polly, Lydia, and David, so that there was a pretty good family of us. Besides, there were several boarders, and, at Commencement, the house was always filled to overflowing with company.

That was the first house that President Day ever stopped at in New Haven. His father used to put up there at Commencement.

We young folks thought it a fine thing to sleep on the straw in the barn, and high times we had up in the old hayloft.

Yale College then was very different from what it is now.

The main building then was Connecticut Hall, three stories high, now South Middle College.

What is now the Athenæum was then the chapel, with a tall spire, and the present Laboratory was then the dining-hall.

The present South College, then Union Hall, was commenced the year I entered, 1793, and finished the next.

The stairs in the main building were worn nearly through, the rooms defaced and dirty.

As to apparatus, we had a great orrery, almost as big as the wheel of an ocean steamer, made in college by Joseph Badger, afterward missionary to the Sandwich Islands. It was made to revolve, but was all rusty; nobody ever started it.

There was a four-foot telescope, all rusty; nobody ever looked through it, and, if they did, not to edification. There was an air-pump, so out of order that a mouse under the receiver would live as long as Methusaleh.

There was a prism, and an elastic hoop to illustrate centrifugal force.

We were taken up to see those dingy, dirty things, and that was all the apparatus the college had.

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James Gould was our first tutor, and then Roger Minot Sherman, a great man, one of the first at the bar afterward. He loved us, and we him. He was our tutor till the spring of our Junior year. After Gould left us, the president heard us recite for a season, till Sherman took us.

President Stiles was well made, trim, of medium height, of strong prejudices, not profound, but very learned. One of the politest, most urbane gentlemen I ever knew—that is, out of college; for, as a man, he was one thing, but as president quite another. I remember that, in my first vacation, Ben Baldwin got me to keep school for him while he went a journey. This kept me out three weeks of the next term. When I went up to President Stiles's study to get excused, I told him the whole story. "*Notetur*," said he (you must be fined); and that was all he said. In those days the students were fined for any misdemeanors.

One of our class once snapped a copper on the floor at recitation. The old gentleman paused; looked up severe and stern, and, when all was hushed, went on again.

One evening he brought a foreign ambassador or other dignitary with him to prayers, but, being rather late, the students were in a row, stamping, etc., all over the chapel. This mortified him exceedingly. He reached the stage; tried to speak to quell the tumult; couldn't be heard; then up with his cane and struck on the stage, shivering it to splinters, and broke out in a rage. He was of the old régime—the last of that age—had it in his heart and in his soul. He liked the old college laws derived from the English universities; and when the Freshmen complained of the oppression of the Sophomores, he sent them back. Those laws were intensely aristocratic, and it was in my day that the reaction came, and the modern democratic customs were introduced.

I had some hand in that myself. The first part of the

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year I lived in George Street, and escaped the tyranny of the Sophomores; but, on taking a room in college (it was the northwest corner, lower story), I soon experienced its effects. I was sent for to a room so full of tobacco-smoke you could not see across it. There I was asked all manner of questions, in English and Latin, and received all manner of solemn advice. Then Forbes, a big fellow, took me as his fag, and sent me of errands. Every day he contrived to send me on some business or other, worrying me down to indignation.

One moonlight evening, as a few of our class were standing together as the nine o'clock bell rang, some one said,

"Come, let's go down and break Forbes's windows."

"No, no," said I, "the streets are full of people."

"Coward!"

"You've missed your man this time. I'm not a coward, but I'm not a fool. If any man will go at twelve o'clock to-night, I will."

"I'll go!" said Parker. And so, when twelve o'clock came, we went down, each armed with a couple of bricks. We marched past, and let drive one after another. One struck the wall just above his head.

Next day father said to me, "Lyman, Mr. Hubbard has been talking with me; he thinks it likely you were concerned in breaking Forbes's windows."

"Well," said I, "he can't prove it, and you can't prove it; and God only can publish it if it's true."

"Well, well," said he, "I'll tell you what you had better do. Just stop your class, and contribute enough to mend the windows, and say nothing."

So said, so done. The windows were mended, and the thing passed over; but they never sent me errands any more after that.

The old system was abolished soon after.

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CHAPTER VII.

YALE, *Continued.*

In my first year I narrowly escaped drowning. Long Island Sound was frozen over, so that at Five-mile Point no water was visible. I rose early to go on a visit to Grandfather Morris's (father's second wife was a Morris). I skated down the harbor, and was just passing Five-mile Point as the sun arose. The sun shone in my face so that I did not notice a change in the color of the ice till it gave way. "I'm in," was my first thought. The water was bitter cold, and I had on my great-coat. Felt no panic, but came to the edge and tried to spring out; but the moment I bore my weight on it it failed; I tried a second time—it broke again. Then for a moment I looked into eternity. There was an instant of despair, but the flash of hope followed, and I tried it the third time. My breast rested on the solid ice; I put out my strength, scratched with my nails, and kicked—gaining, gaining, gaining—till I felt the balance *on*. Then I put up my hands to heaven and gave thanks, took to my skates and went. And so, having obtained help of God, I continue to this day.

This year also I had the scarlet fever, and came as near to death as on the day of my birth.

Then came the spring vacation, and I went home to North Guilford to recruit by making maple-sugar. We had about a hundred trees. Oh, I wish you could see them now, with their great spreading roots! I used to delight in that work, tapping the trees, boiling down the sap, and carrying it home.

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In my Sophomore year (September, 1794–'5) I did comparatively little. My early instructors had never explained the principles of arithmetic, so that for this part of the course I had small qualification. Mathematics I lost totally.

In May of this year Dr. Stiles died, and Dr. Dwight became president at the next Commencement. He had the greatest agency in developing my mind.

Before he came college was in a most ungodly state. The college church was almost extinct. Most of the students were skeptical, and rowdies were plenty. Wine and liquors were kept in many rooms; intemperance, profanity, gambling, and licentiousness were common. I hardly know how I escaped. Was invited to play, once, in a classmate's room. I did so, and won. Next day I won again, then lost, and ended in debt. I saw immediately whereunto that would grow; obtained leave of absence, went home for a week, till cured of that mania, and never touched a card afterward.

That was the day of the infidelity of the Tom Paine school. Boys that dressed flax in the barn, as I used to, read Tom Paine and believed him; I read, and fought him all the way. Never had any propensity to infidelity. But most of the class before me were infidels, and called each other Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, etc., etc.

They thought the Faculty were afraid of free discussion. But when they handed Dr. Dwight a list of subjects for class disputation, to their surprise he selected this: "Is the Bible the word of God?" and told them to do their best.

He heard all they had to say, answered them, and there was an end. He preached incessantly for six months on the subject, and all infidelity skulked and hid its head.

He elaborated his theological system in a series of forenoon sermons in the chapel; the afternoon discourses were

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practical. The original design of Yale College was to found a divinity school. To a mind appreciative like mine, his preaching was a continual course of education and a continual feast. He was copious and polished in style, though disciplined and logical.

There was a pith and power of doctrine there that has not been since surpassed, if equaled. I took notes of all his discourses, condensing and forming skeletons. He was of noble form, with a noble head and body, and had one of the sweetest smiles that ever you saw. He always met me with a smile. Oh, how I loved him! I loved him as my own soul, and he loved me as a son. And once at Litchfield I told him that all I had I owed to him. "Then," said he, "I have done a great and soul-satisfying work. I consider myself amply rewarded."

He was universally revered and loved. I never knew but one student undertake to frustrate his wishes.

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CHAPTER VIII.

RELIGIOUS AWAKENING.

It was not, however, before the middle of my Junior year that I was really awakened. It is curious, but when I entered college I had a sort of purpose to be a preacher. I was naturally fitted to be a lawyer. But, though I had heard the first at the bar — Pierpont Edwards and David Daggett—the little quirks, and turns, and janglings disgusted me. My purpose was as fully made up—"I'll preach" —as afterward. Yet I had only a traditionary knowledge; alive without the law; sense of sin all outward; ignorant as a beast of the state of my heart, and its voluntary spiritual state toward God.

One day, as we were sitting at home, mother looked out of the window, and saw a drunkard passing. "Poor man," said she, "I hope he'll receive all his punishment in this life. He was under conviction once, and thought he had religion; but he's nothing but a poor drunkard now."

There was no perceptible effect from these words, only, after she left the room, I felt a sudden impulse to pray. It was but a breath across the surface of my soul. I was not in the habit of prayer. I rose to pray, and had not spoken five words before I was under as deep conviction as ever I was in my life. The sinking of the shaft was instantaneous. I understood the law and my heart as well as I do now, or shall in the day of judgment, I believe. The commandment came, sin revived, and I died, quick as a flash of lightning.

"Well," I thought, "it's all over with me. I'm gone.

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There's no hope for such a sinner." Despair followed the inward revelation of what I had read, but never felt. I had never had any feeling of love to God, and all my affections were selfish and worldly.

After a while that entireness of despair (for I was sure I was lost, as I deserved) lessened so that I could pray without weeping; and then I began to hope I was growing good. Then my motives in praying came up before me, and I saw there was no true love in them. I then tried reformation, but seemed no better. God let down light into the dark places, and showed me there was no change of character. I turned away from this self-righteousness, and turned in, and laid hold of my heart like a giant to bring it round so as to pray aright, but could not. Couldn't make a right prayer with a wrong heart. Worked away at that till I gave up. Then Election tormented me. I fell into a dark, sullen, unfeeling state that finally affected my health.

I can see now that if I had had the instruction I give to inquirers, I should have come out bright in a few days. Mine was what I should now call a hopeful, promising case. Old Dr. Hopkins had just such an awakening, and was tormented a great while. The fact is, the law and doctrines, without any explanation, is a cruel way to get souls into the kingdom. It entails great suffering, especially on thinking minds.

During all this struggle I had no guidance but the sermons of Dr. Dwight. When I heard him preach on "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved," a whole avalanche rolled down on my mind. I went home weeping every step. One reason I was so long in the dark was, I was *under law*, was stumbling in the doctrines, and had no views of Christ. They gave me other books to read besides the Bible—a thing I have done practising long

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since. For cases like mine, Brainerd's Life is a most undesirable thing. It gave me a tinge for years. So Edwards on the Affections—a most overwhelming thing, and to common minds the most entangling. The impressions left by such books were not spiritual, but a state of permanent hypochondria — the horrors of a mind without guidance, motive, or ability to do any thing. They are a bad generation of books, on the whole. Divine sovereignty does the whole in spite of them. I was converted in spite of such books.

I wish I could give you my clinical theology. I have used my evangelical philosophy all my lifetime, and relieved people without number out of the sloughs of high Calvinism.

It was many months that I suffered; and, finally, the light did not come in a sudden blaze, but by degrees. I began to see more into the doctrines of the Bible. Election and decrees were less a stumbling-block. I came in by that door. I felt reconciled and resigned, yet with alternations of darkness and discouragement, and a severe conflict whether it would be right for me to preach, which extended even into my Divinity year.

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CHAPTER IX.

SENIOR YEAR.

INTELLECTUALLY, the Senior year was the best to me. We all looked forward to Dr. Dwight's instructions with interest. We began with Blair's Rhetoric, half an hour's recitation, and an hour or hour and a half of extempore lecture. He was full of anecdote and illustration, and delighted to talk as much as we did to listen, and often he was very eloquent in these class lectures. It was not all ornament, however, but he showed a thorough-going mastery of the subject. Then we took up logic and metaphysics—Duncan and Locke were our authors. In ethics we studied Paley, our recitations all conducted as before. This took up three days of each week. On two other days we had written or extempore debates before Dr. Dwight, he summing up at the close. On Saturday we had the Catechism, Vincent's Exposition, followed by a theological lecture. You see it was more than a college—it was partly a divinity school. That was the idea of its original founders.

In this year I wrote a whimsical dialogue against infidelity, which I rewrote in East Hampton. I also wrote a dissertation on the life of Christ, which I afterward preached at East Hampton. It was for some prize, I forget what. Hart also wrote; and they gave me the prize, but divided the money between us.

I believe my earliest attempt at original writing was an argument against Tom Paine somewhere in my Sophomore or Junior year. I showed a sketch to Roger Sherman, and

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he paid it some attention, by which I was flattered and encouraged.

About the same time, also, I read Samuel Clarke's à priori Argument for the Being of God, which had generally been considered sound. I read him, and was not satisfied. Read him again, and was still less pleased. Read him a third time, and threw him into the fire. Dr. Dwight himself was dissatisfied with his argument. Sherman defended him, and we Sophs thought his defense was a mighty fine thing. We bought him a watch. After leaving college I happened to be in Fairfield, and spent a night with Sherman. In course of conversation, I observed that I used to think he had the better of Dr. Dwight in that argument, but that I had changed my opinion.

"Well," said he, laughing, "I have changed mine too."

I spent my vacations at Uncle Lot Benton's. He had moved to Old Guilford. Uncle Lot was proud of me. He had *mind.* I used to carry over my compositions and read them to him. He would cock up his eye and say, "Ef I'd had a college edication, don't ye think I could have written as well as that?" Oh, he was very proud. It was a great delight to him afterward to hear my sermons. It was a great reward.

H. B. S. "Did not he ever argue the point with you?"

Argue? Yes, indeed, he did argue, but was always committed so as never to yield. He never did yield. He wouldn't yield even to me. *Couldn't* give up.

H. B. S. "Did Uncle Lot pay your bills through college?"

In great part, and what he did not pay father paid himself. Father used to have the "hypo" dreadfully about supporting me. Esther heard him telling her mother he could not stand it; he should certainly have to take me out of college, or they should all go to ruin. She answered, no-

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bly (she was my step-mother), that she couldn't have it so; and said that her property might go to pay my bills. There was some property of hers, and he had the use of it.

H. B. S. "Did you know how he felt?"

Yes; I knew that he was bankrupt, as he supposed. I recollect saying, "Father, you needn't be concerned; you have enough to live on at present; and when I get through and have a home, I'll take care of you."

"Pooh! poor fellow!" said he, "you'll scratch a poor man's head all your lifetime."

I did help myself a little, though. Staples, the butler, left college six weeks before the end of the year, and I took the buttery, and bought out his stock for about $300, which I borrowed. I went into it hot and heavy. One day I bought a lot of watermelons and cantelopes, and trundled them across the green on a wheelbarrow, in the face of the whole college. I sent to New York by an English parson (a judge of the article), and bought a hogshead of porter. It's odd; but I can remember selling things to Moses Stuart —two classes below me.

That buttery was a regular thing in those days; it has wholly disappeared since, and is almost forgotten. The old Latin laws are a curiosity.*

H. W. "Did it pay well?"

Well, I paid my note, and, besides $100 in bad debts, cleared my Commencement expenses, bought a suit of

* The following is an extract:

"Promo licentia in promptuario vendendi vinum pomaceum, hydromelem, crevisiam fortem (non plus quam cados duodecim annuatim), saccharum rigidum, tubulos, tabacum, et talia scholaribus necessaria, non a dispensatore in culina venalia."

"The butler may sell in the buttery cider, metheglin, strong beer (not more than twelve barrels a year), loaf-sugar, pipes, tobacco, and other necessaries of students not furnished by the steward in the commons."

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clothes, and had $100 in cash. I worked hard. If I had gone into business then I should have made money.

H. W. "Father, was it in this year that night-chase of yours happened? Tell us about it."

Oh, that was earlier, I believe; but no matter. One night I was awakened by a noise at my window. I listened, and found somebody was pulling my clothes through a broken pane. I jumped up just in time to see my clothes disappear. The next moment I was out of the window and in full chase. The fellow dropped his booty, and fled down one street and up another, doubling and turning, till at last I caught him. I took him by the collar; he attempted to strike; I warded off, and pushed him over, and sprung on him, and choked him till he begged; then I let him up; saw he was fumbling in his pocket for a knife; took it away, and marched him back to my room, and made him lie on my floor by my bed till morning. If he stirred, I said, "Lie still, sir!" In the morning I had him before the justice, Squire Daggett, who discharged him because I lost sight of him once round a corner. I met the fellow afterward, but he would never look me in the eye.

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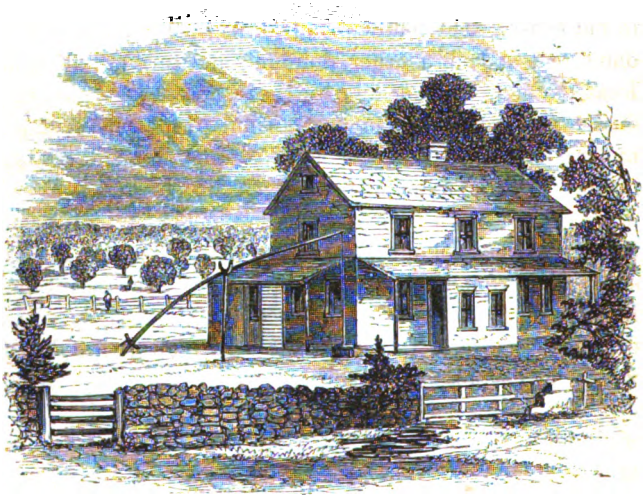
CHAPTER X.

NUTPLAINS.



THE WARD HOUSE.

From Miss C. E. Beecher.

"DEAR BROTHER,—At your request I send you a few statements to be inserted in father's Autobiography with reference to our mother's family history:

"It seems there was an Andrew Ward in the same company of settlers in which Hannah Beecher came over with Davenport. A descendant of his, Colonel Andrew Ward, was in the old French war, and was present at the capture of Louisbourg. It is told of him that, being a stanch cold-

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water man, he sold his grog, or took money in lieu of it, and bought six silver table-spoons, on which he had engraved the name Louisbourg, some of which are still preserved in the family as curious relics.

"General Andrew Ward, son of that colonel, served under Washington in the Revolution. It was his regiment that remained at Trenton to deceive the enemy by keeping up the camp-fires while Washington drew off his army. It is related of him that, being naturally of an amiable, easy temperament, he found it hard to say no to his men when they asked for furloughs. This having been reported at headquarters, Washington wrote him a letter, implying some censure. This letter is still preserved in the family.

"For many years General Ward was elected representative. It is a tradition that, when Town Meeting was held, some one of the dignitaries of the town would rise at the appointed time and say, 'The meeting is now open, and you will proceed to vote for General Ward and Deacon Burgess for representatives.' And so they did. At length, however, there was a rebellion. The people elected a candidate of their own nomination. When the general came home, it was asked him, 'Who is chosen representative this time?'

"'Old Joe ——'s son,' answered the general, with immense disdain.

"Now this old Joe was a noted sheep-stealer.

"Eli Foote, General Ward's son-in-law, was descended from Nathaniel Foote, who moved from Massachusetts to Connecticut with Hooker's company, and settled in Wethersfield.

"His father was Daniel Foote, of Colchester, a member of the Constitutional Convention, and author, so tradition states, of an unpublished treatise on Original Sin.

"Eli Foote was a man of fine person, polished manners,

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and cultivated taste, of whom it was said, 'Give him a book, and he is as happy as if he owned Kensington Palace.'

"He was educated for the bar, and practiced a little in Guilford, but eventually became a merchant, and traded at the South. He married Roxana, the daughter of General Ward, by whom he had ten children.

"Before his marriage Mr. Foote resided in an Episcopal family, and thus became interested in that communion.

"General Ward also, though belonging to the prevailing Calvinistic denomination, inclined to Arminian sentiments. When, therefore, Mr. Foote married the daughter of General Ward, they joined the Episcopal Church, and their children were brought up in it.

"Mr. Foote's house stood on the north corner of Guilford Green, where were born his ten children. Before the birth of the youngest, he died in North Carolina of the yellow fever.

"General Ward immediately took to his house at Nutplains the whole family, and became a father to the children, and their chief educator.

"He was a great reader, and of rather careless habits in household matters. It was said of him that he came home from the Legislature with his saddle-bags loaded with books on one side and nails on the other. So, when he had taken his hammer, and gone all over the place, and used up all the nails mending and patching, he would come in and read all the books. In this way he read the whole public library through. It was his custom to read aloud to his family, with remarks and discussions to excite thought and interest.

"During the time of the massacres at St. Domingo, several French gentlemen escaped to this country, and one of them, M. Loyzell, became a resident in Guilford. He became intimate in Mr. Foote's family, and was especially interested

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in our mother, then quite young. With his aid she learned to write and speak French fluently. He loaned her the best French authors, and she studied as she spun flax, tying the books to her distaff.

"In one of mother's letters, written soon after the family removal to Nutplains, she gives a glimpse of their mode of life:

"'I generally rise with the sun, and, after breakfast, take my wheel, which is my daily companion, and the evening is generally devoted to reading, writing, and knitting. Ward is keeping school at Howlet's. Mary, Sam, George, and Catharine pass their time in playing in the piazza. George sometimes gets Sam's whip, or string, or Sam oversets some of Mary's furniture, or pushes Catharine, or some such mischievous trick. In such cases sister Roxana is always appealed to.

"'"George has broke my whip."

"'"I didn't do it on p—purpose."

"'"Yes, you did, sir."

"'"N—n—no, I didn't, for I w—was a striking the floor, and it b—b—broke." And so Mary is called in to say whether George broke it 'on p—purpose' or no. We frequently have such disturbances, but they do not last long.'

"In a letter written while on a visit at Newburgh, on the Hudson, she says:

"'How do I spend my time? Really I'm at a loss to answer. I sew a little, and play the guitar a little, and do not read even a little, for I have no books. I converse considerably in French with M. and Mme. Bridet, who seem much pleased to find any one who can understand their language.'

"General Ward, by way of characterizing his three eldest granddaughters, used to say, laughingly, that, when the girls first came down in the morning, Harriet's voice would

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be heard briskly calling, 'Here! take the broom; sweep up; make a fire; make haste!'

"Betsy Chittenden would say, 'I wonder what ribbon it's best to wear at that party?'

"But Roxana would say, 'Which do you think was the greater general, Hannibal or Alexander?'

"When father first became acquainted with the family, General Ward's mother, widow of the colonel of Louisbourg memory, was still living, and survived to her hundredth year.

"Thus he conversed with one who herself conversed with the first Pilgrim Fathers at Boston. For it is related of her that, being troubled in mind on doctrinal points, she rested not till her husband, then master of a coasting vessel, had taken her on a voyage to Boston to see a celebrated divine of that city, noted for his success in relieving such difficulties. Thus there was but a single link between our father at that time and the Puritan founders.

"It is related of this old lady, who was of the Fowler family, and very tenacious of existing distinctions of rank, that, hearing a grandchild speak to a common laborer, of rather doubtful character, as Mr., she said, 'No, child, not Mr.; Gaffer is for such as he. Mr. is for gentlemen.'

"Another time, it is said that at a party, noticing one of the Leet family dressed in velvet, she was well pleased; but soon after, observing another, of more plebeian origin, in a similar dress, she exclaimed, 'High times, high times, when the *commonalty* dress in velvet!'

"In her last days her mind wandered, and her grandsons, Henry and Ward, were often sent to amuse her. Henry was full of pranks and merriment. In performing this duty he would knock at his grandmother's door, and then his brother Ward would introduce him as General Washington, or some other distinguished person she had known. Henry

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would then carry on long conversations in his assumed character, growing more and more improbable and absurd in his details, till, discovering the ruse, the old lady would shake her stick at him and say, 'Oh you rogue, Henry! At your tricks again!'

"In about a year after Mr. Foote's death, a fine daughter, twelve years old, died. A few months after, the old grandmother, in her hundredth year, was gathered to her rest. Seven months after, Ward, the oldest son, died of dysentery, aged 16.. In a week after, Henry, the second son, aged 14, died of the same disease. Thus, in two years, five members of the family were laid in the grave.

"General Ward felt deeply the loss of his oldest grandson and namesake. It was a blow from which he never seemed to recover. Ward was a remarkably mature and energetic youth, and seemed peculiarly fitted to take his father's place to the younger children. Henry was the light of the household, with his bright face, cheery voice, and constant merry-makings.

"The following note, written in a handsome hand, on the back side of the governor's proclamation, is the only memorial left of the boy so beloved:

"'His Excellency Henry Foote, Esq., to Roxana, greeting:

"'Know you, that when I left I expected to return to-night; but, upon mature deliberation, I consider it best for the general good of the family and the hay not to do so. It is likely that Ward will be down at night, if it does not rain hard. If he is not, you must defend the castle as well as possible. If you receive no supplies, you must surrender on the best terms you can. If you should think fit to leave the garrison to-night, don't mention the hetchel nor spindle.

"'Signed, WM. HENRY FOOTE.'"

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"When our mother's first and her fourth sons were born, Grandma Foote was with her, and named the former William Henry, from one of her long-lost boys, the latter Henry Ward, from both.

"The family residence at Nutplains was playfully called by its inmates Castle Ward. There was nothing about it like a castle except that it had been built piecemeal, from time to time, as needed. To see it from the road, you would say it was much in the style of other New England farm-houses of the period.

"Among other buildings there was a spinning-mill, built by General Ward on a little brook that run past the end of the lot back of the house, and furnished with machinery for turning three or four spinning-wheels by water-power. This spinning-mill was a favorite spot. Here the girls often received visitors, or read or chatted while they spun.

"The drawing I have made* of the Ward house represents it as it appeared in my childhood, after the various additions had been completed. Though drawn from memory, the sketch is so correct that one of mother's youthful friends recognized it at a glance, exclaiming, 'The old Ward place!'

"The other drawing† represents the rear of the house, with the spinning-mill and cemetery.

"But every vestige, both of the old house and of the mill, has passed away, except the stones of the dam. The mill was in a ravine, where the small building back of the house appears on the drawing, but was too low down to be in sight. It was at a point where a small brook enters the stream, which now is called East River, and is so near the

* See the vignette at the head of this chapter.

† Vignette, Chapter XI.

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Sound at this place as to rise and fall with the tide, and receive the welcome shad in the spring.

"This river and its bridge, and the little boat always found there, have been the delightful resort of the children of the Ward, and Foote, and Beecher families for four generations. Here I made my first attempts at rowing a boat, which always would go a different way from the one aimed at, and always would be caught on 'Old Peak'—the pointed rock seen on the picture near the bridge—which also has been the antagonist of all the succeeding juveniles in their first naval exploits. The boats and the banks of this little river have witnessed more frolics, and more frightful disasters to children's wardrobes, than could be named, all remedied or concealed by the tenderest of grandmothers, or duly rebuked by more considerate supervisors.

"The cemetery which appears on the drawing was laid out by General Ward. Here he laid his aged mother, his wife, his beloved boys Henry and Ward, and then went to his rest by their side.

"The oldest remaining son, John, was taken by his Uncle Justin Foote as a clerk, and then as partner, in a commercial business in New York. It was this brother who secured for our mother the instructions of a good artist in New York; which enabled her to draw and paint in water and oil colors.

"The next son, Samuel, at sixteen became a sailor; and such were his native talents and diligent study of navigation, that, in his second voyage, he returned first mate of a brig, and, before he was twenty-one, was commander of a ship.

"By his instrumentality the old Ward house was taken down, and a new one built a few yards from it.

"This gentleman has often been heard to affirm, with sol-

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emn drollery, that when the pantry of the old house was removed, under it was found one of his grandmother Ward's rye-crust pies—the earthen pie-dish all decayed, but the pie-crust in perfect preservation!

"The youngest son, George, took charge of the farm, supported his mother and sisters, and eventually married and raised another generation of ten children. In advanced life he bought another farm, and the ancestral Ward farm is now held by his two eldest sons, Andrew Ward Foote and George Foote."

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CHAPTER XI.

ROXANA FOOTE.

SPINNING-MILL AND CEMETERY.

In the latter part of my college course my vacations took me to Old Guilford, and, through Ben Baldwin, I became acquainted at Nutplains, a little way out of the village, where was the residence of General Andrew Ward.

We went over to Guilford to spend the Fourth of July. Baldwin was engaged to Betsy Chittenden, and took me out to Nutplains. The girls were all out at the spinning-mill. From the homage of all about her, I soon perceived that

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Roxana was of uncommon ability. We went to hear the orator of the day, rather a raw hand, who, among other things, talked of "cementing chains of love."

After he was done, I made some criticism upon the oration, at which she laughed, and I saw she was of quick perception in matters of style. I soon saw that, in the family and out, Roxana was the mind that predominated. Her influence was great; but it was the influence of love.

I had sworn inwardly never to marry a weak woman. I had made up my mind that a woman, to be my wife, must have sense, must possess strength to lean upon. She was such as I had imagined. The whole circle in which she moved was one of uncommon intelligence, vivacity, and wit.

There was her sister Harriet—smart, witty; a little too keen. There was Sally Hill, too, in that circle, pretty beyond measure; full of witchery, artless but not weak, lively and sober by turns, witty and quick.

Betsy Chittenden was another—a black-eyed, black-haired girl, full of life as could be.

H. B. S. "She thought mother perfection!"

The fact is, she was not far from the mark.

H. B. S. "And there those girls used to spin, read novels, talk about beaux, and have merry times together."

No doubt. They read Sir Charles Grandison, and Roxana had said she never meant to marry till she had found Sir Charles's like. I presume she thought she had.

All the new works that were published at that day were brought out to Nutplains, read, and discussed in the old spinning-mill. When Miss Burney's Evelina appeared, Sally Hill rode out on horseback to bring it to Roxana. A great treat they had of it.

There was the greatest frolicking in that spinning-mill! Roxana was queen among those girls; they did not pretend

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to demur to her judgment. She shone pre-eminent. They almost worshiped her.

I continued to visit there for some time, and as to friendship between us, there was no limit but what was proper.

One day we all went over to a famous peach-orchard on Hungry Hill, the girls, and Baldwin, and I. We ate peaches, and talked, and had a merry time. Baldwin and Betsy were full of frolic. When we set out to come home I kept along with Roxana, and, somehow, those good-for-nothing, saucy creatures would walk so fast we couldn't keep up, and so we had to fall behind.

I found there was something that must be said, though I did not know exactly how. When I inquired if she knew of any fatal objections to my proposals, she referred to the length of time before I should complete my studies, and hinted at our religious differences.

I replied that it would be about two years to the end of my course, and asked permission to continue my visits with reference to this.

She consented, but thought to herself, as she afterward told me, that probably it would not amount to any thing.

Soon after that, however, it ripened into an engagement, in which we agreed, quite bravely, that if either of us repented we would let it be known, and so the matter stood.

To Roxana.

"New Haven, February 16, '98.

"In half an hour I must close this letter, or omit writing till next week. When you have perused the contents, I suppose you will wish I had, for I have little to write that is interesting. Indeed, my chief motive in writing is the sooner to receive a line from you.

"Do not, however, measure yours by the length of mine,

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or confine yourself simply to answering it; above all, do not suppose the state of my feelings always to correspond to the present.

"Since my return I have been too completely occupied to choose my own time for writing, so that, as Virgil terms them, 'the soft moments of address'—those moments when feeling gives energy to language, when the soul stamps her image on every sentence, flashing conviction to the most skeptical heart—I have been obliged to lose. How great the loss I can not estimate till you inform me how skeptical your heart is.

"You are at least skeptic enough not to believe that fish sport on the mountains, or streams run up hill; and while you continue so, I shall remain in your belief, what I am in my own from feeling, yours unchangeably."

From Roxana.

"Nutplains, February 23, '98.

"* * * I can not comply with your request of not making your letter the measure of my own. I do not like to be too obliging; and, whatever you may please to think to the contrary, am fully resolved to be of the opinion that every line of mine is worth one of yours. * * * My heart is not a skeptical one; but whether it has faith enough to be convinced that it is as impossible a young gentleman should change his opinion as that a river should run back to its source, is a point not yet settled.

* * * * * * * *

"Let me see; it is now three whole months, or is it not so long? that you have not changed your sentiments, and, therefore, you conclude you shall not in so many years, and tell me I can not entertain a doubt. Really I do not see any reason why I may not entertain a thousand. No, 'tis

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in the highest degree unreasonable to suppose a man would change his mind. Was it ever known to be the case?"

* * * * * * * *

To Roxana.

"New Haven, February 26, '98.

"You doubt the permanence of my attachment. Believe me, it is not the result of fancy or a sudden flush of passion. * * * I discover in you those qualities which I esteemed indispensable to my happiness long before I knew you. Will absence kill esteem, or the affection that flows from it? No; the emotions of this moment contradict the idea. I am yours, and you mine, for life; and the prayers I make for you in that character are, I trust, recorded in heaven."

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CHAPTER XII.

DIVINITY YEAR.

COMMENCEMENT came, and I took my diploma. The appointments were given on mathematical excellence chiefly, and here I was deficient, so I received no part. I gave, however, what was called the valedictory address on presentation day, six weeks before Commencement.

My class was, on the whole, one of the best. Dr. Dwight said he never instructed more than one other which, on the whole, equaled it.

None very superior or very inferior, but the general average good. Murdoch, who has traced them out, says that of the whole number sixteen became lawyers and thirteen ministers of the Gospel. All were born in New England, and nearly all of Puritan descent. Few classes have been more useful in their day and generation.

On leaving college, I entered the divinity school under Dr. Dwight with three others, classmates—John Niles, Ira Hart, James Murdoch. Niles was first-rate in strength, very pious, and afterward became an Old School minister. Murdoch was professor a while at Andover. They are all three dead now. I am the only one left.

We had no Hebrew. There was no such seminary as Andover then. Dr. Dwight marked out for us a course of reading, and gave us subjects to write upon. Once a week we met to read our pieces and discuss questions before him.*

* Several of these papers are still preserved. The following are some of the titles:

"Can the existence of an Eternal First Cause be proved from the light of Nature?" "Can there be such a thing as infinite succession? Is mat-

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After we had done, he lectured an hour. We read Hopkins's Divinity, but did not take him implicitly. Also Edwards, Bellamy, and Andrew Fuller. Fuller groped out by his own mental conflicts the truth that Edwards had already published. Then he got acquainted with Edwards. He was in Old England what Edwards was in New. Emmons was not published then. I read him after I left Long Island.

My health was such that I did not study more than nine months. I became, however, thoroughly versed in the subjects studied by the class. These were mostly on the evidences of Christianity. The Deistic controversy was an existing thing, and the battle was hot, the crisis exciting. Dr. Dwight was the great stirrer-up of that controversy on this side the Atlantic. As to doctrines, we had his course of sermons, and were left pretty much to ourselves and our reading.

Dwight was, however, a revival preacher, and a new era of revivals was commencing. There had been a general suspension of revivals after the Edwardean era during the Revolution; but a new day was dawning as I came on the stage, and I was baptized into the revival spirit. Niles and Hart were of the same temper, and so was Murdoch in some degree.

ter eternal? Is the earth eternal?" "Is the soul immaterial?"—a humorous dialogue between a materialist and a believer. "Is Revelation necessary?" "Was Moses the author of the Pentateuch?"

Several of these compositions might still repay perusal, particularly the last, which compares favorably with some recent works on the same subject.

On the whole, we gain a lively impression of the interest of those hours, opening by the reading of the pupils' own best efforts, and concluding by the cogent, copious, and ornate eloquence of Dr. Dwight, "who always loved to talk," said Dr. Beecher, "as we loved to listen."

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Niles and I walked over twice a week to West Haven, and spoke in evening meetings in Father Williston's society. The people turned out to hear us, and there were some conversions. I had much interest in my subjects; was impulsive and vehement. Wish I could hear somebody speak as I used to then. I "tore a passion to tatters." Niles thought me too vehement, flowery, metaphorical. He spoke sensibly and well, but couldn't keep up with me anyhow—too rhetorical, he said. I could see there was interest when I spoke. The fact is, I made the application of my sermons about as pungent then as ever afterward.*

I did it by instinct. I had read Edwards's Sermons. There's nothing comes within a thousand miles of them now. But I never tried to copy him, nor any body else. I did it because I wanted to. It is curious how different men are! There was Murdoch, now, a good linguist—translated Mosheim—a good mathematician, but no *vim* for action. He could plod, collect, compile, and I could not.

I was made for action. The Lord drove me, but I was ready. I have always been going at full speed. The fifty years of my active life have been years of rapid development.

I foresaw it from the first. I had studied the prophecies, and knew that the punishment of the Antichristian powers was just at hand. I read also the signs of the times. I felt as if the conversion of the world to Christ was near. It was with such views of the prophetic future that I from the beginning consecrated myself to Christ, with special reference to the scenes I saw to be opening upon the world. I have never laid out great plans. I have always waited, and watched the fulfillments of prophecy, and followed the leadings

* The remainder of this chapter contains the substance of conversational statements taken down as uttered, and revised in connection with his own written statement in the preface to his works published in 1852.

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of Providence. From the beginning my mind has taken in the Church of God, my country, and the world as given to Christ. It is this that has widened the scope of my activities beyond the common sphere of pastoral labor. For I soon found myself harnessed to the Chariot of Christ, whose wheels of fire have rolled onward, high and dreadful to his foes, and glorious to his friends. I could not stop. As demands were made by events, I met them to the best of my ability. My ideas were all my own. I never despised creeds. I did not neglect the writings of great and good men. But I always commenced my investigations of Christian doctrines, duty, and experience with the teachings of the Bible, considered as a system of moral government, legal and evangelical, in the hand of a Mediator, administered by his word and Spirit, over a world of rebel, free, and accountable subjects.

And I thank God that my labors have not been in vain in the Lord, but, together with those of the evangelical pastors and churches of my day, have successfully advanced, and will, with accumulating progress and shock of battle, terminate in the glorious victories of the latter day.

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CHAPTER XIII.

PRELUDE TO EARLY CORRESPONDENCE.

From Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I can not deem it just to father that his early diary and religious correspondence should be published without some accompanying statement of the views of his maturer life, in regard to the kind of religious experience therein recorded.

"He often expressed to me great displeasure at the publication of the private diaries of good men, especially if they were of a melancholy cast, or those recording great alternations of ecstasy and gloom.

"He was in the habit of saying to me that the kind of religious experience which supposed God sometimes to shine, and sometimes to darken himself without any accountable reason except a mysterious sovereignty, was an entire mistake;—that the evidence of religion should not lie in these changes, but in the mind's consciousness of its own steady, governing purpose, as witnessed by the habitual course of the life

"It is true that a deep and genuine work of the Holy Spirit, in revealing to the soul its guilty and lost condition, is and ever must be painful. No one could insist more strenuously on the necessity of such a painful experience than he always did, even to his latest moments.

"But, for this very reason, he always insisted as strenuously on the necessity of distinguishing carefully between the phenomena resulting from a diseased state of the body

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and those resulting from the genuine operation of the Spirit. The desponding and gloomy frames of sincerely pious men, he was wont to say, were probably attributable, in a far greater degree than they were themselves aware, to the natural reaction of weakened nerves, or some form of physical disease. I recollect his once laying down the memoir of a very celebrated and useful minister, saying, 'Oh, why will they print out all the horrors of a man's dyspepsia!'

"Another point on which he constantly insisted in his after life was, that it was both unwise and unphilosophical for young Christians, at the outset of their career, to subject their religious emotions to the test of close metaphysical analysis, at least to the extent often practiced, a specimen of which appears in his own correspondence.

"I remember well his instructions in meetings of young Christians, the quaint and homely language in which he sometimes warned them against these bewildering self-examinations. 'Some people,' he would say, 'keep their magnifying-glass ready, and the minute a religious emotion puts out its head, they catch it and kill it, to look at it through their microscope, and see if it is of the right kind. Do you not know, my friends, that you can not love, and be examining your love at the same time? Some people, instead of getting evidence by *running* in the way of life, take a dark lantern, and get down on their knees, and crawl on the boundary up and down, to make sure whether they have crossed it. If you want to make sure, *run*, and when you come in sight of the celestial city, and hear the songs of the angels, then you'll know you're across.'

"'Some people stay so near the boundary-line all their lives that they can hear the lions roar all the while.'

"Indeed, for no other thing did he become more celebrated than for his power of imparting hope to the despond-

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ing; and it was those dark and doubting hours of his own early life, painful as they were, which furnished him with the necessary knowledge for the guidance of hundreds of sensitive and troubled spirits to the firm ground of a cheerful, intelligent religious hope.

"He very early learned to discriminate in himself the results of physical disease and nervous depression, and trace to their proper cause the variations of moral feeling they occasioned.

"This was an important element of what he called his clinical theology.*

"From the very first of his ministry, he never preached without his eye on his audience. He noticed every change of countenance, every indication of awakened interest. And these he immediately followed up by seeking private conversation. His ardor in this pursuit was singular and almost indescribable. He used to liken it to the ardor of the chase.

"The same impetuosity that made him, when a boy, spring into the water after the first fish that dropped from his hook, characterized all his attempts as a fisher of men.

* His whole theology was curative. Convinced himself that the doctrines of religion were reasonable, he felt unbounded confidence in his ability to make them appear so to others.

All his doctrinal expositions of the Bible were designed to obviate the more common misapprehensions and misconceptions attending the Calvinistic system. To this he attributed all his success in revivals, and the ability so far to unite evangelical minds of opposite schools on common grounds.

This peculiar shaping of doctrine for direct practical medicinal ends, taken in connection with his skillful observance of the laws of the physical and mental system, constituted that clinical theology, which was yet too closely dependent upon his own individual genius to be adequately preserved and transmitted as he earnestly desired.

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"Many souls now in Heaven *must* remember that, in the beginning of their religious course, he sought them, followed them, and would not let them go.

"At the same time, no sportsman ever watched a shy bird with more skillful, wary eye than he watched not to disgust, or overburden, or displease the soul that he was seeking to save. His eye, his voice, his whole manner, were modulated with the utmost tact and solicitude. He could tone himself down to the most shy, timid, and fastidious. And seldom, almost never, was there a person whom he could not please for their good.

"He excelled most particularly in the conduct of delicate and desponding natures, with whom religious emotion was apt to be complicated with nervous disarrangements. The desponding religious inquirer was often surprised by a series of questions as to *air*, *exercise*, *diet*, habits of life, such as are generally the introductory examinations of a physician.

"Sometimes, to persons in a state of terror and suffering, resulting from an overexcitement of the nervous system, he would prescribe a week or fortnight of almost entire cessation from all religious offices, with a course of gentle muscular exercise and diversion.

"Some of his letters, which will be published in a subsequent part of this volume, will show how fully and minutely he studied the laws of the nervous system, and how wisely he used them in his treatment of minds.

"These facts being understood, I think he would not object to the presentation of this early phase of his religious experience. Whatever mistakes there may have been in it, it shows the single-hearted, overwhelming earnestness of the man, the intenseness which he put into his religious life, and the unsparing rigor with which he was ready to test and sentence himself.

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"And it may serve as an encouragement to the despond-ing, particularly among those preparing for the Gospel min-istry, that one who is here shown, like Christian, to have passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, should have become such a Great Heart in convoying pilgrims to the Celestial City, and should have left upon the public mind such an impression of buoyancy, elasticity, and hopefulness.

"Nothing could more strikingly illustrate the growth and change in his mental habits than the comments he made on some of these letters, when we were reading over these me-moirs together. You know how subject he was to deep lapses of abstraction, in which he would forget all about the reading, and wander off into a reverie.

"I remember his rousing himself out of one of these turns, as if some of the close metaphysical questions addressed to mother in the letters had caught his ear and waked him up.

"'Stop, Charles,' he said. 'Who is that fellow? He's all wrong; there—'

"'Why, father, these are your letters to mother—'

"'Hey? My letters? Oh yes, I forgot.'

"He mused a few minutes more, and then said, energet-ically, 'Well, I *was* an ignoramus;' and then, speaking of himself as another person, he added, impressively, 'But if I had had *him* and *her* in one of my inquiry meetings, I could have set them all right in half an hour.'"

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CHAPTER XIV.

EARLY CORRESPONDENCE.

About this time I became troubled as to the difference of religious views between myself and Roxana. I went over to Nutplains on purpose to converse with her, and, if the disagreement was too great, to relinquish the engagement. I explained my views, and laid open before her the great plan of redemption. As I went on, her bosom heaved, her tears flowed, her heart melted, and mine melted too; and I never told her to her dying day what I came for.

Still, I was troubled lest she should be deceived. I was afraid her piety was merely head-work and natural amiability, and that she had not had a true change of heart.

I sent her books to read, and wrote to her on the subject.

To Roxana.

"April 16, '98.

"The state of my mind since I last saw you has been such as excluded enjoyment. The single conviction that these things are temporary and evanescent, that one thing is needful, and that I did not possess it, eclipsed every pleasing prospect. It was the evil of a sinful, stupid heart that oppressed me—a stupidity which I could not shake off, a sinfulness that sunk me to the confines of despair. A feeling conviction that I had never in the course of so many years been the subject of one exercise of true love to my Creator, stripped every action of my life of its seeming virtue. What, then, could I expect from any exertions, any pleadings of my own? They appeared to me exactly like

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the pleadings of a criminal for pardon and admission into the family of his sovereign, not because he loved him, but merely to avoid punishment. For a number of days I gave up exertion, and, though I never omitted prayer, it was formal. Even your cause was plead with little animation.

"From this state of depression I emerged by degrees. At present I feel a calmness of mind, and sometimes a satisfaction which, I trust, the world can not give.

"All this may seem incompatible with former conversations. I acknowledge it, and can observe only I was either deceiving myself then, or have been permitted to do it now; the first I think nearest the truth."

It was a long time from my first awakening before I dared to unite myself with the Church. My hope was feeble, and my fits of depression frequent. I was not clear about myself as many are. One thing I knew, I wanted to preach; and it was not till I had long consulted all the movings of my heart that, with much trembling, I offered myself for membership in the Old College Church.*

To Roxana.

"April 30, '98.

"Sunday afternoon, with mingled emotions of hope and fear, with a half approving, half rejoicing, half condemning heart, I sat down to commemorate the dying love of the

* There, on a leaf of the ancient Record, may still be seen the following entry, in the handwriting of Dr. Dwight:

"1798. Ap. 30. Lyman Beecher, of the Junior Bachelor Class, baptized at the same time."

The reason why he was not baptized in infancy probably is that his Uncle and Aunt Benton, by whom he was brought up, were neither of them Church members.

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Redeemer. I was chiefly occupied in examining the sincerity of my heart in having devoted myself wholly to Christ. Methought I was willing to spend and be spent in the cause of my Redeemer. Yet how short-lived such feelings!

"My friend, pray for me. The work I am called to is great—beyond conception great; and if the language of the most pious be, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' what must be mine, who, I fear, am less than the least.

"After meeting I walked down to West Haven, four miles, where there is a considerable awakening. I read a sermon on the various methods which unrenewed sinners adopt to obtain salvation without coming to Christ, till sudden destruction come upon them from the Lord. Extemporized on the first command, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me,' explaining the nature and aggravated sin of idolatry.

"Wednesday I did little but weep at my unhappy hardness of heart. Read in the Theological Magazine the experience of several eminent Christians. Perceived they had emotions that I never felt, and feared I never should. Felt an earnest desire to live the life of the righteous, but saw I did not. Contemplated the Divine character as glorious to those who could see with the heart; then burst into tears, and cried, 'Lord, lift upon me the light of thy countenance!'

"Then reflected on this petition. What prompted it? Not a desire to glorify God, for this never exists without love, and it was a conviction of my want of love that gave birth to the ejaculation.

"'Great God!' then I cried, 'deliver me from myself; enable me to pray from love to thee.' Alas! this too is equally defective. What shall I do?

"Can I lay aside the thoughts of preaching? This will make me no better. I have thought, too, I could do more

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good in this way. I know God has given me abilities to do good, and know no other way than to persevere in praying for a heart rightly to improve them."

From Roxana.

"Nutplains, August 13, '98.

"* * * What I fear more than all is my extreme propensity to see every thing in the most favorable point of view, to clothe every object in the brightest colors, to make all nature wear the face of hope and joy. At intervals the sunshine is clouded, and I am inclined to despond, feeling so strongly my unworthiness that it almost overpowers the hope which, ever struggling within, never yet quite deserted me. * * *

"Sunday my heart swelled with gratitude as I joined in the thanksgivings of the Church for innumerable blessings; I melted with grief at the thought of my own insensibility and that of my fellow-mortals. I breathed a mental prayer that God would give me and every one a heart to adore and love the goodness that showers unceasing blessings on a thankless world; for one surpassing all others, the greatest that the Deity could bestow.

"You, that so readily find the defects in your own prayers, will you help me discover the defects in mine? I have a hundred times prayed the same prayer with yourself, without ever imagining it was wrong. I am fully persuaded of the truth you have so much endeavored to impress upon me, that mankind are wholly depraved. I have long been sensible of my own inability to do right. But I never did, I do not now give up myself as lost. I feel, I can not help feeling a hope so strong that it has almost the effect of a certainty, that, helpless myself, I shall have help from God. This hope never leaves me. Ought I to en-

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courage it or not? And what bad consequences may arise? I trust to your friendship to point out the danger I am in. Spare me not because it is a delicate subject."

From the same.

"Nutplains, August 22.

"Your letter threw my mind into a state of extreme agitation not easily described. A distressful apprehension, but not a full conviction that I was an enemy to God, was succeeded by intervals of gloom and an oppressive insensibility. The faculties of my mind seemed to have lost their strength. I can not describe it, but it seemed as if all feeling and my reason itself were deserting me.

"I endeavored to pray as usual, but utterance was denied me. My words seemed to choke me. Something seemed to whisper, 'Wretch, he hears thee not; thy prayers will avail thee nothing.'

"Saturday night I could pray; and after pouring forth my tribute of gratitude and thanksgiving to God for permitting me again to approach him in prayer, the distress of my mind was relieved, and I have continued to feel more composed since."

To Roxana.

"August 31.

"* * * Judge of my emotions when I tell you that as face answereth to face in a glass, so do my feelings to yours. I am like the troubled ocean, continually ebbing and flowing. The same round of hopes and fears, poignant distress, and every intermediate grade, till I reach the situation you describe, when 'it seems as if all feeling and my reason itself were forsaking me.' I feel how completely destitute I am of all good, but not the horrid iniquity of being so.

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Hence, though my understanding tells me I deserve punishment eternal, my heart is inclined to rise up against it; that God should be sovereign in the distribution of mercy, *i. e.*, have mercy on whom he will, and whom he will, harden, though I knew it to be true, I feel a kind of heart-rising against it. This, while I feel it, banishes all hope. * * * Roxana, I rejoice, if you have been relying on false hopes, that God has been pleased to excite such concern as you express. Let us both beware not to rest short of an evidence that we are reconciled to God through Christ. Should your anxiety be apparent to the family,* and lead you to converse with your grandfather, General Ward, be eagle-eyed that you trust to nothing which is not built on rational evidence of an interest in Christ. I can not conclude without expressing the same caution with respect to my own sentiments. For worlds I would not mislead you, or by my own anxieties destroy your sweet converse with God.

"The idea that you are a child of God and that I am needlessly and wickedly agitating and distressing you, fills me with anxiety. Let me entreat you to be your own judge, and if you have evidence, not to be shaken by me.

"One inquiry I can not dispense with. When you feel calm, and a degree of joy, what does it arise from? Something you see in the character of God that charms you, or something you see in yourself that you think charms God?

"If your joy arises from a delightful view of Jehovah, that in all things He does right, and a sweet resignation of yourself to Him, to be disposed of as He shall please, although you do not feel a certainty that you are safe, this joy I should hope the world can not give nor take away:

"On the other hand, if you perceive no peculiar excellence

* When this was read over to him, he remarked, "They thought I was making her crazy."

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in God, but only what arises from somehow believing Him your Friend, and Benefactor to you or your friends, this rejoicing may consist with a selfish heart. If this be the only foundation of love, whenever convinced God was your eneemy, you would hate Him on the same principle you now love Him. * * * That love to God which is built on nothing but good received is not incompatible with a disposition so horrid as even to curse God to His face. If God is not to be beloved except when He does us good, then in affliction we are free. If doing us good is all that renders God lovely to us, it ought to be the criterion to others, for there must be some permanent reason why God is to be loved by all; and if not doing us good divests Him of His glory, so as to free us from our obligation to love, it equally frees the universe. So that, in effect, the universe of happiness, if ours be not included therein, throws no glory on its Author.

"The sermon on original sin I am not solicitous to have you read. If you read it, however, trouble yourself about nothing but simple fact, viz., Is there evidence that mankind are somehow affected in consequence of Adam's sin? The 'how' is of less consequence, and is, perhaps, beyond our comprehension."

From Roxana.

"Nutplains, September 1, '98.

" * * * You observe of the feelings I described that before resting on them you should inquire whether it was the result merely of natural susceptibility. To love God because he is good to me, you seem to think, is not a right kind of love, and yet every moment of my life I have experienced his goodness.

"When recollection brings back the past, where can I

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look that I see not His goodness? What moment of my life presents not instances of merciful kindness to me, as well as to every creature, more and greater than I can express—than my mind is able to take in? How, then, can I help loving God because He is good to me? Were I not an object of God's mercy and goodness, I can not have any conception what would be my feelings. Imagination never yet placed me in a situation not to experience the goodness of God in some way or other, and if I do love Him, how can it be but because He is good, and to me good? Do not God's children love Him because He first loved them?

"If I called nothing goodness which did not happen to suit my inclination, and could not believe the Deity to be gracious and merciful but when the course of events was so ordered as to agree with my humors, so far from imagining that I had any love to God, I must conclude myself wholly destitute of any thing good.

"A love founded on nothing but good received is not, you say, incompatible with a disposition so horrid as even to curse God. I am not sensible that I ever in my life imagined any thing but good could come from the hand of God. From a Being infinite in goodness every thing must be good, though I do not always comprehend how it is so. You say, 'If God is not to be loved except when he does us good, then in affliction we are free.' Are not afflictions good? Does he not even in judgment remember mercy? Sensible that afflictions are but 'blessings in disguise,' I would bless the hand that with infinite kindness wounds only to heal, and equally love and adore the goodness of God in suffering as in rejoicing.

"The disinterested love to God which you think is alone the genuine love, I see not how we can be certain we possess, when our love of happiness and our love of God are so

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inseparably connected. You say our happiness should be the effect, not the cause of our love to God; but, if I can not certainly determine that I love God independently of my own happiness, which I can not, must I determine that I do not love him at all?

"* * * You ask, When I feel a degree of joy, whether it arises from any thing I perceive in the character of God that charms me, or from any thing I perceive in myself that I think will charm God?

"I think the former. I am not conscious of having ever felt a joy arising from the latter source, though I do not know that I have examined so accurately as to be able to determine with certainty. In contemplating the character of God, his mercy and goodness are most present to my mind, and, as it were, swallow up his other attributes. The overflowing goodness that has created multitudes of beings, that he might communicate to them a part of his happiness, and which 'openeth his hand and filleth all things with plenteousness,' I can contemplate with delight, though, among the multitudes who experience his bountiful kindness, that I am one, may perhaps be the sole cause of my joy. The joy that arises from the consideration that God is a benefactor to me and my friends (when I think of God, every creature is my friend), if arising from a selfish motive, does not appear to me possible to be changed into hate, even supposing God my enemy, while I considered him as God, as a being infinitely just as well as good. If God is my enemy, it must be because I deserve he should be such, and it does not seem to me possible that I should hate him, even if I knew he would be always so.

"You complain that your heart is inclined to rise at the idea of suffering eternal punishment. I do not know as I understand what this feeling is.

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"Is it wickedness in me that I do not feel a willingness to be left to go on in sin? Can any one joyfully acquiesce in being thus left? I can joyfully acquiesce that God should be a sovereign in the disposal of mercy, if he will have mercy upon me; but when I pray for a new heart and a right spirit, must I be willing to be denied, and rejoice that my prayer is not heard? Could any real Christian rejoice if God should take from him the mercy bestowed? But he fears it not; he knows it never will be; he therefore can cheerfully acquiesce; so could I. But is it possible that in my situation, when I pray with agonizing importunity that God will have mercy upon me, I can yet be willing that my prayer should be rejected?

" * * * I can not now describe what have been my feelings before, but on Sunday night I experienced emotions which I can find no language to describe. I seemed carried to heaven, and thought that neither height, nor depth, nor things present, nor things to come, should be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus. Yet, if I feel a degree of joy, I fear to indulge it, and tremble at every emotion of pleasure. Last evening I was almost in heaven, but sunk to earth again by fears that I should rejoice without cause; but when I prayed my fears seemed to remove."*

To Roxana.

"September 2, '98.

"Since August 12 felt an uncommon difficulty in secret prayer. Could not pray except formally, not even when greatly distressed, particularly the last week. At times resolved to call on the President, lay open my case, and,

* Upon this letter is indorsed, in a tremulous hand, "Roxana beloved still, this Dec. 5, 1854. LYMAN BEECHER."

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unless advised to the contrary, abstain from the sacrament; yet feared to, and feared that my unwillingness arose more from selfish than any other motives. But I did not, and the latter part of the week experienced at times some enlargement in prayer. This morning attended meeting. God enabled me to hear with uncommon pleasure. Felt considerable life at the communion-table, though so little as to give cause for alarm rather than rejoicing. * * * Went to West Haven with Herrick, Fenn, Chapman, Fitch, and my brother. Spoke on the blessedness of the righteous and woes of the wicked.

"Much perplexed with the pride I found lurking in my heart. Man was made to deserve, but not to receive the applause of men. Give God the glory is the rule, while self lies humble in the dust, rejoicing to be hid that God may appear. Oh how horrid to enter a pulpit prompted by desire of applause! How does our own fame dwindle into nothing when employed to snatch immortal souls as brands from everlasting burning!

"On returning, experienced on my bed I know not what. My thoughts seemed to go out after God, and though I had no distinct views of him, yet to think of him seemed to give pleasure. Was enabled to pray with ease and peculiar delight. Felt a strong desire that my sister and Roxana should know and glorify God. It seemed, my friend, that to live with you, and be enabled mutually to know and praise God, would make earth a paradise. For a few moments, while thinking on Christ, I experienced an inexpressible sweetness, a kind of trembling, thrilling pleasure around my heart, which seemed not to be wholly sensitive, and yet partly so, bringing to mind the expression 'the love of God shed abroad in the heart.'"

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There were some things about your mother's religious character peculiar, and very satisfactory in the retrospect. She thought herself converted when five or six years old. She could scarcely remember the time but that, in all her childish joys and sorrows, she went to God in prayer. She experienced resignation, if any one ever did. I never saw the like—so entire, without reservation or shadow of turning. In no exigency was she taken by surprise. She was just there, quiet as an angel above. I never heard a murmur; and if ever there was a perfect mind as respects submission, it was hers. I never witnessed a movement of the least degree of selfishness; and if there ever was any such thing in the world as disinterestedness, she had it.

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CHAPTER XV.

COMMENCEMENT OF MINISTRY.

One day, somewhere in August, as I was going over to Guilford on a visit, I stopped at a halfway house to dinner. Taking up a newspaper, I saw the notice of Dr. Buell's death, at East Hampton, July 19, 1798. I had heard of him frequently. Uncle Lot had been over and heard him preach, and told how in times of revival he would leave the pulpit, and go even to the galleries, to talk to the awakened.

When my eye fell on the obituary notice, I thought to myself, "Well, they'll want a minister there now, but, at any rate, they will not have me. There's Tutor Davis—all his friends live over there; he may perhaps go and take care of them, but it is not likely I shall."

But it was not three weeks after that before I was engaged to go there. Tutor Davis had been there on a visit, and told me on his return that many were skeptical; that there was a candidate preaching there whom the young people did not like, and they had said to him, "Davis, we want you to get a man that can stand his ground in argument, and break the heads of these infidels." So he had me engaged. You see I had no plan. It was unexpected entirely. I felt as if it were ordered for me by Providence. I had so little idea or anticipation of the future that, before being licensed, I was troubled for fear I should not find a place to preach. There were four of us examined together for license, and I thought there were *so many* of us it would be hard to find places. Niles was invited to Durham; Hart somewhere else; but no place for me. So, when Davis

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spoke, I remembered what I had thought when I saw the obituary, and found I was mistaken that time.

I remember the day when we all walked over together from New Haven to what is now called Naugatuck, to an old parsonage up among the hills.

There the West Haven Association held their meeting, and we were examined.

After being licensed I went to Old Guilford, and preached my first regular sermon there. Uncle Lot, Aunt Benton, Roxana, and all my friends and acquaintances were there. The text was, "And where is now my hope?"

The object was to distinguish between the true ground of Christian confidence and various false grounds, such as infidelity, chance, procrastination, good works, spurious love to God, and the like.

I afterward preached it at Gilead and at East Hampton, where, by special request, it was a second time repeated.

It was a thorough-going thing, and shows how far I had gone, and how I began.

Extract from first Sermon.

"Persons whose hope is based on a spurious emotion of love to God are usually those who have never been brought to see their sinful, lost estate, nor to see God, except in the character of Merciful. Thus, as they never considered God as feeling very angry with them, they never felt much opposition of heart to him; as they always conceived of him as long-suffering, abundant in mercy, forgiving, and forgiving *to them*, so they always felt a kind of natural gratitude to him. This feeling they call love. Of course, as they love God, they believe on this account, as well as on account of his mercy, that God loves them, for God has declared that he loves those that love him. * * * *

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"The Christian, my brethren, undoubtedly feels as much gratitude for God's goodness to him as the sinner; nay, more. But common sense, as well as God's Word, teaches that if this be the only or chief source of love, he can not be a true disciple of Christ, for he that hath not the spirit of Christ is none of his. But had Christ no love to God but that of gratitude? A love for good received? Think you, my hearers, in his agony in the garden * * * * he saw nothing in the Father excellent, amiable, lovely? Nothing that made him desire his will should be done, except that somehow it would promote his own good? * * * * Beyond all doubt Christ loved God on account of the essential perfections of his nature, because he had been with him from eternity, knew all his counsels and designs, knew him to be great, holy, glorious, and in all respects lovely."

Diary.

"*Thursday, Nov.* 1. Set out from Middlefield for Gilead at ten A.M. Snowed most of the way. Arrived just after dark at Colonel Gilbert's. Friday, began and spent the day in writing a sermon, and Saturday, finished it.

"*Sunday, Nov.* 4. Preached for the second time at Gilead; felt not much intimidated; had more freedom than feeling in prayer. Afternoon, forgot to mention several cases, yet prayed for them without confusion. Read proclamation before sermon. Sung before prayer, by mistake; felt something disconcerted and chagrined, though not perceptible; performed, on the whole, with more decency than order.

"*Friday*, 9. Wrote some, and some of the day did nothing. Felt unwell; fatigued myself by too violent exercise after a squirrel.

"*Wednesday*, 14. Ordination at Goshen. Called on Mr.

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Bassett, and rode with him. Thursday, home; stopped at Mr. R.'s; purchased Cann's Bible, 4*s.* 6*d.*

"*Monday*, 18. Set out for Middlefield. Rode all day in the rain. Called on friend Collins. Arrived at my uncle Lyman's just before dark.

"*Tuesday*, 19. Stormy. Rode into Durham—called on Niles; then to North Guilford—called on Baldwin; then to Nutplains—called on Roxana; staid all night. Next day, afternoon, rode into town.

"*Thursday*, 20. Went to New Haven, and in the evening to West Haven. Friday, went to Nutplains and spent the evening.

"*Monday*, 25. B., N., and F. visited at Uncle Benton's. Evening, rode with them to Nutplains; staid till nine, and returned.

"*Tuesday*, 26. At half past four, got up; set out for New London; arrived at sunset; put up at Captain Frink's; engaged a passage to East Hampton.

"*Thursday*, 28. Thanksgiving. At ten o'clock set sail for East Hampton."

It was a bright, mild, pleasant day when I went down to the wharf at New London to secure a passage. A gentleman stepped up to me with a smile, saying, "This, I hope, is Mr. Beecher?" I told him it was, and he replied, "I am very glad. I am from East Hampton, and am going over, and will take you under my care." It was Mr. Mulford, ever after a warm personal friend.

I had but little to carry. I owned a horse, with saddle and bridle. All my clothes and personal effects I had packed in a little white hair trunk, which I had brought with me on the pommel of my saddle.

So I set out for my parish across the water, and I can say,

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like Jacob of old, "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth which Thou hast showed Thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands."*

* Genesis, xxxii., 10. A very favorite passage in later years.

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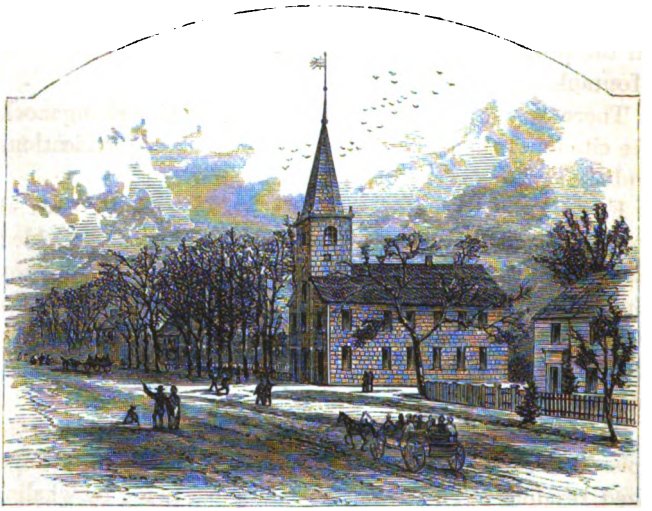
CHAPTER XVI.

EAST HAMPTON.



THE OLD EAST HAMPTON CHURCH.

We interrupt the narrative at this point for the purpose of inserting a few particulars respecting the parish of East Hampton, which may be of interest to the reader, and enable him more readily to understand what follows.

Long Island, near the southeastern extremity of which East Hampton is situated, was first visited by the whites, under Hudson, eleven years before the arrival of the Mayflower Pilgrims at Plymouth.

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They found an interminable beach of snowy sand, on which the ocean never ceased to beat in sparkling foam; dark forests, overgrown with tangled vines; wild-fowl in countless flocks; and throngs of admiring and astonished savages.

Thirteen tribes, united in a confederacy under one grand sachem, occupied the soil of the Isle of Shells.*

Of these, the royal tribe occupied the site of East Hampton, and their chief, Wyandanck, the grand sachem, resided on the promontory which still bears the name of the tribe, Montauk.

There may still be seen the remains of Kongkonganock, the citadel of the sachem, with traces of other fortifications, and the remains of ancient Indian burial-places.

For a hundred years these wild tribes resisted such efforts as were made for their evangelization, and yielded, alas! only to those which tended to degrade and to destroy. But when the whole of the original thirteen tribes had dwindled to four hundred souls, the labors of the faithful missionary, Horton, and of successive native teachers, were blessed in the conversion of many.

At the time of this narrative, this singular remnant, despised, abused, degraded, and yet, to some extent, evangelized, residing on their reserved lands, and living by whaling and the petty trade of broom and basket making, constituted a portion of the parish not the least interesting to a pastor's heart.

The oft-traveled road to Montauk Point, along the white sand-beach of Napaug, was one of the wildest in Nature, and one well calculated to leave lasting impressions upon a

* So named by the natives from the abundance of the white shell used in the manufacture of wampum, for the production of which this island was celebrated, as is still attested by vast heaps of broken shells.

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mind always susceptible to the grand and the sublime even more than to the beautiful.

On the north of the road are wild highlands, from which the ancient forests have disappeared, and which are now covered with bushes of the beach-plum* and other shrubs.

Along the shore are rugged cliffs, at whose base the surf beats with uncommon violence, the sweep of the ocean being unbroken, and a calm being very rare.

The view, as one rides along this solitary shore, is unimpeded over the land and far out upon the Atlantic.

Another part of the parish, and the earliest settled, was Gardiner's Island, separated from the rest of the town by a bay of three or four miles in width.

It was named from the first proprietor, Lyon Gardiner, the engineer who built Saybrook fort.

His descendants have continued to hold it to the present time, and have usually been of leading influence in the parish, and have borne the soubriquet of Lord Gardiner.

At the time of this narrative the estate was owned by the seventh of the series, a man of education and refinement, and celebrated for his fondness for antiquarian research.

His society would naturally be attractive to a youthful minister, and accordingly the island, with its large and hospitable mansion, was ever one of his favorite visiting-places; and during his East Hampton ministry, no sermon was ever thought finally ready for the press till it had been submitted to the inspection of his friend, John Lyon Gardiner.

Besides these outmost portions, the parish of East Hampton embraced several small villages, at which meetings were held from time to time on week-days.

On the east was Amaghansett; on the north, Accom-

* A purple fruit like a damson.

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bomock, Three-mile Harbor, The Springs, and Fireplace; on the west was Wayunscutt, or Wainscott. To these is to be added a settlement of free blacks, called Freetown, at a little distance from the centre of the place.

The main street of East Hampton is part of the main highway, on the southern branch of the island, of which it has been remarked that one "would imagine that the projectors of such a road supposed themselves possessed of a continent, a large portion of which they would never need to cultivate," it being from ten to sixteen rods in width.

At the time of this narrative the town consisted of the plainest farm-houses, standing directly on the street, with the wood-pile by the front door, and the barn close by, also standing on the street. A windmill stood, and still stands, at each end of the street.

There was so little traveling that the road consisted of two ruts worn through the green turf for the wheels, and two narrow paths for the horses. The wide green street was generally covered with flocks of white geese.

The only trees in the place were a line of poplars between two of the principal residences, and a large elm, standing at an enormous height, which had been trimmed up to a head, and was a conspicuous waymark for miles around.

On Sundays, all the families from the villages above-mentioned came riding to meeting in great two-horse, uncovered wagons, with three seats, carrying nine persons. It is probable that more than half the inhabitants of those retired villages made no other journey during their whole lives.

The first meeting-house was finished in 1650. The present edifice, represented in the vignette, was built in 1717, and was at the time the largest and most splendid church edifice on the island. It was provided with a bell and clock,

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now a century and a quarter old. In process of time a second gallery was added, as the congregation increased, thus presenting, at the time of this narrative, the singular feature of two galleries around three sides of the house. Since that day, however, the interior has been rebuilt in more modern style. It is now the oldest house on the island, and bids fair to last for a century to come.

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CHAPTER XVII.

PREACHING AS A CANDIDATE.

East Hampton was originally settled by the best sort of men, and had never been divided in religion. There was only one church in the place, over which three successive pastors had been settled during a period of a century and a half.

The first minister was Rev. Mr. James, the terms of whose support were forty-five pounds annually,* lands rate free, grain to be first ground at the mill every Monday, and one fourth of the whales stranded on the beach.

That is the only case I ever knew of a minister's being paid in whales.

At this day it would not be much of an addition to a man's income, but in those days it might. It is seldom now that a whale is seen, comparatively; but as late as about 1700 it is said that a woman, named Abigail Baker, in riding from East Hampton to Bridgehampton, saw thirteen whales along the shore between the two places.

The second minister was Rev. Mr. Hunting, whose grandfather was a relative of John Rogers, who was burned at Smithfield, as you see in the old-fashioned New England Primer.

The third was Dr. Buell, a man of remarkable qualities—sound judgment, vivid imagination, glowing piety, liberal education, and in theology an admirer of Edwards. He possessed a commanding voice, penetrating eye, and unwearied zeal for the Master's work.

* After the first year he received £50, and subsequently £60.

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The Church had been blessed with powerful revivals. The first was in 1741, under the preaching of Davenport, who did some good and some harm. Under Dr. Buell there were four revivals, some of them of remarkable power. Still, infidelity had gained a foothold; an infidel club had been organized—not very large in point of numbers, but composed of men of talent, education, and indefatigable zeal.

A small knot of such men, even though they may not gain many open adherents, may sometimes poison the minds of a whole generation of young people, inoculating them with bad ideas; and so, to some extent, it had been here. As a specimen of their spirit, it is said that in one of their meetings a Bible was burned to ashes.

C. "Father, how, after so many revivals, could infidelity come in there?"

It was the age of French infidelity. There was a leaven of skepticism all over the world. As to the particular manner, it came in through the Academy. The people of East Hampton had from the beginning made liberal provision for education. And although the War of the Revolution had borne with great severity upon Long Island, which was so long in possession of the British, yet in 1785 Dr. Buell had the spirit and the influence to secure the building of Clinton Academy, the first ever chartered by the Regents of the University.

Now it so happened that two of the teachers employed proved to be skeptical, and before Dr. Buell found it out the evil was done. It gave him great anxiety. He greatly feared that it would be impossible to settle an orthodox minister after his death. And, in fact, when I went there, the question was, Revivals or Infidelity.

I did not attack infidelity directly. Not at all. That

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would have been cracking a whip behind a runaway team —made them run the faster. I always preached right to the conscience. Every sermon with my eye on the gun to hit somebody. Went through the doctrines; showed what they didn't mean; what they did; then the argument; knocked away objections, and drove home on the conscience. They couldn't get up their prejudices, because I had got them away. At first there was winking and blinking from below to gallery, forty or fifty exchanging glances, smiling, and watching. But when that was over, infidelity was ended, for it was infidelity, for the most part, that had its roots in misunderstanding.

To Roxana.

"February 1, '99.

"As to the state of things here, I will give you a little sketch. Before I came an attempt had been made to settle a Mr. K——, whom Dr. Buell, before his death, recommended. All the Church, except one, united in him, and many of the sober people. The young people almost unanimous against him. They meet. Both sides very warm. The minority too strong to be opposed; the majority too sanguine to yield. Finally it is agreed to hear another man, and in this state of things Mr. Beecher comes. On either side the combatants recoil, suspend their strife to gaze at Mr. B. The young people conclude that I must be a pretty "starchy" chap. Every Sabbath has been stormy, so that few have heard me. So I lectured and visited, and visited and lectured, and was nicknamed the snow-bird for flying about so in the snow-storms. All went on cleverly till a week ago I heard that the following things were circulating:

"'Mr. B. went on Christmas and dined with Dr. G——, a

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Deist. In the evening he took tea at Captain Isaacs's, and heard Miss Esther Hand sing songs, and asked her to sing all she knew. On such an evening Mr. B. and Mr. Hutchinson sang songs together; and Mr. B. has lowered his character twenty-five per cent. by going a hunting with Dr. H——, also a Deist.'

"I don't suppose any one meant to injure me; but I stood between them and their object, and thus my every motion was eyed and every item circulated. Now Mr. K——'s friends are numerous and violent; and, though they may not aim to injure my character, they will do it as certainly as if they did. I am young; my character as a minister is forming. I need the candor and friendly aid of Christians. I need them disposed to cover with a veil of charity youthful inadvertence, instead of magnifying it to a crime.

"Shall I, then, subject myself to such a scrutiny? Shall I hold up my character to the dagger, that, in piercing that, religion may be wounded also?

"I think not. They must settle the dispute about Mr. K—— first; till then no man can unite them. They don't want to be pleased that this may be effected; therefore, after staying long enough to convince them I do not run away, I will abscond.

"These intentions and reasons I made public. This created alarm. Those friendly labored to convince me that by spring all will be united. This may or may not be. In a divided people it is impossible to gain accurate information. However, my fears are so far removed that I engaged for four Sabbaths, and five more should all be well. The people I like very well, though not attached. Let nothing leave the impression on your mind that there is much probability of my settling. It is not impossible; but as to probability, my judgment is suspended.

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"Have almost completed a sermon on 'Come unto me, all ye that labor,' etc., in which I have made some efforts to gratify the popular taste; for, to tell the truth, I think the popular taste here to be in a considerable degree right. As a counterpart, shall write on 'Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life.'"

To the same.

"February 9, '99.

"Your grandfather's death surprised and affected me extremely. Was writing a sermon just before, and thought, 'This would please General Ward.' But he is gone, good man, and now knows more about truth than all the human race. I never knew my tenderness for him till now."

To the same.

"February 10, '99.

"My preaching seems not to move. I speak against a rock. The people continue to watch me as narrowly as a mouse is watched by a cat, and I continue to mind my business. There are some who would be glad to lay hold of some fault; but, if God enable, I shall keep clear. If I would baptize all the children, as Dr. Buell used to do, I could unite them; but that, you know, I can not.*

* One point on which the Puritans differed from the English Church was in confining baptism to believers and their seed. Infant baptism, however, without subsequent profession of faith, did not entitle to full privileges of Church membership, among which, for a time, in Massachusetts and the New Haven Colony, was included the right of suffrage. In process of time, as the number thus deprived of Church privileges increased, a rush was made at the door of the Church. A modified Covenant was adopted, assent to which bestowed all rights of Church membership except the Lord's Supper. This half-way Covenant, strongly opposed by the majority of Churches from the beginning, was ably assailed by President Edwards, after whose day it gradually fell into disuse.

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"On some accounts I should prefer such a place as this. There are more Christians. No sectarians; I believe not one. Comparatively few infidels. The people are peaceable. Not a lawyer in the whole county. Industrious, hospitable; in the habit of being influenced by their minister.

"But why should I, who am not my own, choose? Let Christ choose for me. I would give more for a heart resigned to his will than for all the settlements on earth."

To the same.

"February 21, '99.

"My forenoon's extempore discourse was by many liked better than any I have preached. There was warmth in it; some flowing, high expressions. Indeed, I suppose what I call exceptionable parts were most admired.

"This week, at times, have hoped that I felt something of the power of religion on my heart."

To the same.

"Saturday, February 23, '99.

"Wrote on Matthew, v., 20: 'Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of Heaven.' If God enable me, shall speak very plainly. Plainness, my friend, must be used. Every thing is at stake. Immortal souls are sleeping on the brink of hell. Time is on the wing. A few days will fix their eternal state. Shall I hide the truth? neglect the heart, labor to please the ear with smooth periods, and be the siren song to lure them down to hell?

"O my God! my God! open thou mine eyes to see the importance of immortal souls, and open thou my lips to lift up my voice like a trumpet.

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"Don't think me enthusiastic. No, no. Eternity hangs on the present moment, and it is our stupidity that makes all energy enthusiasm.

"Visited a sick man, a Christian, who could talk with rapture of God, and Christ, and heaven.

"'O my God, what am I?' said I, as I rode back. 'What will my hope be as an anchor in such a storm? Do I love God supremely? Am I willing to resign my dear Roxana? Is God my all in all?' I have some desire to be weaned from the world and swallowed up in God, but that desire seems like an infant struggling under mountain piled on mountain, to throw them off and rise above them. There seems a struggling something in my bosom that tries to rise and unite itself with God, but that is all. I can not say it has ever been successful. Like Moses in the mount, it sometimes sees the blessed land, but never tastes the fruit. Have just returned from ——'s funeral. Have made a prayer, and seen the dust returned to the earth. When shall some friend return from my grave, and say to his distant friend, 'Beecher is no more. I have this day followed him to the grave, and deposited him in the tomb.'

"This evening that struggling something has come nearer throwing off the load, and admitting my soul into fellowship with God, than ever before. But it is all of God. A week ago, and a world would not have purchased my present frame of mind. I feel some engagedness to preach the Gospel—some joy that I am permitted—and perhaps there is no better place than this to preach in. You can not think how much easier it is to preach and pray when Christians are praying. It enlivens my soul. I think they feel what I speak, and then, from sympathy, feel myself. It seems sometimes as if God would pour out his Spirit."

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CHAPTER XVIII.

ORDINATION.

To Roxana.

"March 26.

"Oh Roxana, if we are children of Christ, if we are to be joint instruments in glorifying God, and joint partakers of heavenly glory, how near, how dear are you to me, am I to you! What can separate us? Can life, can death, can angels, principalities, or things present or to come? No. Jesus Christ, the object of our affection, shall forever unite us. Here our souls shall meet. In Him we shall be one indeed. Oh, let the joys of our earthly union be typical of that joy which flows from our union to Jesus Christ.

"I have just arisen from prayer, and feel refreshed. Oh, my dear, it has pleased God to do, in some degree, what we spoke upon when I last saw you.

"'What,' said I, 'Roxana, if God should make me an instrument of awakening the people? What if you should hear that a work of God was going on, how would you feel?'

"'Why,' you said, 'I should rejoice.'

"And how should *I* feel? Don't you think I should rejoice?

"Mrs. O—— has been wonderfully brought out from darkness into marvelous light. Six others are under distressing concern. The general mind is solemn. Some feel anxious who yet conceal their feelings.

"This evening am to speak extempore. They like my

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extempore discourses more than the written. I fully believe they do more good. I don't, however, mean to give up writing sermons. Both together are better than either alone.

"A committee of twelve, from every part of town, met yesterday to consult on the expediency of calling a meeting to give me a call. They are pretty sanguine of a good degree of unanimity. Should they be sufficiently united to offer an adequate support, the probability is that I shall accept, and conclude to spend my days in East Hampton. The meeting is the first Thursday in April. Should I receive the call, and all things be pleasing, I shall, on Wednesday after, attend Presbytery, through whose hands I must officially receive my call, and return my answer. And should not the basket of eggs fall and break, but my ordination be completed all snug and sure, then, about that time, say May or June, you will perceive I should naturally enough begin to think about getting a wife."

To the same.

"March 28, '99.

"Minds of the people growing more solemn every day. I doubt not there is more thought on religion now in one day in this town than in a week when I first came. I feel too vile to be made an instrument in so glorious a work, and feel as though I should be an obstacle, till I consider that God does all for his great name."

Diary.—On a Visit at Guilford.

"*May* 20, '99. In the morning, rode out with my cousin; returned, and met Mr. Bray. Walked to Nutplains.

"*May* 21. Went a fishing in forenoon. Afternoon, exceeding depressed and melancholy. Tarried till four. Re-

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turned home, put up my things, and prepared to set out for New London to pass on to the island.

"*May* 25. At four P.M. landed on Oyster Pond Bar. At five, set out for East Hampton by land. In crossing Wiggins's ferry, my horse, with saddle and saddle-bags on, jumped overboard, and came near to drowning. Expected first to lose saddle and saddle-bags; next, horse and all; and felt I can not tell how, not quite giving over, and yet but little hope; not quite resigned, and yet almost. Lost my bridle, and rode down to Colonel Deering's with a tarred rope. Spent the night at Deering's, on Shelter Island, and in the morning rode in; arrived at church just after the first prayer, and preached on the text, 'Be ye also ready.' Patched up a sermon between meetings; possessed unusual flow; some things in the sermon more resembling the torrent than the smooth flow of gentle waters.

"*May* 31. I have experienced for some days a melancholy headache. Feel gloomy—very gloomy. It spoils all attempts at prayer, and every other duty; for, while it continues, I see no subject except on the darkest side. It disqualifies me for reading, meditation, or writing, or even conversation. But this is not all. If I ever felt any religion, it seems to have forsaken me. I can not feel. God is distant. I can not realize, can not get into his presence. At times I fear I have never known him. Oh my soul, how art thou distressed at the thoughts of preaching an unknown Savior!

"This is, in fact, my great, my whole burden. If I could have a comfortable evidence that my heart was reconciled to God, it seems I should not feel such despondency, let the world go which way it would. That I do not enjoy the world I do not so much regret, but to have no enjoyment of God is trying. But God is: he is just; he will do right. I am a worm, and deserve to be unhappy."

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To Roxana.

"June 8, '99.

"Religion loses ground. None under conviction when I went home have reverted, but none brought into marvelous light. Christians have lost the spirit of prayer. I, too, can not feel as I did. I have been much cast down. My head has been something affected, which always shows me the dark side of subjects. At such times God is high as heaven, but I can not leave the earth.

"When I consider that I am an object of your affection, I am affected with my unsubstantial merit—a shadow, a nothing—and with your unhappiness in being connected with me. Well, you must make the most of a bad bargain.

"As to my call, it is the custom here to covenant to discharge the salary. This pulls on a string that terminates in the heart—the purse-string. How it will end I know not. It has learned me not to be too sanguine.

"*Tuesday, June* 18. Visited Rachel and P—— (colored people). Christ is not ashamed to enter and dwell in a cottage. The thought affected me when I entered their low dwelling—but one room, no chimney, no floor. Blessed are the poor! How much happier the tenants of this obscure hut than the tenants of a palace rolling in splendor.

"Been reading lately Strong's sermons on Sovereignty, the Justice of God, and his acting for his own Glory; also Dr. Linn's Sermons, and Life of Newton. Studied Virgil. Read Mrs. Anthony's Life.

"*June* 29. Most have signed. Those who refuse, most of them wish me to stay, and declare their intention to pay.

"I am not without apprehension of difficulty on account of Baptism. But we must never expect God to bend all

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things to our wishes. Bend our wills to his providence is better.

"Aunt Benton's situation affects me much. But when she is dead, I expect to bleed from the very heart, for no one, not even yourself, perhaps, lies nearer it.

"*July* 2. Rode to Mr. Woolworth's, and dined with Messrs. Daggett and Hall.

"*Wednesday.* Spent forenoon in social conversation and serious discussion on question, 'What is the nature of that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord?' Answer: 'It is the love of doing good;' and observed, and afterward attempted to support the idea that natural good is the object of moral; or, that the excellence of holiness consists in its tendency to promote happiness.

"Mr. Hall's case was brought up. A woman, a member of his Church, died. Her husband not in the Church. After her death, the father presents the child to be baptized on her account, and Mr. Hall baptized it. Query: Did he do right?

"The child has no right, nor the surviving parent. The deceased parent can not now be active, for in the grave there is no wisdom nor device. The propriety must be found in what the parent has done while living. It can be considered only as a publishing and sealing by baptism the covenant relation of the deceased to God while living. It is a token of the covenant which was between God and her while on earth. Now the question is, where is there any obligation to make this public? Not on the woman—she is no more; not on the man—he is not a member of Christ's Church; not on the minister—he is supposed to be ignorant.

"But if the person had formerly requested the thing; if she had died before the minister could perform the act; if

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she had been taken delirious immediately after requesting it—in all these cases would we not baptize? If the act be justifiable then, must it not be on the supposition that it was the woman's desire? Doubtless. But is it not presuming too much? *Sic cogito.*

"Returned through Wainscott. Called on Phebe Bowers about an hour after the Lord had hopefully shined into her soul. Found her full of peace, her burden gone; she had, she said, given all up to Christ. She could not trust to her righteousness, but she was not afraid to trust to Him. I suggested, 'May you not be deceived in what you now feel?' She replied with exultation, 'No, I can not!' She appeared to experience joy unspeakable. I felt rejoiced, though I could not rejoice so much as she.

"*Thursday, July* 4, '99. Celebration. Rode with Squire Miller to Sag Harbor. Met Messrs. Woolworth, Daggett, Mansel, etc. Attended meeting. Sermon by Mr. Bogart. Want of method, and not sufficient substance to hold up so much ornament. A person's looks may be assisted by dress; but if the ornament hide the person from view, animals might be made equally beautiful.

"Maxim: Never begin to flourish till you have said something substantial to build upon. All the flourishes in the world will not affect the mind unless they relate to, or grow out of something important, of which the mind is previously possessed. Plain speech is best to interest the hearts and persuade.

"Dined with the company at Mr. Gilston's, and was pleased with the sobriety and decency of the entertainment. While walking in the procession, was tenderly affected with the scenes which the occasion called up. How much has been suffered to procure what this day celebrates! How much individual suffering, how many scenes, each of which

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would pain the heart, are buried in oblivion! * * * How many soldiers, who engaged in the cause of freedom with high expectations, fell ere the wished-for day arrived! It is not the death of the great that so much affects me as it is of the obscure, the honest soldier; it is those who sleep undistinguished by name or title, whose individual labors are forgot, that touches my heart.

"*Friday, July* 5, '99. This morning, about half past eight, I performed an act probably as important in its consequences as any in my whole life. After commending myself to God in prayer, beseeching Him to assist me, and make His grace sufficient for me, I subscribed a covenant, in which I promise to the people of East Hampton 'to settle with them, and carry on the work of the Gospel ministry among them; faithfully and conscientiously to discharge the duties of my office according to my ability.' And now, great Shepherd of Israel, be with me! Instruct me in the duties incumbent, and incline me faithfully and conscientiously to perform them till death. Oh, help me to conduct so that, relying on the righteousness of Christ, I may meet Thee and give an account of my stewardship with joy. Instruct me in thy Holy Word, and enable me to instruct others. Grant me that wisdom which is profitable to direct—even the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove. May my conversation be that seasoned with religion. May my conduct be such that those who behold it may take knowledge of me that I have been with Christ. Preserve me from covetousness, from avarice, from pride—especially from spiritual pride. Preserve me from anger, and rash or hasty speaking. Fortify me with meekness, so that when railed at I may not rail again, but suffer wrong cheerfully.

"O Lord, grant me as strong affection for this people as is consistent with supreme love to Thee, and enable me to

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secure and preserve their affection so far as it shall conduce to my usefulness and Thy glory.

"Preserve me from idleness and sloth. Give me clearness of perception, fixedness of mind, fervency of spirit, a humble boldness, and freedom of speech. Enable me now, and from this time till I die, to commit myself and all my concerns into the hands of Him who has said, 'Lo, I am with you always.' Lord, let this promise always support me. Even when called to walk in darkness, may I trust in the Lord!

"*Saturday, July* 6, '99. Conversation with H. and J. M—— on the subject of baptism. Was deficient in that wisdom of the serpent which is compatible with the harmlessness of the dove. Spoke strong when I ought to have spoken exceeding mild, and felt some vexation when I ought to have been perfectly calm. Resolved to practice self-government, and go this day and practice it upon the same persons.

"*Monday, July* 8. Went to bathe, and swam beyond my depth. Fell into a little sea-poose,* and was something frightened, but, through God's mercy, was preserved.

"*Saturday, July* 13. A memorable day in the history of my life. I received news of the death of my beloved Aunt Benton. The memory of my aunt's affection and unwearied attention to myself completely overwhelmed me, and I was obliged to give rein to passion.

"*Sabbath, July* 14. With difficulty read Psalm cxix., fourth part; with difficulty requested the Church to join me in prayer, that the death of my aunt, who from my infancy had sustained the relation of a parent, might be sanctified to myself and others. Evening: determined to return home to-

* Two waves meeting formed what was called, along shore, a sea-poose, or cat-poose, which was very dangerous to swimmers.

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morrow. Oh, how shall I meet my afflicted uncle? How shall I enter the solitary house? Yesterday and to-day I shall always remember.

"*Tuesday, July* 16. Embarked; becalmed; drifting with the tide. Reached New London at ten o'clock.

"*Wednesday, July* 17. Reached home about five P.M. The door was locked, and I set out to go to a neighbor's; was met by Widow Johnson; and when I saw her, and came to shake hands, my grief overflowed. 'My friend and yours,' said she, 'has gone and left us.' I turned back, and entered the empty house. Soon after Uncle Benton came home. I met him not far from the door. 'You have come to an empty house, Lyman.' I reached forth and shook hands, but could not speak.

"*Thursday, July* 18. Spent the forenoon reading sermons. Afternoon, rode to Sachem's Head with Roxana, Mr. Lyman, and Sally Hill.

"*Friday.* Spent the forenoon in getting in grain, afternoon with Roxana. Rode to the Point, where a numerous company was collected to regale themselves; but the recollections of my aunt prevented my stay. I could not bear the thought of joining in scenes of mirth, and, my dear friend complying, we rode back, and spent the remainder of the P.M. happily in each other's company.

"*Saturday, July* 25. Returned to East Hampton.

"*Monday, August* 19. Set out for Presbytery with Squire Hand. Rode to Mr. Woolworth's. He journeyed with us. Called on Mr. Bogart. Dined at the Canoe Place. Rode to River Head.

"*August* 20. Arrived at Middletown about ten A.M. Mr. Faitoute preached the sermon, and Presbytery proceeded to business.

"I informed them I had accepted the call of the people

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of East Hampton, and was ready for examination, and the next morning was appointed for the purpose.

"*Wednesday, August* 21. At eight o'clock Presbytery began examination, and continued till one. Resumed at two P.M., and concluded in about an hour. There was nothing difficult in the examination, except what arose from difference of sentiment between the examiners on several subjects, on which they disputed through the candidate.

"I felt no embarrassment, though once was a little raised in feeling when wounded by those who were disputing over my head.

"*Thursday, September* 5, '99. Ordination. This important day will ever stand prominent through the days of my life, and probably through the days of eternity.

"Just before ten o'clock, retiring to the barn, made a humble attempt to give myself up to God in the work of the ministry. Prayed for aid and direction through the day, for ability and faithfulness in the ministerial office; after which, repaired to the house of God, and heard an excellent sermon by Mr. Woolworth. Was much affected in his address to the candidate, specially at the remark, 'The souls, the deathless souls of this great people are committed to your charge.' After sermon the solemn ceremony of consecration took place, in which, though my feelings were not so lively, my soul was weighed down, and almost overwhelmed with the importance of the subject.

"After the ceremony, read the Psalm, pronounced the benediction, and then, standing by the door, received the right hand of fellowship from all the male members of the Assembly. An exceedingly pleasant, tender, and affecting ceremony. May God perpetuate the emotions of affection for my people which at that time were experienced!"

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When I received the call, I had to ride eighty miles to Newtown to put it into the hands of Presbytery, which met twice a year, and then Presbytery put it into my hands again. That is the way, you know. Good, sociable times we had at Presbytery; full of interest and gladness; just like brothers.

The fact is, a Presbytery made up of New England men, raised Congregationalists, is the nearest the Bible of any thing there is. But if you go to sticking it up, Scotch fashion, with appeals, etc., I wouldn't put myself into the hands of such a power all over the United States. There was Bogart, of Southampton; Zachariah Greene, a special friend; Faitoute, of Jamaica, an Old School man—but we had no controversy; Schenck, of Huntingdon, and Dr. Woolworth, of Bridgehampton. He was a father to me in ecclesiastical matters. I was a raw boy, and knew nothing. We loved each other unceasingly. Then there was Herman Daggett also—a mild, intellectual man, whose sermons were all fitted for the press, every dot. He was cheerful, but never known to smile, so it was said. It was also remarked of him that he was just fit to preach to ministers.

After ordination, my first business was to organize a Session.

Dr. Buell had always belonged to Presbytery, and the Church called itself Presbyterian; but they never had an elder, never sent up any records, never had any to send. Dr. Buell was Church and every thing else. They were Congregational up to the hub; got along in an easy, slipshod way.

H. B. S. "What was Presbytery doing?"

How did they know? There had not been a case of discipline for a long time. When I searched for Church records, could find none. Dr. Buell had left some, but they

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were regarded as private property. When he went to Presbytery he took along a deacon.

I persuaded them, and we organized a good, strong, noble Session.

In the address to them at their ordination, I said, "Understand thoroughly the laws you are to execute. These are recorded in the Bible, particularly the eighteenth chapter of Matthew, and 1 Corinthians, v.; and many other places which you will be able to search out."

I also urged them to be men of prayer, to be upright, and to keep constantly in mind the promises of God.

Well, when I got the eldership, we found a member who was a drunkard. Some good old ladies thought it a pity to touch him, he had been drinking so long, poor fellow!

Another had sold a horse for sound that was not sound. He said it was not his business to tell the horse's faults. It was the purchaser's business to see what he was buying. We gave him some edification on that point. So we straightened things, and kept them strict and careful, and had no trouble.

H. B. S. "Why, father, were you a Presbyterian then?"

I didn't care which I was. Presbytery did not care much. They were all Connecticut men. The Churches did not care. They were all Congregational at first, every Church on the island. Afterward they changed to Presbyterian, without any particular influence. There was none of that foolishness about *isms* which has been got up lately.

H. W. B. "But would it not have been better if you had made them a good sound Congregational Church?"

Oh pshaw! I could not ride two horses at once, one this way, and the other that.*

* Dr. Bacon's Funeral Discourse:

"After a year of probation, he was ordained to the pastoral office in that

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"*September* 9. Rode to Sag Harbor, and crossed to New Haven. Arrived at sunset. Mr. Woolworth and Memsel went to my father's with me. Called on Tutor Davis.

"*September* 16. Rode to Guilford. Called on Baldwin, and in the evening called on my friend.

"*September* 17. This day spent chiefly with my friend. In the afternoon Esther came, and is now below. To-morrow I expect to be united in sacred engagements to my dear friend. Oh, that my heart might be impressed with gratitude to God for his favors, and especially for providing for me a loving and beloved friend."

church, which had acquired, by the extraordinary gifts and usefulness of its last preceding pastor, a sort of metropolitan conspicuousness, not only in the county, but on the other side of Long Island Sound. In the good providence of God, he had fallen into just the place for his development and training as a preacher. His people, in their insular position, had retained a primitive simplicity of manners and habits; and, at the same time, they were well instructed on the great themes of evangelical religion, and were therefore capable of appreciating the best kind of sermons. The act of royal power which, in 1664, cut off the Puritan settlements on this island from their political connection with Connecticut, had not affected their religious and ecclesiastical sympathies, and though the East Hampton Church had become Presbyterian in name, it had received all its pastors from New England. Where could there be a better place for a young pastor of such gifts to try what he could do, and to become conscious of his powers?"

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Engd by W G Jackman

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NEW YORK HARPER & BROTHERS

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CHAPTER XIV

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CHAPTER XIX.

SETTING UP HOUSEKEEPING.

HOUSE AT EAST HAMPTON.

IMMEDIATELY after settlement I went home to be married. We had been engaged two years, but, though the time was long, the intercourse was so frequent that we were very happy.

We did not chide the lingering hours, for we were acquainted, and seasoned to mutual affection; though, when the time came, we were willing. Nobody ever married more heart and hand than we. The ceremony was performed September 19, 1799, by Parson Bray. It was in the forenoon,

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and there was a drenching rain. All Roxana's friends were there, and all my folks from New Haven: father, mother, David, Mary, Pruey, Esther, besides Uncle Lot.

After a day or two we packed up. Roxana had a small amount: candle-stand, bureau, table, clothing, bedding, linen, and stuffs enough for herself and her sister Mary, who staid with us till her marriage.

Uncle Benton hired a small sloop to take us over; he always did such things for us; took as much care of me as if I had been but fifteen; made all my bargains. We went to Judge Miller's for a week, and then to Aunt Phebe Gardiner's.

Soon after our marriage, while we lived at Aunt Phebe Gardiner's, the revival, which had been checked, burst forth with unexpected power. The interest in spring of 1799 had been sufficient to check division and unite the Church in the work. It declined, however, during summer, and did not break out again till January, 1800.

That revival began like a flash of lightning and ended like a flash of lightning. It was the only time I ever had a revival without feeling it beforehand in my own soul.

Before evening service, one Sabbath, news came to me that two of Deacon Shirrell's sons were under conviction. Oh, how I went down there! Whether walking, or flying, or on tiptoe, I don't know. When I got into the deacon's seat, oh how I preached! I spilled over. All the old folks waked up; and when I went home, after meeting, to Aunt Phebe's, the young people all flowed together there. I knew what it was: the good folks all felt that they had a revival, and now was their time.

One young lady was in distress. "Oh what shall I do? what shall I do?" she exclaimed. At once her eyes blazed up with joy: "Oh, bless God that I was born a sinner!"

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I asked her afterward what she meant by that. "Why, if I hadn't been a sinner, Christ wouldn't have died for me!"

"Is it the glory of God in that that pleases you?"

"Yes."

That was good New School doctrine. I was active then on those points. I took great pains to see that they were converted in Hopkins's way.

The work went on gloriously for six weeks, and shook the whole town. Eighty were converted, and fifty united with the Church.

From Mrs. Beecher to Harriet Foote.

"November 15, '99.

"I have not heard a syllable from home since I left. Sister, you must prepare your heart to come over in the spring and help me, for I don't do any thing but set the table and clear it away, and so you may well suppose I shall want somebody by that time to help me put things in order.

"I find it difficult to get letters to you. We live seven miles from Sag Harbor. I can not go daily to carry letters, nor send Mary. As for Mr. Beecher, he is every body's man. I will tell you a little how it has been this winter.

"Mr. Beecher has preached seven or eight times a week the whole winter. Last week, for example, he preached twice in town and two lectures, besides a funeral sermon on Gardiner's Island, and five sermons to the Indians and white people down at Montauk. He every week lectures at some one of the villages adjoining: Wainscott, four miles; Amaghansett, three miles; Northwest, seven; The Springs, seven; and another place with an ugly Indian name. Some weeks at two or three of these places; and when not at these places, there have been meetings afternoons and evenings, and sometimes in the forenoon. I have not in the least ex-

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aggerated, and you may therefore suppose he has not had much leisure to attend to other business.

"My principal business has been to prepare three meals a day, and now and then to put my house a little in order. I have spun enough for about two pairs of stockings, and almost knit them, and have mended my own and husband's clothes. This uncommon attention to religion has brought a good deal of company. Indeed, there has been somebody here the greater part of the time. We have not passed above one or two evenings without visitors since I have been here, and they commonly stay till eleven o'clock, so that I find it difficult to seize a moment to write. I have been to visit the people in all the villages, and have called on Mrs. Dr. Woolworth, at Bridgehampton, three times; have also been to Sag Harbor twice, and have visited a great many people in town. I told you I had not spun any; but I have been presented with nearly seventy runs of linen yarn by the young ladies of the town and villages, so that, if I had but filling for it, I should have a fine, long piece of cloth; but I shall be obliged to take one half to fill the other. Next Monday Mr. Beecher sets out for Huntington, to meet the Presbytery, and contemplates going to New York before he returns.

"You must contrive to have mamma come over as early in the summer as she can. Come when she will, she must stay with me the month of August, and in September, should I be alive and well, I shall expect to return with her to Guilford."

Soon after our marriage we were riding together from Sag Harbor. With great good nature we were reconnoitering to find if there were any faults in each other which might be the occasion of trouble. I told her I did not know

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as I had any faults — unless one: that I was passionate, quick, and quick over; but if she answered quick we might have trouble. Her face overspread with a glow of emotion, and tears flowed; and that single thing prevented the realization of the evil forever. If she saw I was touched, she never said a word—she appreciated the thing; she entered into my character entirely.

I scarcely ever saw her agitated to tears. Once, soon after we had moved into our new house, the two pigs did something that vexed me; I got angry and thrashed them. She came to the door and interposed. The fire hadn't got out. I said quickly, "Go along in!" She started, but hadn't more than time to turn before I was at her side, and threw my arms round her neck and kissed her, and told her I was sorry. Then she wept.

C. "That was the nearest to a quarrel you ever came?"

Yes, it was.

In the spring of 1800 I bought a house and five acres of ground for $800. It was a two-story framed house, shingled instead of clap-boarded on the sides, the gable end to the street. I laid new pitch-pine floors, had a new fireplace made, and finished the back rooms and chambers, also a small bedroom below.

The repairs cost me $300. I found I must have my "settlement" in money. So I proposed to give up what parsonage I held, and receive the $500 according to the first offer.

Mrs. Beecher to Harriet Foote.

"August 15, 1800.

"It has cost us a good deal to get the old house into a habitable condition. We have just got so that we think we shall be able to live in it, and yesterday we removed from Mrs. Gardiner's to our own house. We have new floors

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over the whole of the lower part of the house; in the unfinished end next the lot a convenient new milk-room and pantry, and on the side next the street a decent large bedroom. When we have completed the plan it will be quite a convenient house."

There was not a store in town, and all our purchases were made in New York by a small schooner that ran once a week.

We had no carpets; there was not a carpet from end to end of the town. All had sanded floors, some of them worn through. Your mother introduced the first carpet. Uncle Lot gave me some money, and I had an itch to spend it. Went to a vendue, and bought a bale of cotton. She spun it, and had it woven; then she laid it down, sized it, and painted it in oils, with a border all around it, and bunches of roses and other flowers over the centre. She sent to New York for her colors, and ground and mixed them herself. The carpet was nailed down on the garret floor, and she used to go up there and paint. She also took some common wooden chairs and painted them, and cut out figures of gilt paper, and glued them on and varnished them. They were really quite pretty.

H. B. S. "That carpet is one of the first things I remember, with its pretty border."

C. "It lasted till my day, and covered the east bedroom in our Litchfield home.

H. B. S. "Well, father, what did East Hampton folks say to that?"

Oh, they thought it fine. Old Deacon Tallmadge came to see me. He stopped at the parlor door, and seemed afraid to come in.

"Walk in, deacon, walk in," said I.

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"Why, I can't," said he, "'thout steppin' on't." Then, after surveying it a while in admiration, "D'ye think ye can have all that, *and heaven too?*"

Perhaps he thought we were getting too splendid, and feared we should make an idol of our fine things.

Well, we got nestled down in our new house, Grandmother Foote, Roxana, Mary, and I. Aunt Ruth, our good nurse, took tea with us the first evening; and when we sat down at our own table for the first time, I felt strong emotion, very much like crying.

Soon after, our first child was born.* I shall never forget my feelings when Grandma Foote put her in my arms. "Thou little immortal!" was all I could say. We called her Catharine Esther, the first from Aunt Benton, my foster-mother, the second from my own mother.

Soon after, your mother took Drusilla Crook, a colored girl, about five years old, to take care of the baby. We called her Zillah. She was bound to us till she was eighteen. When Mary was born, we took a sister of Zillah's named Rachel. Zillah was the smartest black woman I ever knew. She learned every thing Catharine did, and as well as she did. She was a great deal smarter than Rachel. Rachel was stupid. Zillah was as kind and amiable as possible. None of us ever saw her angry. When I moved to Litchfield they accompanied us, and staid till their time was out. They were so much a part of the family, that when any of us were away, in writing home, we always sent love to Zillah and Rachel as much as to the others.

Mrs. Beecher to Harriet Foote.

"April 29, 1801.

"I am seated with breakfast-table half cleared, and Cath-

* September 6, 1800.

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arine sick in my lap. If I had a mother or sister where I could get to them without as much fuss as would suffice to prepare for an Indian voyage, it would be a comfort. * * * Tell mamma folks say Catharine looks just like her."

About this time I kept school in the Academy for a brief period. It was horrible—a perfect torture. It was just like driving Uncle Lot's old plow, only worse, to sit there looking at my watch ten times an hour to see when I should get out!

Somewhere about this time, too, I had a famous whale chase.

Going out the door one morning very early I saw the "weft." They kept three whale-boats always ready, and if a whale came in sight, a man went up a mast on a headland and waved his jacket, with a peculiar kind of cry, for a signal. This was the "weft."

I saw the boatmen running, stepped back and caught my hat, said nothing to Roxana, and down I went. The boats were all full but one seat behind the steersman of the last boat; without a word I jumped in and took the oar. Off they pushed. Once we came near the whale. "Pull! pull!! pull!!!" said the captain, and we did pull; but the whale sunk, and we overran him; then we had a long chase after him, and again it was "Pull! pull! pull!" and the harpooner stood in the bow, almost near enough—I saw over my shoulder a boiling pot a little ahead. I longed he should strike the whale, so that he might carry us instead of our chasing him. But he took care of himself. He sunk to rise no more, and we had the pleasure of rowing back ten miles.

It was a beautiful morning. But what did your mother think? She inquired and inquired, till at last some one said he had seen the East Hampton boats going, and guessed I was there.

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CHAPTER XX.

ILL HEALTH.

In September, 1801, I went to Commencement at New Haven; Roxana carried the baby. It was very hot weather, and after the exercises we went to West Haven, to Uncle Williston's. The next day was cold and blustering; we rode to Guilford; I was chilled through. On reaching Nutplains I felt unwell; cold chills ran over me; the weather was raw. Went into the barn, took a flail, and threshed to get warm, but could not. Was seized with bilious remittent fever. Was sick a fortnight; mind wandering; head full of politics. The Democrats were getting the better of the Federalists in New York, and I watched it with great anxiety. While the fever lasted it distressed me continually. In about four weeks we reached home, and for some days I seemed getting along well, but then came on a fit of fever and ague, and I was laid up all winter. Didn't preach for nine months. Kept house till spring, and didn't much think I should ever go out again.

C. "Who preached?"

Nobody. They had deacon's meeting.

C. "Did your salary continue?"

Yes. Nobody thought any thing against it. People came in and out, and talked, and told hunting stories to cheer me up. Old Deacon Tallmadge would come in and say, "Well, you've got discouraged, I guess; cheer up! cheer up! exercise! go out!"

"But I can't go out."

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"Oh, well, run down cellar; run up garret; stir round."

"Well, you don't know any thing about it, so I won't be angry."

By-and-by the good deacon himself was down with the hypo, and I went and said some of the same things he had said to me.

"Oh," said he, "stop! stop! I never knew how to pity you before now."

He was the one they used to call "the good deacon."

That winter* my oldest son was born. Grandma Foote was there, and named him William Henry, from a son of hers that had died.

As spring opened, weary of confinement, I longed to get out. One day I took my fishing-tackle, and drove to Three-mile Harbor. Got some clams, and rowed out to the chicquot ground. Baited lines and threw out, and let the boat drift. Fish would strike; I would haul them in, row back, and drift again. Easy exercise — opening the chest, and breathing the fresh air—how good it was! Caught a dozen chicquot, from one to three pounds' weight apiece.

Gained in this way till I could try gunning instead. Dr. Huntington used to go with me. We were netops—

C. "Netops! What is that?"

Cronies; though he was rather skeptical, we were on friendly terms; we used to shoot plover together.

Then I worked at making turf fences, and at haying; my appetite improved, and I began to grow strong. Bought a horse-cart, and hauled sea-weed from Three-mile Harbor to mix with barn-yard manure for corn, riding home, wet through, on top of the load at night.

* January 15, 1802.

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Mr. Beecher to Mrs. Foote.

"May, 1802.

"I have to-day walked to meeting and preached as usual, except making one prayer. Dined at Squire Miller's, and after meeting walked home, and am not more fatigued than used to be common. We can never be sufficiently thankful for so many mercies.

"Roxana and children are well. Catharine tries to say a great many things, but is yet pretty backward. William weighs as much within about four pounds as she does.

"I am able to cut wood. Have planted my apple-seeds, set out more trees, and begun to plant my garden."

Mine was the first orchard in East Hampton. People had had the impression that fruit would not do well so near the salt water, and laughed when they saw me setting out trees.

C. E. B. "I remember that nursery. How strange it seemed to me, when I was a child, to see you work so hard on those grafted young trees that looked like bare poles and stubs covered with plaster."

It was not long, however, before others, seeing how well my orchard was thriving, began to set out trees. Now apples are plenty there. In our front door-yard your mother had flowers and shrubs, and some of them are there yet. There is a snowball and a catalpa which she set out.

Others saw this and did the same. The wood-piles were cleared away from the street in front of the houses, and door-yards made pretty, and shade-trees set out. And now you will not find many places prettier in summer than East Hampton.

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Mrs. Beecher to her Mother.

"May 8, 1802.

" * * * Mr. B. was almost well, when a cold and cough seized him, and then his old complaint, the fever and ague, returned upon him. He proposes to take a journey as soon as able, in hopes that change of air, riding, etc., will be of service.

"I have no help at present, not even my little black girl. I wish exceedingly to have sister Mary be with us this summer, and, if no better way presents, she can come by New York.

"It pleases God still to lay his chastening hand upon us. May we be led by it to a more diligent consideration of our ways, and, though not for the present joyous, I hope the fruit will be peace.

"Catharine's prattle, and the smile of my little boy, contribute to enliven many a gloomy moment."

Mr. Beecher to Mrs. Foote.

"May 23, 1802.

"I have had no ague for a fortnight, and am gradually rising to my former state. I expect Mr. Woolworth will journey with me three or four weeks, probably from New London to Hartford, Longmeadow, Richmond, and Ballston. If this should not restore my health, I have thought of a fishing voyage, though I have raised expectations.

"We know not, however, the allotments of Providence. God may have determined to blast all our hopes. I hope he will prepare us for His holy will, and cause our afflictions to wean us from this, and to prepare us for a better world. We can not too often remember that this is not our home, nor be too careful to moderate our attachments to objects

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below the sun. Roxana and the children are well. Catharine can say 'Grandma Foote' tolerably plainly.

"Jonathan Hunting and Dr. Gardner intend to hire a boat to New Haven. We mean to engage the same boat to stop at Guilford and bring over Mary."

To Mrs. Beecher.

"New Lebanon, June 14.

"At an inn to rest and get dinner. Wednesday, after Mr. Woolworth left, rode to Westfield, and put up at the house of Rev. Dr. Atwater's widow. Thursday, put up with Rev. Mr. Harrison. Friday, a painful day. I hope never to see another such. No appetite, bad road, no taverns. I would have given all I am worth to be at home. Saturday, rode to Richmond, and in the family of my friend, Polly Rossiter, felt myself at home. Their kindness could not be exceeded.

"Consulted an eminent physician in Springfield, who considered my complaint as resulting from a bilious habit, and recommended emetics.

"Kiss the babies. I can not think of them or you without tears."

"Albany, June 15.

"Rode ten miles this morning. Have consulted two of the most eminent physicians, whose advice is the same as above. One advised me decidedly by no means to try the Springs (Ballston), the other as decidedly recommended them. I intend to consult a third physician, who is also eminent. One of these physicians told me my complaints were not of the consumptive kind. I calculate to be at Goshen, Ct., in about a fortnight."

I tried the Springs, to no purpose. The doctor gave me

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an emetic, the worst thing possible. On Sabbath I preached a sermon on decrees; made them all stare; they wanted to have it printed.

My horse was taken sick; swapped him for another, a good horse, up to any thing; served me all the time I lived on Long Island.

Old Black was quite a character: acute, vicious, but fast. They tell stories of him in East Hampton yet. Huntington used to say he had seen him fettered with a nice new overcoat of mine, tied one sleeve round one leg and the other sleeve round another, but this I deny. They used to tell about I don't know how many saddles being dug out of the manure in my barn-yard. There is not a grain of truth in it. It is a fact, though, that Old Black would open gates, jump fences, make free with the neighbors' barns, and come home looking as innocent as if nothing had happened.

Took passage with Old Black on a North River sloop. Put up horse, and went to Uncle Justin Foote's, on Brooklyn Heights, near where Henry Ward is now. There was no town there then, only his house. Spent two nights. Sent home my horse by the stage-driver, and went aboard of a sloop. Reached home but little better than when I started.

Uncle Justin Foote wrote to Guilford the day after I left (July 16, 1802), and said I was in a poor way, and he hoped "God would give Roxana strength of mind and body to meet the cares destined for her." Every body seemed to think, and I thought myself, that it was a gone case with me.

There was a long period in which I could not preach. Old Mr. Fithian one day told me he should not pay his rates any longer if I did not preach. "What is the reason," said he, "you ministers are so hungry for money?" "I don't know," said I, "unless it is that we see our people growing

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covetous and going to hell, and want to get it away from them."

About September I began to preach short sermons, fifteen minutes long, the deacons taking the other services. When I finished speaking, my back and the cords down to my heels were in pain. Then I had a chair made to brace me and take the weight off my feet. Gradually I gained so that I could stand and preach, but it was about a year first.

It was not far from this time that my miniature was taken by a traveling artist. You see it looks sad. It was a good likeness, your mother said. Woolworth and his wife said it looked as I did in the pulpit when I was first going to speak.

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CHAPTER XXI.

MARY HUBBARD.

After we set up housekeeping, your mother's younger sister, Mary, came over to live with us. Mary was like an own sister to me; I loved her as if she had been my own child.

She was a beautiful creature, one of the most fascinating human beings I ever saw. Her smile no man could resist. Your mother tried hard to take a likeness of her, but, though she was very successful with others, and took miniatures of her scholars, your Aunt Esther, and others, she never could take Mary.

Her mind was well cultivated, not so strong as your mother's, but rich in all that pertains to belles-lettres and literature. Here her knowledge and taste were almost intuitive. Her education had been like your mother's, in the same circle of minds, and under the same influences.

She was only about sixteen when she came to us, and had grown up in the quiet retirement of Nutplains, with all the pure and elevated ideas and principles of a New England education.

When she was about seventeen, Mr. Hubbard, a West India merchant, saw her and fell violently in love with her. He was well acquainted with the family, and came over with your Aunt Harriet on a visit to our house.

After their engagement, when she was about leaving the country for the West Indies, your mother wrote home for another sister, Catharine, to come over and take her place.

They were married, and went away. Oh dear! I never

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can get over her being wrecked as she was. You know what the morals of a slave plantation in the West Indies must be, and what a new revelation it must have been to one brought up as she was.

H. B. S. "What she saw and heard of slavery filled her with constant horror and loathing. She has said that she has often sat by her window in the tropical night, when all was still, and wished that the island might sink in the ocean, with all its sin and misery, and that she might sink with it."

Her health failed, and her physician, ascribing it to the climate, advised her return. She came home almost in despair, and, in one of her letters to Roxana, spoke of herself as a burden to her friends, and wished she might die.

I wrote back for her to come to us; and after that, she lived with us most of the time while I staid at East Hampton.

Mr. Beecher to Mary Hubbard.

"November 22, 1805.

"I have just received and read your letter, and some parts with emotions which I can not describe. If you are 'a burden' upon your friends, this doubtless is a trial appointed by the Most High, to which you are to submit with Christian resignation. But if, in reality, there be no such thing—if your society, notwithstanding ill health, is valued by every one, where is the necessity of taking up a cross which the providence of God has not appointed? But grief is tenacious of its bitter morsel. You will not, I see, admit the premises, and the causes of your grief remain. Now, dear Mary, let me talk, and do you listen to me as you have sometimes in the solution of some knotty point, expecting and willing to be convinced.

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"If your mother should sink to a state of helplessness, would it not be a delight to mitigate her sorrows? Would her existence become painful to you? You shudder at the thought. And are you, then, so much better than this venerable friend? Are you made of finer clay? Do your nerves vibrate so much easier at the sound of woe? Are you filled so much more abundantly with the milk of human kindness? Why, then, must your temporary sickness of necessity become a burden too heavy to be borne? Why may it not open in her heart the painful but still more pleasing sensation of sympathy, her sensibility, and her love?

"It may; it can; it has; it does. It is a fact that the child of feeble constitution, in a large family, is most beloved, and can not be spared with a pang less acute than the more favored and healthful. We have then found *one* who does not wish you dead.

"But will you strip all the rest of us, your brothers and sisters, of every lineament of human kindness? I can speak for one, for two, from absolute knowledge; you will believe me? I declare most solemnly and affectionately that you never occasioned an anxiety or a care in our family that was not more than doubly compensated by the pleasure of your society.

"While you possess the inestimable properties of mind which the God of Nature has liberally bestowed upon you, your friendship and society will never be considered by your friends as purchased by too great sacrifice, whatever your situation or health may be. * * *

"Live, then, dear Mary, and if life be no pleasure to you, yet live to give comfort to your friends."

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From Mary Hubbard.

"December, 1805.

"I have just read your letter, and it has had such an effect upon me as reading a chapter in the Psalms sometimes will have when we feel oppressed and overcome with trouble. I am glad to find you so reasonable, so generous, and so kind.

* * * *

"But I can not write, and can only talk when I come over, which will be next week, in Muggs's boat. * * * While I have you left as friends, I feel myself not so destitute of comfort as I have been. I hope soon to see you. Thank you again and again for the letter. But what are thanks? I have always owed all my peace and happiness to your kindness and exertions for me, and in return can only pray for you and your children that you may be as happy as you endeavored to make others, and hereafter experience that perfect consummation which is promised to the just."

Mary Hubbard to Esther.

"January, 1806.

"If I was gifted with any portion of genius, I might begin my letter with describing to you the loveliness of the night—a night in January—a night in East Hampton. I am sure, if a few more similar to this should occur, I should downright turn poet.

"But, not to dwell any longer on what might be and is not, I proceed to inform you that yesterday the good people of this place thought proper to put a final check upon all our projects of Lyman's removing from his prison,* and he is as firmly rooted to the place as the old elm-tree or the meeting-house.

* By raising his salary to $400 per annum.

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"I wish, dear Esther, you would write me all the news. We get no paper, and know no more of the affairs of the world than if we were not in it. Here we are so still, so quiet, so dull, so inactive, that we have forgotten but that the world goes on the same way. We have forgotten that there are wars, murders, and violence abroad in the earth; that there are society, and friendship, and intercourse, and social affection, and science, and pleasure, and life, and spirit, and gayety, and good-humor, alive still among the sons of earth. All here is the unvaried calm of a—frog-pond, without the music of it. We neither laugh nor cry, sing nor dance, nor moan nor lament; but the man that took ten steps yesterday taketh the same to-day, and sleepeth at night, eating as he is wont to do daily. A kind of torpor and apathy seems to prevail over the face of things; and as standing water begins to turn green, so all the countenances you meet seem to have contracted the expression indicative of the unagitated state in which they live. I wish I could procure some nitrous oxyd for them to inhale once a week; what do you suppose would be the effect? Suppose they would move a muscle in the face? Send me over a bottle. For my own part I am no better than an oyster, and as it is late will creep into my shell."

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CHAPTER XXII.

THE SCHOOL.

AFTER I had been at East Hampton five or six years, and the family multiplied—for, besides Catharine and William, now we had Edward and Mary—our expenses were so increased that it became manifest that something must be done. A school was the only thing we could think of. So, without consulting the congregation, I advertised, and scholars came from towns around, and from Middle Island.

It was a select school, and your mother taught the higher English branches, besides French, drawing, painting, and embroidery. I took great interest in the school, and used to help about subjects for composition. The school prospered, and was, on the whole, profitable.

C. E. B. "I remember how mother and Aunt Mary studied Lavoisier's Chemistry together. Chemistry was a new science then, and a constant subject of discussion. They tried a great many experiments too, and sometimes with most ludicrous results. I also remember several large pieces of embroidery that were done by her scholars. Embroidery was an essential accomplishment then. Mother drew flowers from nature, and made fine copies from some splendid colored engravings of birds. In landscape drawing she was less successful."

H. B. S. "Her forte was drawing likenesses on ivory. She took many of her scholars and friends, Dr. and Mrs. Woolworth, Grandma Foote, and Aunt Esther. There were about two dozen in all, which used to be kept in the

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family as a treasure to be shown us children when we were good.

"The one she took of Aunt Esther was specially valuable as showing how she looked when a young girl. A little brunette, with clear olive complexion, keen, piercing hazle eyes, small aquiline nose, and great vivacity of expression; petite in figure, and dressed in bright crimson silk, with low neck and bare arms. Her wit was like lightning, and sometimes rather too keen. Her sayings had a peculiar neatness and point that made them apt to be repeated, and sometimes gave offense."

Catharine Foote to Mrs. Foote.

"May 9, 1806.

"I am very much pleased with the school. There are five boarders, and sister expects a number more. They are five as merry girls as you will see in a long summer's day. Sister Roxana has painted a view of the town. It does not take in all the public buildings, as both the windmill and the meeting-house are left out."

Mary Hubbard to Esther.

"1806.

" * * * Roxana and I spend our time principally in the schoolroom. She continues her exertions to take a likeness of me yet; this, with the care of the family, takes all her time. We have three young ladies, Misses Ripley, Partridge, and Smith, and expect Miss Howell on Monday next. Our family circle is very agreeable, but we suffer for the want of your society. I have no idea I shall ever see you again, unless you come where Lyman and Roxana live."

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CHAPTER XXIII.

HOUSEHOLD RECOLLECTIONS.

From Miss C. E. Beecher.

"DEAR BROTHER,—The picture of father's old house at East Hampton* is, with slight exceptions, exactly as I remember it in childhood, and calls up many pleasant memories.

"The large room on the left, as you enter, was the sitting-room, and behind it a bedroom. Father's study was a small room on the right of the front entry. The schoolroom was over the sitting-room, and in the two chambers opposite were four young ladies who boarded with us. The chambers over the kitchen and bedroom were given to the housekeeper, and to Zillah and Rachel.

"We took our meals in the sitting-room, and some of the most vivid of my early recollections are of the discussions between father and mother and Aunt Mary at table.

"They read the Christian Observer, conducted by Macaulay, Wilberforce, Hannah More, etc., and such works noticed in it as they could procure.

"An Encyclopedia, presented to Aunt Mary by an English gentleman whose two daughters boarded with us, was mother's constant resource. Here she studied perspective, and, as a specimen of her perseverance, finding a problem in which there happened to be a mistake, she did not leave it till she had substituted the true solution.

* Vignette of Chap. XIX.

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"My remembrances of Aunt Mary are more vivid than those of any other friend of early life. The peculiar faculty of charming, which seemed to be her gift, was exerted as much upon children as on older people. It seemed to spring from her versatile power of throwing herself into sympathy with any associate for the time being. I was often her little nurse and attendant, and she secured my enthusiastic devotion by the high appreciation she seemed always to have of my childish services. She convinced me that I alone, of all the world, had the talent for finding the new-laid egg in the hay, that I could boil it exactly to a moment, and arrange the table and the chair, and do every service as no one else could.

"Most observing and most sympathizing was she with all the little half-fledged wants and ambitions of childhood. One instance in point. I remember my imagination had been fired by hearing her read, in some poem, of the curls of some fair heroine dropping on her book; and so, one day, with great labor, I coaxed my hair into curl, and placed myself conspicuously before her, with the curls dropping on the page of an open book. She saw the artifice, and said, in her sweetest tones, 'Oh mother, come here and see these beautiful ringlets!'

"Even to this late hour of life the memory of those kind tones has endeared her to my recollection. It is but a specimen of a thousand kindly intuitions which she had of the little wants and feelings of others which made her society, wherever she moved, such a coveted enjoyment. She was a beautiful reader, and the poetry of Scott and Burns are embalmed in my memory in those charming tones.

"No adequate picture of her lovely face ever could be taken, it was so mobile, and full of varying shades of expression. She was the poetry of my childhood.

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"Of the two English girls before mentioned, Anna, the elder, was quiet and ladylike; Cornelia, the younger, was lively and full of spirit. Her father was a captain in the British Navy, and she told his exploits and sang Rule Britannia with great enthusiasm. She talked so much about her king and queen that I remember it made me feel rather downcast to think I had none.

"Another of our boarders was Eleanor Lawless, from Honduras, as wild and untamed as her name and nativity would indicate. She brought a piano with her, the first ever seen in East Hampton. Our house was thronged with wondering and delighted listeners. But Eleanor was too lawless to be controlled. She roamed about the villages and shores, wild as a partridge, keeping the whole family in a state of anxiety about her, till at last, there being no prospect of civilizing her, she was sent back to her friends.

"It was at this time, with his house full of young people, that father's constitutional mirthfulness developed itself more freely than ever afterward.

"He had learned to play the violin while in college, and every day practiced the liveliest airs. But if any of the girls began to take a dancing step, he would make the violin give a doleful screech, and thus always ended every attempt to dance. Some of the family, very sensitive to musical defects, were particularly annoyed by a monotonous tune he sometimes played, and so, when they happened to be late in the morning, he would station himself on the stairs, and play over and over this miserable air till all the delinquents made their appearance.

"They tell queer stories now in East Hampton about that violin. They say, when father first went there, the boys would gather around the window thick as flies on a lump of sugar; and once he suddenly threw up the sash, jumped

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out, and chased them up and down the street, to the great merriment of the youngsters.

"Sometimes, in school-hours, when he had got tired writing, he would come out of his study and go into the sitting-room under the schoolroom, and begin to play the violin as loud as he could. Pretty soon he would hear the schoolroom door open, and a light footstep on the stairs. Mother would come into the room, quietly walk up to him — not a word said by either of them, only a funny twinkle of the eye—and would take the violin out of his hands, go up stairs, and lay it on her table in the schoolroom.

"I remember his telling the housekeeper one evening that he would be up, do his work, and play a tune on the violin before she came down. The next morning I was waked in my trundle-bed by his rushing into the sitting-room. He had heard a step overhead, and, seizing his violin, he succeeded in completing Yankee Doodle and securing his retreat to the bedroom before the old lady appeared.

"Once, a discussion having arisen between him and his brother which was the heavier, they started for the scales to be weighed; on the way, in passing a wood-pile, father caught up an iron wedge and slipped it in his pocket, and quietly enjoyed his brother's surprise at being outweighed.

"Father specially enjoyed a joke with Aunt Esther. One evening he went into her room without his hat, which was always among the missing. After chatting a while, he got up and pretended to look for his hat, asking her to help find it. She hunted a while, feeling on all the chairs and tables, and he stood watching her. At last she lighted a lamp and renewed the search, till, happening to look at his face, and seeing its mischievous expression, she made such demonstrations as sent him off at full speed, with the assurance that she would never look for his hat again. Often in after years,

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when his hat has been lost, has some one of the children been sent to Aunt Esther with the message, 'Father has lost his hat, and wants you to come and help him find it.'

"Some of the most vivid memories of early life are in connection with the ocean, only half a mile from the house, whose roar we could hear any hour of day or night, while we could watch the white sails from our windows.

"Sometimes a storm at sea would throw the ocean into a wild turmoil while it was still and clear on shore. On one such occasion, on a bright moonlight evening, two young gentlemen came and took the family down to the shore for a nearer sight of the magnificent scene. I was left behind, but could see the whole ocean rolling and gleaming in the moonlight like a sea of molten silver.

"Occasionally we children were allowed to pass a narrow plank walk across a deep marsh where cranberries grew, but where we were told, if we stepped off to get them, we should sink and be drowned in the mud.

"Beyond this we came to hills of sand, covered with beach plums, and then to the hard white sand, where the ocean broke and ran up in ceaseless play. Here we used to go down with the retreating wave, and wait till we saw another coming in ready to break, and then we all scampered to escape the upward flow. Sometimes we were overtaken and drenched; and it was strife with us to see who dared to go the furthermost down to meet the waves.

"The special object of fear, for which we carefully watched, was the sea-poose, made by two waves in opposite directions meeting, and then there was a furious race of the waters, sweeping away every thing in their return. These were rare, and I never saw one; but as we always watched with fear lest they might come, it added much to the excitement of our play.

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"Once I was taken down to see a whale cut up that had been caught or stranded on the shore. It looked like a vast space of red meat, which the men cut in junks and dragged away.

"Nothing so waked my imagination as the *weft*, for which I used to sit and watch, and when it came, and its strange, wild notes poured all over the town, it seemed as if I could almost fly, so great was my excitement.

"Father was fond of hunting the wild birds along the shore, and of fishing. He once took William and Edward with him to fish for eels, and brought back nearly a cart-load of them.

"Sometimes we all went after beach plums, carrying all the baskets, boxes, and bags in the house; they grow so thickly that we gathered them by bushels; and these, with quinces, were the common table sweetmeats.

"As to family government, it has been said that children love best those that govern them best. This was verified in our experience. Our mother was gentle, tender, and sympathizing, but all the discipline of government was with father. With most of his children, when quite young, he had one, two, or three seasons in which he taught them that obedience must be exact, prompt, and cheerful, and by a discipline so severe that it was thoroughly remembered and feared. Ever after, a decided word of command was all-sufficient. The obedience demanded was to be speedy, and without fretting or frowns. 'Mind your mother; quick! no crying! look pleasant!' These were words of command obeyed with almost military speed and precision.

"This method secured such habits of prompt, unquestioning, uncomplaining obedience as made few occasions for discipline. I can remember but one in my own case, and but few in that of the younger ones at East Hampton.

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"This strong and decided government was always attended with overflowing sympathy and love. His chief daily recreations were frolics with his children. I remember him more as a playmate than in any other character during my childhood. He was fond of playing pranks upon us, and trying the queerest experiments with us, for his amusement as well as ours. I remember once he swung me out of the garret window by the hands, to see if it would frighten me, which it did not in the least. Another time, as I was running past a wash-tub, he tipped my head into it, to see what I would do. He taught me to catch fish, and I was his constant companion, riding in his chaise in my little chair to the villages around, where he went to hold meetings. Gradually, as I grew older, I began to share with mother in his more elevated trains of thought.

"He never was satisfied with his writings till he had read them over to mother and Aunt Mary or Aunt Esther. By this intellectual companionship our house became in reality a school of the highest kind, in which he was all the while exerting a powerful influence upon the mind and character of his children."

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CHAPTER XXIV.

EARLY AUTHORSHIP.

About this time I wrote my sermon on Dueling, that had such a run.

C. "That was the first you ever published, was it not?"

It was the first that was much known. The first was a sermon on the History of East Hampton, preached on New Year's day, 1806.*

C. "What led you to preach on dueling?"

Why, Aaron Burr fought a duel with Alexander Hamilton, and killed him. There never was such a sensation as that produced through the whole country.† When I read about it in the paper, a feeling of indignation was roused within me. I kept thinking and thinking, and my indignation did not go to sleep. It kept working and working,

* In Prime's "History of Long Island," after making some quotations, the author observes in a note, "With the noble example of this sermon before them, is it not a matter of deep regret that the clergy of Long Island have not long since favored the public with a detailed history of their respective towns and congregations?"

† The duel was forced upon Hamilton, who made repeated efforts for a friendly settlement. It is said that he fell mortally wounded on the very spot where, two years previously, his eldest son, twenty years old, had been shot in a political duel. Hildreth states that "when the correspondence which preceded the duel came to be published, the outburst of public indignation against Burr was tremendous. He was charged with having practiced pistol-shooting for three months before the challenge; with having gone to the field clothed in silk as a partial sort of armor; and with having, while Hamilton lay on the bed of death, mirthfully apologized to his intimates for not having shot him through the heart."

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and finally I began to write. No human being knew what I was thinking and feeling, nor had any agency in setting me at work. It was the duel, and myself, and God, that produced that sermon.

I worked at it, off and on, for six months, and when it was done, without consultation or advice, I preached it to my own people, and in obscure villages on the north side of the island, to see how it would sound. Finally, I preached it before Presbytery at Aquebogue, April 16, 1806.

The brethren all stared that I should venture on such a subject in such a place, but they eulogized the discussion, and thought it should be printed.

So I fell to work fitting it for the press. But, after all, it came very nigh not being printed; for, wanting some one to criticise it, and having no literary man in my congregation but John Lyon Gardiner, I sent it over to Gardiner's Island for him to read and criticise.

A fortnight after, I went over. When I went into the house and came up to the fire, I met Mrs. Gardiner; her husband was away.

"Have you found your sermon?" said she.

"*Found* it!" said I, thunderstruck at the question; "I did not know it had been lost."

"No?" said she; "but it is, though." And then she told me that her brother John had been over about a week ago, and they sent it by him; but he gave it to a neighbor to take over, who put it in his pea-jacket pocket. In the middle of the bay, being warm with rowing, he threw off his coat, and the sermon fell into the water. He heard something splash, as he afterward recollected, but did not notice it at the time.

So there I was. I supposed all was gone. I had all my rough sheets, and should have tried to regain it, but it was a

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doleful prospect, after working over it so long, and reading all the finishings-off to Roxana, and Esther, and Mary Hubbard. So I went to Gardiner's hands—he had some five hundred acres of the island farm, and thirty or forty men—and engaged them to watch the beach, and see if any thing came ashore, offering five dollars to the one that found it.

One day, a month after, I was at home cutting wood, when I spied a fellow running toward me, swinging something in the air, and grinning so I could see his teeth fifteen rods off. There was my sermon, like Moses from the bulrushes. They had wrapped it in paper, and wound it round with yarn so closely that it was dry inside. As Providence had ordered it, a heavy storm and high tide had set in the same night when it was lost, and lodged it high and dry about a hundred rods from our landing-place, above high-water mark. So I had it printed. Still it seemed destined to speedy oblivion. Its circulation was at first local, on the mere extremity of Long Island. Besides, some of my people were Democrats, and feared it might injure their political idols; for these were the days when Democracy was swelling higher, and beating more and more fiercely on old Federalism and the standing order. And my publisher was a man of little capital. However, some copies strayed to New York.*

Hooker, of New York, afterward of Goshen, Connecticut, got up an association against dueling, and called on Dr. Mason to get his name, and showed him this sermon. Immediately his great mind roused up and kindled.

"You are too feeble in your beginning," he said. "We have been too negligent on the subject. Stop a little, and I will write a review of that sermon."

* "The light in the golden candlestick of East Hampton began to be seen afar."—Dr. Bacon.

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So the doctor reviewed the sermon, and drew up a constitution, and publicly recommended the object.

Not long after, Synod met at Newark, New Jersey, and I brought up a resolution recommending the formation of societies against dueling. I anticipated no opposition. Every thing seemed going straight. But next morning a strong reaction was developed, led by Dr. ——. The fact was, a class of men in his parish, politically affiliated with men of dueling principles, went to him and said the thing must be stopped. He came into the house and made opposition, and thereupon others joined, and it suddenly raised such a storm as I never was in before nor since. The opposition came up like a squall, sudden and furious, and there I was, the thunder and lightning right in my face; but I did not back out. When my turn came, I rose and knocked away their arguments, and made them ludicrous. Never made an argument so short, strong, and pointed in my life. I shall never forget it. There was a large body; house full; my opponent a D.D.; and I was only thirty, a young man nobody had ever heard of. I shall never forget the looks of Dr. Miller after I began to let off. He put on his spectacles, came round till he got right opposite to where I stood, and there he stared at me with perfect amazement. Oh, I declare! if I did not switch 'em, and scorch 'em, and stamp on 'em! It swept all before it. Dr. —— made no reply. It was the centre of old fogyism, but I mowed it down, and carried the vote of the house.

An impression was made that never ceased. It started a series of efforts that have affected the whole Northern mind, at least; and in Jackson's time the matter came up in Congress, and a law was passed disfranchising a duelist.

And that was not the last of it; for when Henry Clay was up for the presidency, the Democrats printed an edition

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of 40,000 of that sermon, and scattered them all over the North.*

Extract from Sermon.

"When we intrust life, and liberty, and property to the hands of men, we desire some pledge of their fidelity. But what pledge can the duelist give? His religious principle is nothing; his moral principle is nothing. His honor is our only security. But is this sufficient? Are the temptations of power so feeble, are the public and private interest so inseparable, are the opportunities for fraud so few, that, amid the projects of ambition, the cravings of avarice, and the conflicts of party, there is no need of conscience to guarantee the integrity of rulers? The law of honor, were its maxims obeyed perfectly, would afford no security. * * * The honor of a dueling legislator does not restrain him in the least from innumerable crimes which affect the peace of society. He may contemn the Savior of men, and hate and oppose the religion of his country. He may be a Julian in bitterness, and by swearing cause the land to mourn; in passion a whirlwind; in cruelty to tenants, to servants, and to his family, a tiger. He may be a gambler, a prodigal, a fornicator, an adulterer, a drunkard, a murderer, and not violate the laws of honor. Nay, honor not only tolerates crimes, but, in many instances, it is the direct and only temptation to crime.

"What has torn yonder wretches from the embraces of their wives and children, and driven them to the field of blood—to the confines of hell? What nerves those arms,

* "That sermon has never ceased to be a power in the politics of this country. More than any thing else, it made the name of brave old Andrew Jackson distasteful to the moral and religious feeling of the people. It hung like a millstone on the neck of Henry Clay."—Dr. Bacon.

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rising to sport with life and heaven? It is honor, the pledge of patriotism, the evidence of rectitude. Ah! it is done. The blood streams, and the victim welters on the ground. And see the victor coward running from the field, and, for a few days, like Cain, a fugitive and a vagabond, until the first burst of indignation has passed, and the hand of Time has soothed the outraged sensibility of the community; then, publicly, and as if to add insult to injustice, returning to *offer his services* and to *pledge his honor* that *your* lives and *your* rights shall be safe in his hands.

* * * *

"Dueling is a great national sin. With the exception of a small section of the Union, the whole land is defiled with blood. From the lakes of the North to the plains of Georgia is heard the voice of lamentation and woe—the cries of the widow and fatherless. This work of desolation is performed often by men in office, by the appointed guardians of life and liberty. On the floor of Congress challenges have been threatened, if not given, and thus powder and ball have been introduced as the auxiliaries of deliberation and argument. Oh, tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon! Alas! it is too late to conceal our infamy; the sun hath shined on our guilt, and the eye of God, with brighter beams, surveys the whole. He beholds, and He will punish. His quiver is full of arrows; His sword is impatient of confinement; ten thousand plagues stand ready to execute His wrath; conflagration, tempest, earthquake, war, famine, and pestilence, wait His command only, to cleanse the land from blood, to involve in one common ruin both the murderer and those who tolerate his crimes. Atheists may scoff; but there is a God—a God who governs the earth in righteousness—an avenger of crimes—the supporter and destroyer of nations; and as clay in the hand of

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the potter, so are the nations of the earth in the hand of God.

" * * * Be not deceived. The greater our present mercies and seeming security, the greater is the guilt of our rebellion, and the more certain, swift, and awful will be our calamity. We are murderers, a nation of murderers, while we tolerate and reward the perpetrators of the crime. And shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?"

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CHAPTER XXV.

VOYAGE UP THE NORTH RIVER.

In these days Presbytery was called to deal with a certain minister, who occasioned us much trouble. He was shrewd, self-taught, ingenious, popular, but intemperate and immoral. He had been convicted once, but had made confession and been restored.

Afterward new facts came to light. I took a journey to New York, and up North River, on purpose to obtain evidence, and he went with me. I had conducted his defense before Presbytery. I found his old deacon, where he had formerly been settled, who testified point blank before his face, and said to him, "You know it was so!" He was silent. I was shocked, almost frightened. I felt such a horror of that man, that at night I piled up the chairs and tables against my door. I did not know but he might murder me.

The result was, we suspended him. But it cost us much time and trouble. It was an exceedingly severe thing; a theme of prayer on the Sabbath for nearly two years; the Church where he was settled divided and distressed. I used to say that his friends were so committed that, if he had broken the seventh commandment at noonday in the public square, they would not have given up.

This was the first beginning of my interest in presbyterial tactics, and, considering what a hetcheling I was to have in my old age, it was well enough to be posted up in season.

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To Mrs. Beecher.

"Smithtown, October 16, 1806.

"I wrote to you from West Hampton in great haste, suggesting the reason of my present journey, viz., the importance of the business to the Church, the opinion of the brethren, and my own conscience.

"You will not suppose me insensible to the difficulties my absence may occasion to you. I have, in fact, no other anxiety. But I commit you to the care of a faithful God, in whose cause I am engaged. The time of my return is uncertain, but you know the ardor with which I surmount any thing short of impossibility, and may be assured that nothing shall needlessly delay my errand one moment.

"I left West Hampton immediately after closing my letter to you; put up at Goldsmith Davis's; arrived early next morning at Smithtown; bought a pair of mittens, a pair of woollen stockings, borrowed a pocket-book, and received thirty dollars to put into it (from Presbytery) to defray expenses. At noon rode to Smithtown Harbor; waited for a passage until two o'clock; then rode to Esquire Platt's, three miles; felt quite at home; rested well last night, and am now writing on the candlestool by the fire, west side of the fireplace, in the corner, expecting to sail this afternoon for New York, and mail this there."*

"New York, October 19.

"I am with Mr. Wetmore, formerly of Middle Island. I have been over to the Albany Basin. Find two or three vessels about to sail, but the wind is ahead. I have contracted with brother John to send a barrel of flour by the first Sag Harbor packet.

* The rest of this letter is occupied with the outlines of subjects for the school-girls' compositions.

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"John can not find you a globe, nor can I as yet find an Atlas. Shall try after breakfast.

"Attended worship Sabbath morning at St. Paul's, where naught was needed but a good heart and good preaching to constitute a heaven below. The service of the Church, and the loud song of praise, is enough to cause the tear of penitence to flow, and the heart to glow with rapture. I was several times somewhat moved with their music, though the performer, it is said, answers to their late organist much as I should to a master upon the violin.

"In the afternoon I called on Dr. Miller, and dined there in company with Dr. Pollock. Preached in the new church for Dr. Milledoler. Heard Dr. Pollock in the evening, and took a bed with Dr. Miller. What a string of Drs.!" * * *

"Sloop Goshen, on the North River, 40 miles from N. Y., Tuesday, 4 o'clock P.M., Oct. 21, 1806.

"My dear Wife,—If my abrupt departure excited the shadow of a suspicion that I was insensible to your welfare, I trust the arrival of sheet after sheet, all compactly written, will allay apprehension, and prove that no object is so dear to me as yourself, and no employment so pleasing as thinking about you and writing to you. I know not how otherwise I should have worn away the hours of this calm, inauspicious day. But your image, and that of my dear children rising before me, can cause my heart to leap in any situation. I left New York yesterday with a head wind. The passengers are decent and civil. We attended social prayer last evening before retiring to rest. We are now overtaken with a favoring southerly breeze."

"Wednesday, 22, 1806.

"At Newburg I called on your friend Jane W——, but found that she was in New York. They inquired how you did, and whether Mr. Beecher had regained his health. I told

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them my name, and they invited me to stay and take tea. I was presently introduced to Mrs. S——, and soon after to Mr. S——. 'To be sure,' said I to myself, 'I am an object of curiosity, and they are all determined to see me.' Mrs. S—— was quite sociable from the beginning, and with them all I got on swimmingly, being in quite a good-natured, talking mood. Mr. S—— and I afterward entered the field of politics, and talked with mutual complacency till my departure."

"Po'keepsie, Thursday, Oct. 23, 1806.

"Floated a little way by aid of the tide and a faint breeze."

"Friday, 24, 1806.

"Wind fresh and directly ahead. Not probable we shall reach Albany before Saturday. How much do I regret my absence from my people, my family, my school!"

"Albany, Monday, Oct. 27.

"Arrived yesterday noon. Heard Mr. Romaine preach in the evening. Called and spent the remainder of the day with him. Found him to be pious, sensible, agreeable, and an enemy to new divinity. I seemed to admit his objections in part, but candidly told him that, after abating what I considered the imprudencies of some writers, I was a friend to Hopkinsianism. We immediately entered on the subject, and traveled over a considerable part of it, he stating difficulties to my scheme, and I also to his. The result was, that he admitted, when properly explained, all I wished. The evening was most agreeably spent to me, and I believe he was not displeased."

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CHAPTER XXVI.

HARVEST.

About this time I went with Dr. Woolworth to Newark, New Jersey, to attend the meeting of the General Assembly. We had heard that there was some interest in Dr. Griffin's church there, and it was a time of revivals through the bounds of Synod.

We called on the doctor, and he marched into the parlor big as Polyphemus. "How is it with you, Brother Griffin?" said Woolworth; "I hear there are good things among you here." He swelled with emotion, and his strong frame shook, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. "Thank God!" said he, "I can pray once more."

As we conversed, and afterward as we mixed in the meetings, the fire caught in our bosoms. We felt sad in looking back on the darkness in our parishes. We conferred together, and resolved to go home and labor for a revival in our churches. We went home with the fire in our hearts to labor, but we felt like Elijah on Carmel, when there was no cloud nor sign of rain. I could not wake up the Church. Still, I was not discouraged. I felt the revival in myself, but it was long, long before it came. I set up an evening meeting, and the unconverted young people came more than the Church. I told my Church, "I'm going to keep up the meeting, and, if *you* won't come, I'll worship with the young people that have no religion; they'll have some soon, unless I mistake." Finally I began to predict, and was so earnest and confident that a great work was at hand that some of the good people wondered. They made me think of hens

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in the night, when you carry a candle into the hen-roost, how they open first one eye and then the other, half asleep. So they looked, and wondered what I could see to make me think there was to be a revival. But for some time there was no effect to any thing I could do. I could not write any sermons that would take hold. Finally I resolved that I would preach the doctrine of Election. I knew what that doctrine was and what it would do. So I took for my text Eph., i., 3–6, and went to work. My object was to preach cut and thrust, hip and thigh, and not to ease off. I had been working a good part of a year with my heart burning, and they feeling nothing. Now I took hold without mittens.

Extracts from Sermon.

"The doctrine of Election is hateful to the carnal mind, often willfully perverted, and liable to be misunderstood even by the Christian. But when rightly understood, it is, to all who love God, a most precious and glorious doctrine.

"It is a part of the counsel of God which I have often asserted in occasional observations, but which I have never attempted formally and at large to illustrate. I propose, therefore, at this time, to enter upon a full explanation of the subject in a manner so plain that all who love the doctrine, and only misunderstand it, may be relieved and comforted, and that all who hate and oppose it may see that they hate and oppose the truth, and are utterly inexcusable.

"I am not without hopes, also, that God will make use of the doctrine to arouse the stupid, to awaken the secure, to cut off self-righteous hopes, to harrow up the selfish hearts of sinners, and set them to fighting against God, and that, in the midst of their contentions, He will show them their enmity, confound, humble, and convert them.

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"And as it is a great, and difficult, and important work that I have undertaken, so I desire that you would all pray for me who have any interest at the throne of grace; and as to such of my hearers as unhappily have no interest at the throne of grace, I desire that you will hear attentively and with candor what I have to say, remembering that, if I give you pain, it is only in the performance of a necessary duty, and with the most ardent desire that your sorrow may be turned into joy.

* * * *

"But while we say that God elected according to the counsel or good pleasure of His own will, this is not to imply that there was no reason why He took one and left another.

"The counsel of God's will is always wise and good. If, therefore, men are elected according to such counsel, it implies that there were reasons infinitely wise and good why those whom God has elected should be, and why those whom He has left should be left. God has reasons in each case; He never acts capriciously, never is wanton or arbitrary; and could we see all that God saw when He enrolled the names of the elect in His book, if we were holy, we should be satisfied that the reasons were sufficient—that He had, in this respect, done all things well; we should approve both the number and persons of the elect, and see that it was wise and just, and in all respects best that those whom God had selected should be saved, and that those whom He passed by should be left to their own way."

This was on Communion day, December 14, 1807. At last I had found something that took hold. There was not an eye in the whole church but what glistened like cold stars of a winter's night. The Church were started at last. They

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had not felt so much for a twelvemonth. Sinners, too, were stirred up, and there was winking and sneering. After meeting you could see them walking about in knots, swinging their arms, talking, and threatening "they'd never go to that meeting again!" But they did go, and the next time I gave them another, and then another, and another, eight sermons in succession, till I had looked at the subject pretty much on all sides of it.* I remember, along toward the close of the series, I happened into Dr. Huntingdon's office, and, as I came in, with a most lugubrious air he said, "Well, Beecher, are you not most done?" He had had rather a tough time of it; but they all took it kindly notwithstanding, and the result was a revival.

One day old Deacon Miller, a holy man, sent for me. He was sick in bed. "I am glad to see you," he said. "I know how you feel. You must not be discouraged. I lie on my bed at night and pray for you. I've been praying for all in the village. I begin at one end, and go into the next house, and then into the next, till I have gone round; and then I have not prayed enough, so I begin and go round again."

I went home expecting; and word was sent up from the Springs that the Lord had come down on the previous Sunday, and that a meeting was appointed for Tuesday evening, and that I must not disappoint them. I went and preached. I saw one young man with his head down. I wanted to know if it was an arrow of the Almighty. I came along after sermon, and laid my hand upon his head. He lifted up his face, his eyes all full of tears; I saw it was God.

* The first discourse gives the Scripture argument; the second is a practical application of the doctrine; the third is "the Government of God desirable;" the fourth and fifth are devoted to answering objections; the sixth discusses the relation of the doctrine of decrees to free agency and moral government; the seventh and eighth answer objections.

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Then I went to the Northwest, and the Lord was there; then to Ammigansett, and the Lord was there; and the flood was rolling all around.

Oh what a time that was! There were a hundred converts, nearly, who most of them stood fast.

In the commencement of these sermons on Election, I told you I made no attempt to ease off or smooth away any thing.

But in the third sermon, written for the Wednesday evening lecture, I thought I would curry down. After all that had been said, I would show that it was desirable.

So I took for my text, Matthew, vi., 10, "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven," and preached the discourse, afterward published, "The Government of God desirable."

Extracts from Sermon.

"The sole object of the government of God, from beginning to end, is to express His benevolence. His eternal decrees, of which so many are afraid, are nothing but the plan which God has devised to express His benevolence, and to make His kingdom as vast and as blessed as His own infinite goodness desires. It was to show His glory, to express, in action, His benevolence, that He created all the worlds that roll, and rejoice, and speak His name through the regions of space. It is to accomplish the same blessed design that He upholds and governs every being and directs every event, causing every movement, in every world, to fall in in its appointed time and place, and to unite in promoting the grand result—the glory of God, and the highest good of His kingdom. And is there a mortal who, from this great system of blessed government, would wish this earth to be an exception? What sort of beings must those be who are afraid of a government administered by infinite benevolence,

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to express, so far as it can be expressed, the infinite goodness of God? I repeat the question, What kind of characters must those be who feel as if they had good reason to fear a government, the sole object of which is to express the immeasurable goodness of God?

* * * *

"But if the Almighty can, and if He does govern the earth as a part of His moral kingdom, is there any method of government more safe and wise than that which pleases God? Can there be a better government? We may safely pray, then, 'Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven,' without fearing at all the loss of moral agency; for all the glory of God, in his law and Gospel, and all the eternal manifestations of glory to principalities and powers in heavenly places depend wholly upon the *fact that men, though living under the government of God, and controlled according to his pleasure, are still entirely free and accountable for all the deeds done in the body.* There could be no justice in punishment, no condescension, no wisdom, no mercy in the glorious Gospel, did not the government of God, though administered according to His pleasure, include and insure the accountable agency of man.

* * * *

"And if God governs according to His pleasure, He will do no injustice to His impenitent enemies. He will send to misery no harmless animals without souls; no mere machines; none who have done, or even attempted to do as well as they could. He will leave to walk in their own way none who do not deserve to be left, and punish none for walking in it who did not walk therein knowingly, deliberately, and with willful obstinacy. He will give up to death none who did not choose death, and choose it with as entire freedom as Himself chooses holiness, and who did not deserve eternal

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punishment as truly as Himself deserves eternal praise. He will send to hell none who are not opposed to Him, and to holiness, and to heaven; none who are not, by voluntary sin and rebellion, unfitted for heaven and fitted for destruction as eminently as saints are prepared for glory. He will consign to perdition no poor, feeble, inoffensive beings, sacrificing one innocent creature to increase the happiness of another. He will cause the punishment of the wicked to illustrate his glory, and thus indirectly to promote the happiness of heaven. But God will not illumine heaven with His glory, and fill it with praise, by sacrificing helpless, unoffending creatures to eternal torment, nor will He doom to perdition one whom He will not convince also that he deserves to go thither. The justice of God in the condemnation of the impenitent will be as unquestionable as His infinite mercy will be in the salvation of the redeemed.

* * * *

"It seems to be the imagination of some that the kingdom of darkness will be as populous as the kingdom of light, and that happiness and misery, of equal dimensions, will expand, side by side, to all eternity. But, blessed be God, it is a mere imagination, totally unsupported by reason or revelation. Who ever heard of a prison that occupied one half of the territories of a kingdom, and who can believe that the universe, which was called into being, and is upheld and governed to express the goodness of God, will contain as much misery as happiness? How could the government of God be celebrated with such raptures in heaven, if it filled with dismay and ruin half the universe! How vast soever, therefore, the kingdom of darkness may be, in itself considered, it is certainly nothing but the prison of the universe, and small compared to the realms of light and glory. The misery of that unholy community, whose exile from heaven

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is as voluntary as it is just, when the eye is fixed upon that only, fills the soul with trembling; but when, from this dreadful exhibition of sin and display of justice, we raise the adoring eye to God, reigning throughout His boundless dominions, and rejoicing in their joy, the world of misery shrinks to a point, and the wailings of the miserable die away, and are lost in the song of praise."

This sermon assuaged the excited feelings of many minds, and did much good. Afterward I took it along with me to Newark, and preached it before Synod in October, 1808. It was well received, and soon after published, and went unprecedentedly. It had a run through the Calvinistic world, and also with many who called themselves Arminians.

I never heard that sermon complained of — oh yes, old Dr. Emmons complained of it; said I explained the doctrine of unconditional submission to his satisfaction, and then turned round and kicked it over.

"Not willing to be damned?" said he; "not willing to be damned, and yet willing God should dispose of me forever, just as He pleases, and yet not willing to be damned? That is setting it up, and then turning round and knocking it down again. A man ought to be ashamed to talk in that way." I sent my compliments, and told him that if all he meant by unconditional submission was a willingness that God should dispose of all beings according to His pleasure, as I had stated it in my sermon, then *he* ought to be ashamed for putting it in such a shape that ninety-nine in a hundred would be sure to misunderstand what he meant.

C. "I suppose you called yourself a Hopkinsian in those days, did you not?"

I never carried his views out to an extreme; therefore I had the Old School against me on one side, and the ultra

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Hopkinsians and Emmonites on the other. When I first came to Boston, nobody seemed to have an idea that there was any thing but what God had locked up and frozen from all eternity. The bottom of accountability had fallen out. My first business was to put it in again.*

* "A critical eye, familiar with the theological discussions which commenced twenty years later, and in which he was charged with having swerved from certain human standards, discovers in that discourse the identical body of thought which he had learned from the New England divines of the preceding age, and from his own great teacher, Dwight. Yet in that body of thought, and inseparable from it, the same critical eye may discern, unequivocally, the germs, if not the developed ideas, of that 'New School theology' (so called) for which he was afterward denounced by men who pretended to a higher orthodoxy. * * * Well worthy is that sermon to be ranked with the greatest sermons of the elder Edwards, which it resembles in its solid massiveness of thought and in its terrible earnestness, while it excels them in a certain power of condensed expression which often makes a sentence strike like a thunderbolt."—Dr. Bacon.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

CATHOLICITY.

It is proposed in the present chapter to give two letters, illustrative of the liberality of feeling and singular tact which ever characterized Dr. Beecher's intercourse with those of other denominations.

"Smithtown, L. I., February 24, 1863.

"Rev. Charles Beecher,—I have, at times, related the following anecdote, as illustrative of the prudence and sagacity of the late Dr. Beecher. An acquaintance of mine lately repeated it to Rev. H. Ward Beecher, who requested that I should communicate it to you. At the time of its occurrence I was a lad at school at East Hampton.

"In the year 1806 or 1807, one pleasant afternoon, there was seen entering the village of East Hampton, at the south end, and progressing steadily through the street to the north end, a horse and chaise, conveying a single gentleman, whose broad-brimmed hat and straight-collared coat would have indicated the Quaker but for the color—that was black.

"The chaise, horse, and man were all strangers. They stopped at the house of a member of the Church, who was regarded as somewhat disaffected toward his brethren. It was soon noised abroad that the stranger was a Methodist preacher, and had come to 'hold meetings.'

"At that time the proselyting zeal of the Methodists was most intense. Their inroads upon Presbyterian congregations were most alarming. Their efforts were generally met by sturdy opposition and denunciation.

"The deacons in East Hampton partook of the alarm. They came together, went to the house of Mr. (not then

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Dr.) Beecher, found him in his study, all unconscious of the impending calamity, and told the story. Mr. Beecher rose, took his hat, left the deacons to take care of themselves, went directly to the house where the stranger was—entering, walked up to him, and, taking him by the hand, said,

"'Sir, I understand that you are a preacher of the Gospel.'"

"'Why, yes,' was the reply, 'that is my calling.'

"'Well,' said Mr. Beecher, 'I am the minister of this people, and I claim it as my privilege to entertain all my brethren in the ministry who come here. Come, brother, go with me, and make my house your home while you stay with us. *And you must preach to my people.* We will have the bell rung, and you shall preach this evening.'

"Such flattering hospitality was, of course, resistless. He went with Mr. Beecher; the bell was rung. At the proper time Mr. Beecher and the preacher entered the church, and took their places in the deacon's seat.

"He was one Ames, then stationed in the western part of the county, and there regarded as a pure specimen of the roaring, ranting, shouting class of preachers, whose boast was that they did not premeditate what they should say, but spoke as the Spirit gave them utterance.

"The dim light from a few tallow candles, the audience scattered among the high-sided square pews, interspersed with white heads, and Mr. Beecher at his side, awoke but little of his wonted enthusiasm. He got through, however, but held no more meetings.

"The next morning the same style of traveling was seen in the street, only in the reverse direction; and I believe that while Mr. Beecher remained at East Hampton he received no more assistance from his Methodist brethren.

"Yours, etc., W. P. BUFFETT."

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Mr. Beecher to Mary Hubbard.

"East Hampton, August 8, 1808.

"DEAR MARY,—It gives me much satisfaction to learn that your health is improved, and that you are so agreeably and usefully employed at New Haven. We could very much wish especially to read that same Bishop Wilson, who, from your account, if not the best man, was, I have no doubt, one of the best who have lived to bless the Church and the world. It gives me pleasure to perceive, as I think I do, your increasing complacency in real religion. It gives me no pain to perceive, also, a corresponding attachment to the writers, articles, and services of your Church, as no one, not an Episcopalian in sentiment, and especially no minister, esteems them more highly than I do. It is only necessary carefully to watch and pray that a full persuasion in your own way may not damp your charity, nor inspire contempt for other denominations of Christians, equally persuaded, pleased, and edified in their own way. It is necessary to watch and pray, because the heart is deceitful above all things; because the sin of uncharitableness is the easily besetting sin of Christians; and because it is possible you may, without suspecting it, be in the way of temptation; and because, dear sister, if such a spirit should take possession of your heart, you can easily foresee it would diminish your complacency in friends whom, I doubt not, you love, and whose love you would not willingly sacrifice. Here is the secret of Christian charity. Allow, with entire good will, your friends, in some points, to differ from you, and they, in return, with equal charity, will permit you to differ from them.

"But assert your own exclusive claims, and the more you insist upon concession the more tenaciously will it be re-

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fused. Nay, not content with mere self-defense, war, in turn, will be carried into your own territories, and you will be summoned sternly to surrender many a fortress which before you was freely allowed to hold in peace.

"Upon these terms of mutual charity, I think, we have hitherto lived very comfortably, and, I trust, we have too much knowledge of our own frailty to risk, at this time of day, a controversial experiment full as hazardous to friendship as the embargo experiment is to Jeffersonian popularity.

"By this time, I conclude, you will begin to wonder what all this means. The following extracts from your letter to brother Samuel have somehow, I confess, originated the preceding reflections.

"'As to what you say respecting your becoming a Deist, I suppose it was only playfulness; but I am half afraid it may finally be a sober reality, and I therefore pray you to avoid all subjects that are, religious it must not be called, but Calvinistic. Do not turn *blue* nor deistical. Let none of these things move thee. We have learning and truth on our side.'

"Indeed, Sister Mary, I had always thought that you, and Roxana, and myself were on the same side. But now, if I did not suppose this only 'playfulness,' I should be 'half afraid' that you were standing even now on the 'perilous edge of battle,' and that finally you would come to misconceive and feel, in respect to Calvinism and certain Calvinistic friends, as you once supposed them to misconceive and feel; and therefore I pray you to avoid all subjects of conversation that are, religious it must not be called, but anti-Calvinistic.

"The tendency of those doctrines of the Bible called 'Calvinistic' to infidelity and licentiousness is an objection which has ever been urged, and many pious people, who, like your-

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self, believe them, have been needlessly afraid on this subject. But facts in every age have proved the imputation unfounded.

"Infidels are not more numerous, nor are the people more immoral where Calvinism is preached than where it is feared as the greatest heresy. Indeed, the superior and needless scrupulosity of the Puritans has often, to people *of more liberal ideas in religion*, been a subject of ridicule.

"Many Deists, to my knowledge, and some of them men of first-rate talents, have been converted to Christ under Calvinistic preaching, and cordially adopted the peculiarities of the system. But Calvinism has been perverted, there can be no doubt, and so has the doctrine of the Trinity and every other Scripture doctrine; but because men will destroy themselves if you unsheath the sword of the Spirit, must it therefore forever rust in its scabbard?

"If you will read in the Connecticut Magazine the letter of Mr. Huntingdon, of Litchfield, giving an account of the revival in that place, and also the correspondence of Judge Reeve and Judge Boudinot, it will perhaps convince you that the doctrine of divine sovereignty is not a dangerous or uncomfortable doctrine.

"Since writing the above, I have had the pleasure to read your letter to Roxana, and feel additional pleasure in your happiness, especially in good company and agreeable authors.

"Thank you for your brief review and description of Hannah More. I love her better than ever. Am glad she is so good a *Church-woman*. As I have nothing more at heart, I hope, than the building up the Church, it gives me pleasure to welcome able and active members into the sacred inclosure. Am pleased, also, that Uncle Hubbard hath at length found a medium through which to see the beauties

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of Hannah More. There is one other book reviewed in the 'Christian Observer' which I wish much to see; it is Overton's 'True Churchman.' It is owned, I believe, by Judge Chauncey, and perhaps by Dr. Dwight; but, seeing I can not obtain it, will you do me the favor to borrow the book, read it yourself, and give me some account of it?" * * *

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

MONTAUK.

THERE were some Indians in my parish of the Montauk tribe, though not belonging to my congregation. They had missionaries among them, who were supplied from New England. I used to go, however, twice a year at least, and preach to them. I was acquainted with a number of pious ones, chiefly women—about a dozen at first. They made baskets, brooms, and such things. But they were a wretched set on the whole, just like other tribes, running out by being cheated and abused. That's a heavy account at the day of judgment!

There was a pious squaw who used to come up when we were killing things before Thanksgiving, and gather up offals, liver, lights, etc. She was picking round Colonel Gardiner's barn. "Come here, Betty," says Colonel Gardiner, and packed her basket full of good solid meat, and handed it to her. She looked up in silent astonishment; could not believe her eyes, or understand what it meant. At last she lifted up her hands and said, "Thank the Lord for giving me this meat! Thank you, too, Colonel Gardiner."

That was as orthodox as a minister could have said. She understood the doctrine of second causes.

It is related of this woman that, just before another Thanksgiving one year, she stood on the brow of the hill that descends to Napaug beach, almost on the precipice, and saw a flock of brant coming just over the foot of the hill, crossing to the ocean. "Oh," said she, "that the Lord would give me one of those brant to keep Thanksgiving

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day!" And immediately a duck-hawk darted from a tree on the rising ground, and flew into the flock, and struck one of the brant dead. It is a kind of hawk that kills by the stroke, knocking the breath out of the body. The bird fell not far distant, and she went and picked it up, fully believing that God sent it her for a Thanksgiving dinner.

My spirit was greatly stirred by the treatment of these Indians by some unprincipled persons, especially their selling them rum. There was a grog-seller in our neighborhood, who drank himself, and corrupted others. He always kept his jug under the bed, to drink in the night, till he was choked off by death. He would go down with his barrel of whisky in a wagon to the Indians, and get them tipsy, and bring them in debt; he would get all their corn, and bring it back in his wagon; in fact, he stripped them. Then in winter they must come up twenty miles, buy their own corn, and pack it home on their shoulders, or starve. Oh, it was horrible—horrible! It burned and burned in my mind, and I swore a deep oath to God that it shouldn't be so.

H. B. S. "Father, you began to be a reformer in those days."

I didn't set up for a reformer any more than this: when I saw a rattlesnake in my path I would smite it. I talked to my deacons about it, and with people, and roused public feeling.

I had read Rush on Intemperance, and the "Christian Observer" contained accounts of efforts in London to repress immorality, drunkenness, and Sabbath-breaking. All these fermented in my mind; and while I was at East Hampton, I blocked out and preached a sermon, that I afterward rewrote and published, on a Reformation of Morals. That is the way that sermon came to be written.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

RESOLVES TO LEAVE EAST HAMPTON.

In the beginning of this year (1809) we lost a child, my first bereavement. I had lost Aunt Benton, who seemed like a mother, but this was a very different thing. It was a daughter, Harriet, born in February, who was seized, when about a month old, with the hooping-cough.

Your mother was up night after night, taking care of the child, till she was exhausted. When I perceived that we could do nothing, that the child must die, I told Roxana to lie down and try to sleep. She obeyed, and while she slept the child died, but I did not think best to wake her.

On waking, there was no such thing as agitation. She was so resigned that she seemed almost happy. I never saw such resignation to God; it was her habitual and only frame of mind; and even when she suffered most deeply, she showed an entire absence of sinister motives, and an entire acquiescence in the Divine will.

After the child was laid out, she looked so very beautiful that your mother took her pencil and sketched her likeness as she lay. That likeness, a faint and faded little thing, drawn on ivory, is still preserved as a precious relic.

Toward the latter part of this year (1809) I visited New Haven, and while there preached for Stuart. It was a season of apathy and general inattention to religion, and he wanted I should preach something to rouse up the people. I showed him what I had, and he picked out one of my sharpest sermons on Election. It did well enough among

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my own people, and in just those circumstances; but here the circumstances were different, and it had a bad effect.

Mr. Beecher to Esther.

"December 16, 1809.

"My dear Esther,—I hope by this time the fire kindled by my sermon has been extinguished by the love of God shed abroad in many souls. But if it yet burn and do mischief, Brother Stuart will not complain of me, seeing it was by his request it was preached once and again, and seeing it brought the precise effect which he professed to desire. He wanted me to preach something, he said, to 'rouse the people up, for they were going to sleep.' But were there none who heard but opposers? None who profited by it as the sincere milk of the Word?

"I have been, since my return, up the island to Presbytery, a little beyond Smithtown, and thence to New York, and on to Synod, and back to New York. Preached going and coming in the city (at the Brick Church), and, if the city clergy were alone concerned, should, I was given to understand, be gladly stationed among them. But how the people would agree is so unessential that I have not heard or inquired.

"I shall, however, I think, without doubt, be dismissed from my present charge the next spring. I can not rear my family upon $400 a year, and not more than half the people are willing to give more, and are beginning to discover that we have no sort of economy. I have written to Stuart, desiring him to show the letter to Dr. Dwight, and return me their advice.

"I shall be commissioner to the General Assembly, and shall probably be at New Haven on my return in June, should it please the Lord to spare me. In what part of the

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vineyard I shall be called next to labor is to me utterly unknown. I have this comfort, that there are few places at this day that give less than I receive now; and I think I have, and shall have, the testimony of a good conscience in seeking support for my family elsewhere.

"It is Saturday, two o'clock, and I am now to mount my horse for Sag Harbor (post-office). I have one good sermon fully written, and twenty in my head."

C. "How was it, father, that after such revivals there could be any difficulty about a support?"

Well, you see, the skeptical party, those that were not converted, losing their influence and weakened, fell off, and ceased to subscribe. They liked me well enough, or would have liked me if they could have made capital out of me; but when they found they could not, they turned against me. While I was in college I wrote a whimsical dialogue to take off infidelity. Infidels ridiculed religion; I thought I would show that infidelity was more exposed to ridicule than religion. This dialogue I rewrote somewhere in the latter half of my stay there, and it was to be performed at an exhibition in Clinton Academy; but, lo and behold! the skeptics rallied, and wire-worked among the Democrats; called a meeting of the trustees, and passed a vote prohibiting it!

That shows how the thing worked, and how it was natural the skeptical party should fall off. And then a few of those who opposed my settlement were disaffected, just enough to paralyze effort.

C. "You wrote to Mr. Stuart; did you receive any answer?"

Why, it's curious, when I got to the post-office at Sag Harbor, I found a letter there from Stuart, saying that Judge

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Reeve, of Litchfield, Connecticut, had written to inquire whether I would encourage a call! I unsealed my letter, and added a postscript saying that I would consider one.

You see, Gould, of the Litchfield Law School, was my tutor in Yale; so was Sherman, of Fairfield; and they led Judge Reeve to read my sermon on "The Government of God desirable." It created a sensation. "Who is that man?" "Why can't we get him?" And that led to the negotiation.

Mrs. Beecher to Mr. Beecher.

"East Hampton, February 10, 1810.

"My dear Friend,—I have just received your letter dated the 7th instant. I rejoice that you are enabled to resign all your concerns into the hands of God, notwithstanding that you seem to be looking, in some degree, to the dark side of appearances.

"You need not be told that God disposes of every event in the best possible manner, and, I trust, I feel perfectly willing that he should dispose of me and mine in the manner that to him seems best. Yet I should not say this boastfully. I am sensible how dependent I am upon the assisting grace of God for 'strength to suffer or for will to serve,' yet I have a confident hope, amounting perhaps almost to a firm persuasion, that, should his wisdom lay upon us still severer trials than we have hitherto been called to bear, his goodness will, with the temptation to murmur, provide also a way to escape, so that I shall not be overcome by it.

"When I read your letter to-night, I felt disposed to wish myself with you, that I might endeavor to cheer you in your hours of gloom; but a moment's reflection told me how utterly ineffectual any efforts of mine would be, unaided by the supporting grace of our heavenly Father, and how unneces-

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sary when thus supported. To His grace, therefore, I commend you, praying Him to keep you in all your ways. I do not at present see that you have done wrong in the steps you have taken in the affair of leaving your people, persuaded as I am of the reasonableness of your demands, and of the entire ability of the people to comply with them.

"The very low estimation which people appear to have of the blessing of the Gospel ministry is strikingly exemplified when we compare what they are willing to pay for it with what they are willing to pay for their own gratification in a hundred other respects, and a people who are provided with all the comforts of life, and who, as a people, pay more annually for mere luxuries (tobacco, for instance), ought to be willing to support a minister so that he shall not need to be harassed with worldly cares. And if a people are unwilling to do this, I see not but that a minister is justified in seeking it elsewhere.

"I have seen very few persons since you left us, and do not hear much said, though I think it probable that people are not silent more than formerly.

"*Sabbath, February* 11. Deacon Tallmadge called here to-day on his way to church, to inquire whether you did not repent of what you had done. I told him it was not a matter that had been resolved on hastily; that you had considered the matter more fully beforehand than to change your mind so soon. He said that some people hoped, and almost believed and expected, you would yet come back. I asked if people expected you would come back if they did not comply with your proposals. He said, 'O no, no.' I did not inquire whether he thought it probable that people would comply provided there was any prospect that you would return."

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CHAPTER XXX.

VISITS LITCHFIELD.—LETTERS.

To Mrs. Foote.

"New Haven, Feb. 10, 1810.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I set out for Litchfield to-morrow. You have heard, I conclude, of my determination to leave my people, through lack of support.

"If I should not settle at Litchfield, it is not improbable our whole family may come to Guilford to reside through the summer.

"I preached three Sabbaths in New York for the Brick Church, and came as near having a call as the fellow did being killed who came to the field the day after the battle.

"Give my love to my dear daughter Mary, and tell her that her father means to come and see her about the last of March. With much affection for you on your own account, and much in addition for giving me so good a daughter to wife, I am your dutiful son."

From Roxana.

"East Hampton, Feb. 23, 1810.

"I rejoice sincerely that your mind appears to be in some measure relieved of its load of cares, or at least that you are strengthened to bear them. Our family are in usual health, and matters go on in a comfortable manner. The boys cut their cedars and their fingers much as usual. Edward has lost his knife, as was to be expected, but in his researches he has discovered an old one of yours, which I lend him upon condition that he brings it to me always when he has

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done with it. I think I shall send them to school to Mr. Parsons next week, else I fear they will make no proficiency at all in your absence. * * *

"The people here have had a parish meeting, and appointed a committee of twenty-one persons to attend to the business of obtaining a supply for the pulpit. Your friends make affectionate inquiries after you, and some say they do not yet relinquish the hope of your return and re-establishment, though they see no prospect of it.

"Jerry Tallmadge called to see me again the other day, and told me that Captain Dayton said he should be very willing to pay his proportion of a thousand dollars a year provided you would return, which I thought very extraordinary for a man of his character. * * * What your enemies say and do I know not; no one thinks proper to tell me any thing of that.

"Pray be as particular in your communications, and, if they seem trifling, recollect the importance which affection gives to trifles, and that nothing which concerns you can be uninteresting to me—how you feel, how you look, what you say, and what is said to you. * * * The children send all the love to papa that I can put in my letter. Catharine is so very desirous of writing to you that it was with difficulty I could persuade her it was not worth while to put you to the expense of postage for her little letters.

"She is busily engaged in painting some flowers for her work-basket; she learns her geography in the morning, and finishes her knitting in the evening, in order to save time in the afternoon for painting. She is, I hope, improving in diligence and knowledge, but I fear I can not say the same of the boys. They are very reluctant to go to the Academy, and promise me very fair to be diligent if they may stay and study at home; but they are not careful to perform.

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"May you be guided in all your ways, preserved from all evil, and returned in safety.

To Mrs. Beecher.

"Litchfield, Feb. 26, 1810.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—How merciful are the arrangements of Heaven in clothing us with social powers, and so ordering that, amid the numberless millions that swarm the earth, each one may have a particular friend who can listen with patience, and interest, and sympathy to every complaint, and rejoice in every mercy. This reflection has been suggested by the soothing influence of your letter of February 10, which I unexpectedly received last evening (Sabbath), after the labors of the day and evening; heightened, too, by the contrast of total indifference with which a hypochondriac in silent melancholy passes through the crowd of a busy, bustling city. I bless the Lord that he has given me a wife, and especially that he hath given me such a one as yourself.

"I left New York on Monday. My health and spirits were better the last Sabbath I spent in New York. My voice became clear, and my vital strength returned, so that I was able to fill the house, and command a deep and solemn attention. May the blessing of God attend His word. While in the city, I wrote, or rewrote—which is almost as much labor—two sermons a week. The style of city sermonizing is so different, and so many technical phrases smell of new divinity, that I found myself destitute of good sermons, and had no way left but to make them on the spot. I have several now which, when written over several times more, will be, I think, very good.

"Mr. Dodge urges me to complete a volume as soon as I can, which I intend to do if my life and health is spared.

"I found the people in Litchfield impatient for my arrival,

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and determined to be pleased, if possible, but somewhat fearful that they shall not be able to persuade me to stay.

"The house yesterday was full, and the conference in the evening, and, so far as I have heard, the people felt as I have told you they intended to. Had the people in New York been thus predisposed, I think I should not have failed to give them satisfaction. My health is good, and I enjoy good spirits some time past; am treated with great attention and politeness, and am becoming acquainted with agreeable people."

From Mrs. Beecher.

"East Hampton, March 9, 1810.

"If you have received my three last letters directed to Litchfield, you can judge of my disappointment in not receiving a line. I assure you I feel myself very lonesome, and more than ever sensible that it is not good to be alone. I shall, I fear, grow very impatient for your return.

"I should be glad to be informed as early as possible as to the time we shall probably move. I suspect Mr. Hand will be desirous to have us leave the house as soon as we can. He has not, however, said so to me, but I feel in such a state of suspense that I hardly know how to set about the things necessary to be done previous to our departure.

"Should you not get settled, I don't know but we shall do well to put little Mary's plans into execution (Mary was five years old then), and go over and spend the summer at Guilford. The family is in usual health. The boys go to school to Mr. Parsons, and Catharine continues her studies at home.

"It is past twelve at night, and I must leave you. George is just waking, and will leave no one asleep in the house if I do not take him."

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From the Same.

"East Hampton, March 12, 1810.

"My dear Friend,—I am not at all disappointed at the contents of Mr. Dodge's letter, nor, on the whole, displeased. If I mistake not, New York, as a situation for a clergyman, is more likely to gratify ambition than add to real enjoyment; and ambitious feelings I endeavor to eradicate, and hope I in some measure succeed, at least so far as not to suffer them to influence my conduct. As to the business of salary, which you say is likely to be the principal difficulty at Litchfield, you know that it will not be best to settle down again without a reasonable prospect of a permanent support, such as you will be able to educate your children upon; but what would be sufficient for this I know not, nor do I see how you will be able exactly to ascertain. (You will please not to understand that I think it best not to settle at all.) The people of Litchfield have let go one minister for want of sufficient support, and the people of East Hampton are about to do the same. I know not how it may be at Litchfield, but the people here, some of them at least, are resolved not to give you up yet, and others, I believe, are resolved not to comply with your proposals.

"The idea that you wished to go away is industriously kept up and made the most of, and M. D—— insists that you are a runaway, etc.; but this is what I should expect. Let us be preserved from encouraging any improper feelings, and he may call as many names as he pleases. * * *

"Your two last letters did not contain any advice to your children; pray do not omit to send some in every letter; it is of great use to them, and is also a very great gratification. I read your first letters to them, and they were extremely pleased, and would be glad to hear them read every day.

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To Mrs. Beecher.

"Litchfield, Sabbath Evening, March 5, 1810.

"My dear Friend,—Both your letters directed to this place came safe to hand on last Sabbath evening, an answer to which is on the road to you or already received; the other this evening, after the labors of the day and evening. They were both cheering to my heart in my lonely pilgrimage; and as I know of no cheaper or greater earthly comforts than receiving letters from you and writing to you, I shall not begin to economize in the article of postage yet, and shall desire that you will not. I have just received a letter from my friend Dodge, New York, who writes as follows: 'Your last sermons made a very favorable impression on the congregation, and the elders met and were unanimous to call the congregation. They, however, thought best at first to have a joint meeting of the elders and trustees, and two of the trustees were so much opposed that it influenced the body for the sake of keeping peace, so that when the vote was taken they were equally divided, and, of course, you were given up, and, in my opinion, to the regret of three quarters of the congregation. Probably God intends you shall do more good with your pen.'

"I may add, perhaps He intends I shall live longer than my feeble frame could support the exertion of speaking and labor which would be consequent upon a settlement in the city. But, for whatever reasons it has pleased the Most High to order events as above stated, I am satisfied. Hitherto He hath helped me; and if He have here or elsewhere any work for me to do, He will help me still. As yet my labors have been even more productive than if at home. They gave me for three Sabbaths in New York sixty dollars, which, as Brother Dodge would receive nothing for my

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board, was so much clear. What compensation will be made here I know not; but as yet I have lost no time by sickness or want of employ.

"The people here treat me with great politeness, and I am told from all quarters that they are highly pleased and universally united. The only difficulty, they all say, is salary; but the influential people say that I must be the man, and they must, in some shape or other, make provision at any rate.

"The attention to-day has been very deep and solemn. In the morning I preached against morality, from 'Other foundation can no man lay;' and my host, who is a moral man, says it must be true. In the afternoon I preached 'Be ye steadfast, always abounding,' etc.; and this evening I commented, and preached, and exhorted from the last part of the first chapter of Proverbs. I feel some hopes, from the appearances of to-day, that religion is about to revive again in this place.

"You desire me to tell you how I feel. This would occupy too much time and paper. But sometimes I feel almost sick. My hands are cold, and my feet, and I feel sadly, somehow, at my stomach—a kind of trembling all over, which makes me apprehend that I shall not last long. My head becomes quite dull, and my courage fails, and I look *blue* and *sheepish*, and sigh sadly, as if I had lost all my friends and should never have any more, and my sermons all become stale and vapid, and I feel very much like a *fool*, and if I were to go into company much at such times I presume I should act like one. If I happen to be catched in company, I am all the while in a tormenting brown study to think what under the sun I can possibly say, and can not, for my life, find topics to fill up half an hour; so I dispatch the weather, etc., and sit silent a little, and talk a little, and retreat as early as possible.

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"Sometimes, however, my hands and feet are warm, and my brain at liberty to think, and my tongue loosed, and then, if you had never heard me before, you would be astonished, as many here are, at my wisdom and eloquence. Such a torrent of ideas and words, as if the fountain would never be exhausted. Colonel Tallmadge has just arrived from ——, to spend a few days. I was invited to take tea with him, and had an agreeable evening. He is polite and acquainted with men, and his wife and daughter are pious and accomplished.

"There are many agreeable women here, but none so handsome or pleasing as to occasion a momentary wandering of my heart from the object where it has so long and with such satisfaction rested.

"There is a house for sale here which I should like, should it please God to establish me here. I am so weary that I must go to bed, and get up early in the morning to finish this side, for I am so disappointed with the great blank you send me, and feel so much regret, while every glance shows me how soon my comfort is to end, that I can not willingly mingle any such alloy in your letters, and hope you may profit by my example and do likewise.

"*Monday morning.* I have but a few moments, just to tell you how I look.

"Now you must surely remember when I tell you that I have rather a thin, spare face, a great nose, and blue eyes; just above my nose, in my forehead, is the cavity of wisdom, and just above that my hair, which is now getting to be long, and stands out in all directions, giving me an appearance of fierceness which might alarm, were it not apparent every time I speak or laugh that my teeth are gone, so that I can not bite, and did not the cross in my forehead appear as the token of a religious, placable disposition. This may

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suffice to assure you that no great change of features has as yet befallen me.

"As to what I do: *imprimis*, I sleep in a long flannel nightgown—bought at New Haven, and made by Esther—and lie very warm. In the forenoon I read a little, and write a little, and sometimes visit a little. The afternoons I spend wholly in writing. But my most chiefest employment is brushing my clothes. I bought also at New Haven a new brush, and if I were to stand all day and do nothing but use it, the lint and dust would be attracted as fast as I could brush it away. I make, however, three or four main efforts a day, and minor ones between, always when going out. How long my clothes will last experience can best decide; but sure am I that jackets of mine never experienced such disquieting friction before.

"Give my most affectionate regards to any of my good people who inquire about me, and let them know that, though absent from them in the body, I have not ceased to remember them still.

"I am decided never to settle down again at East Hampton, should they not comply with my terms. I am thinking to turn Long Island missionary, or New York missionary, and, if I must make sacrifices, make them to the poor and not to the rich."

"Litchfield, March 18, 1810.

"My dear Friend,—I sit down after the labors of this day in the sanctuary to rest my weary body and recreate my mind by talking a little as usual in such cases with you. I can not hear your criticisms, nor spend much time in criticising myself. Though I feel some prostration of spirits, which goes far to depreciate, in my own view, the excellence of my performances, I still believe I have delivered two pretty good sermons tolerably well.

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"You will be led by my last letter to expect me not long after you receive this, but events have taken place which will detain me one Sabbath longer at least, if not two.

"The meeting of the society here was holden on Tuesday last. It was very full, containing double the number Judge Reeve says he had ever known to attend, and the result, to the astonishment of every one, was a *unanimous* vote to give me a *call*, and a vote almost unanimous to give a salary of eight hundred dollars per annum. The probability now is that the providence of God will station me here.

"If we come here, our property will be exchanged without loss. The house I shall purchase is a *beautiful situation*, is convenient, has a large kitchen, a well-room, a wood-house, besides two barns and a shop on the premises, and one and a half acres of land; price about $1350; and there is a good young orchard near for sale, so that we can keep a horse and one or two cows, and have apples of our own, for the money we shall reserve after paying our debts.

"Since writing the above, I have attended a very full and solemn conference. I have heard of four or five instances of apparent conviction occasioned by the blessing of God upon my Sabbath-day labors, one of which has issued, I trust, in a clear and joyful conversion to God. One young man, who had been a scoffer through the late revival, has been, I am told, arrested to-day in public worship, and seized with fear and trembling.

"The people of God seem to be awaking, rejoicing in hope that God is now about to hear their prayers and send them a minister.

"On the whole, appearances are very favorable. There have every week been increasing tokens of the presence of God among the people.

"Since reading your letter, which I have just received, I

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shall stay but one Sabbath more, which will not delay my arrival home, as I can not leave this town until Wednesday, on account of the society meeting, after which I can not get home before the Sabbath, and think that if I spend another Sabbath on this side the water, duty and interest both direct me to spend it here, as the people wish me to stay as long as I can, and come back as soon.

"If we come here, we shall remove immediately after my dismission. The family will stop at Guilford; the furniture be stored at New Haven until after my installation, when, if the Lord so please, we shall all come on and settle down, to dwell together a few more days before we die.

"I can not account for the delay of my letters, but think you will have a shower by-and-by, for I have written every week but one since I left. I shall, Providence permitting, be at home within a few days of April 1, perhaps by that time. I trust our impatience to meet, which I hope is mutual, will not trespass on the duty of resignation. Any arrangements you may deem proper to make in reference to a removal, after Presbytery, I think you may safely make, as, at any rate, I intend to cross to Guilford with the family, if not with all the furniture. I shall be in great haste to come and tell you how much I am yours."

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CHAPTER XXXI.

FAREWELL TO EAST HAMPTON.

IMMEDIATELY after my return, Presbytery met on Shelter Island, April 18, 1810. When my case came before them, I read a statement, the conclusion of which was as follows:

"I have been requested to state to the people my circumstances, and also the terms on which I should be willing to continue my relation to this people.

"In compliance I would state that, were I now free from the embarrassment of debt, I think I could support my family permanently upon a salary of $500.

"But, being at this time $500 in debt, I can not support my family on even a salary of $500 and pay these debts, or even the interest of them. If my people are disposed to relieve me from my present embarrassments, and to covenant, with such unanimity as to make it proper for me to stay, the sum of $500 annually, with my fire-wood, the salary to include the present year, I shall think it my duty to stay, and shall be satisfied. But on any other terms below this I should think it my duty to remove, and should earnestly desire that you would consent to my dismission.

"It has been asked if I would engage to be permanently satisfied with the sum of $500. To this I can only reply that, if things continue as they have been since my settlement, I think I could live upon it. If any unforeseen causes should increase my expenses greatly, it would be in vain to promise what I could not fulfill. But my present expectations are that the sum named would be sufficient.

"It has been asked whether, if the sum necessary to relieve me from embarrassment were advanced, if I should aft-

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erward remove, I would refund any part. If I considered this sum as merely a donation, I certainly would; but as I have certainly labored five years for a hundred dollars a year less than I could live upon, and have already spent in support of my family more than $500 of my own money, I do not feel as if justice would require that I should restore what I should consider as my own lawful property. I consider that $500 would only make up the deficiencies of my past support.

"As to any future removal, however, if I do not go now, it is not likely I shall ever remove until removed by death.

"It has been suggested that there has been for some time a secret understanding between me and the people of Litchfield. This is not true. I received a letter, four weeks ago last evening, from Mr. Stuart, minister of New Haven, written by request of the committee of the town of Litchfield, inquiring whether I could be obtained by that people as their minister. I wrote them back that my future support here was in an uncertain state; that it was doubtful how it would turn; and that I could give no other answer until the business was decided by my people. Mr. Stuart transmitted this information to Litchfield, and they were, in consequence, pleased to send over the invitation of which you have been notified."

Minute adopted by Presbytery.

"Mr. Beecher requested that the pastoral relation subsisting between him and the Church and congregation of East Hampton might be dissolved. The reason of this request was the incompetency of his present support.

"The elder from that place informed the Presbytery that the Church and congregation had resolved to make no objection to Mr. Beecher's request.

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"After a particular and extensive inquiry into this painful subject, it appeared that the steps taken by Mr. Beecher in treating with his people in relation to this business had not been unduly precipitate, but open, candid, and expressive of suitable affection and concern for them. That he proposed to them what he considered necessary to be done in order to free him from his present embarrassments, enable him to be wholly devoted to the ministry, and render him willing to continue their minister.

"It also appeared that the people had paid immediate attention to the subject, and that their exertions, though they ultimately failed, were highly laudable, and such as to evince that their failure did not arise from want of due affection to their pastor, or from any reluctance or inability to render an adequate support for the Gospel, but alone from that difference of opinion as to the sum necessary which unhappily often exists among members of the same community.

"And since there appears to be now no prospect of any farther exertions on the part of the congregation of East Hampton, and seeing they have signified their intention to make no objection to the proposed dismission,

"*Resolved unanimously*, That Mr. Beecher, according to his request, be, and he is hereby dismissed from his pastoral relation to the Church and congregation of East Hampton.

"Mr. Beecher requested a dismission from this body to join the Southern Association of Litchfield County, in the State of Connecticut. This request was granted, and he is hereby recommended to said association as a minister of the Gospel in good and regular standing, and upon being received by them he is dismissed from us.

"Signed by order of Presbytery,

"AARON WOOLWORTH, Moderator.

"NATHANIEL W. PRIME, Clerk."

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My farewell sermon was from Acts, xx., 26, 27: "Wherefore, I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men, for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." It was first written for a New-year's sermon, the sixth year of my ministry, and now revised and enlarged. I afterward made it over, and preached it anew in Litchfield; and portions of it were incorporated in the sermon, from a different text, delivered at the ordination of Sereno Dwight, in Park Street, in 1817. It was published under the title, "The Bible a Code of Laws."

Extract from Farewell Sermon.

"It is my purpose, therefore, at this time, to review briefly the labors of my ministry among you, and to assist you in a review of the improvement you may have made of the means of grace. The general subjects of instruction may be reduced to three heads, doctrinal, experimental, and practical. With respect to the doctrines you have heard, the following may be regarded as an epitome:

"The being of one God in three persons—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

"The eternal counsel of God, embracing His whole plan of natural and moral government, and extending to all events.

"The universal and entire depravity of human nature.

"A Savior—God manifest in the flesh. His death as an atonement for sin. The sufficiency of this atonement for the salvation of all men, and the sincere offer of its benefits to all where the Gospel is proclaimed.

"The nature, necessity, and evidences of regeneration, of faith, and of repentance. Such ability in man to do his duty as constitutes him inexcusable though God should never make him willing to do it.

"The sinner's voluntary obstinacy in rejecting the Savior;

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and, on this account, the necessity of the special influence of the Holy Spirit to make him willing. The interposition of this grace, according to the purpose of election, before the world began. God's mercy in saving the saved, and His justice in passing by and punishing the lost.

"The universal contamination of sin till the heart is right with God; and the inefficacy of striving or good deeds to change the heart or procure converting grace.

"The necessity of good works in those who are justified by faith only.

"The certain perseverance in holiness of every saint.

"The immediate happiness of the righteous after death in glory, and misery of the wicked in hell.

"The resurrection of the body; the last judgment; everlasting punishment and everlasting life, according to the deeds done in the body.

"On the subject of experimental religion, the reality, the nature, the necessity, and evidences have constituted the chief topics of illustration. On these subjects line upon line has been given, and precept on precept. Especially has it been my object to make the nature and evidences of Christian experience so plain, that such as possessed religion might be established in their hopes, and such as did not might recognize unequivocally their perilous condition.

"The duties inculcated have been personal and relative: upon individuals, the duties of self-government, of chastity, temperance, honesty, and industry; upon parents, the duties of mutual affection and united co-operation to train up their families for usefulness in time and for heaven hereafter, by vigilance, instruction, and government, and example, and prayer. On these topics you are sensible that not a little has been said.

"As members of civil community, you have heard incul-

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cated the duty of obeying the laws, and upholding the civil and religious institutions of the land; of acting for the general good, and of leading quiet and peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty. Especially has the duty of uniting your influence to suppress vice and immorality been explained, and of uniting your exertions in accordance with the demands of our country to extend evangelical instruction to the destitute.

"As a Church you have heard explained the duties of maintaining in their purity the doctrines and ordinances of religion; that none can lawfully be received to a standing in your visible community, nor to a participation of the seals of the covenant, Baptism and the Lord's Supper, but upon the ground of credible evidence given of a change of heart, and saving faith, and evangelical repentance; and that this standing can be retained only by bringing forth works meet for repentance. You have been exhorted to cultivate brotherly love; to forgive injuries; to bear one another's burdens; to grow in grace; to live near to God; to make religion your chief end; and to pray fervently for the outpouring of the Spirit on yourselves and on the world. The importance of the influence of the Spirit, and the duty and motives to prayer, have been made prominent topics of instruction. * * * * * *

"In inculcating these doctrines and duties of religion, it has been my first care to be understood, and my next to have my people *feel* their weight. I have woven into my discourse much argument, because the inspired penmen have reasoned, and inculcated the use of sound speech that can not be condemned. I have invited because the Scriptures invite, and exhorted because they exhort, and entreated because they entreat, and expostulated because they expostulate. I have addressed your consciences because the

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Bible does, and your hearts because God, in His Word, assails them. It has not been my object to amuse you, but to instruct; not to please you merely, but to do you good. I hope I may say that I have felt, in some measure, the weight of my responsibility and the greatness of your danger, and have made it my constant endeavor so to speak as to save myself and you. I have, consequently, dwelt most on subjects which are the least pleasing to the human heart.

"I have, however, never repeated an offensive doctrine because I perceived it to be offensive; and between you and me in this place, there has been, I trust, no action and reaction of anger.

"I have not supposed, however, my work to be done by the labors of the study and the sanctuary; and you will bear me witness that, from the beginning, I have been with you at all times, by night and by day, in sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow, in season and out of season, and have taught you publicly and from house to house. Your children have many times been called around me to receive catechetical instruction and to be the objects of prayer.

"This is a brief account of my public instructions and pastoral labors. But, alas! were I to recount this day my deficiencies—all that has been left undone which it was my duty to do, and all which I have desired to do and your best good demanded beyond what my strength would admit, it would occupy a larger space and more time than this brief account.

"But it is time to turn your attention from your pastor to yourselves, and lend you some assistance in reviewing your own improvement of the means of grace.

"What effect, my dear people, have they had upon you?

"Some effect—a great effect unquestionably. But have they had a saving effect? Or have the truths delivered by

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your pastor been the means which your own wicked hearts have employed to make them more blind and hardened in sin? How have you regarded the doctrines? Have you searched the Scriptures to see if these things are so, or have you listened to the fallacious dictates of inclination and depraved feeling?

"If you have believed, have you loved also, or believed and trembled?

"Have you been born again? Have you exercised godly sorrow? Have you come to Christ?

"To these questions, in various instances, there can be returned, I trust, an answer of peace.

"To numbers of you, the blessed truths you have heard while sitting under my ministry have been made, I trust, the power of God and the wisdom of God in your redemption. You have realized your entire depravity, the sinfulness of sin and your just condemnation, and the necessity of regeneration by the Spirit and of justification by the righteousness of Christ, and have cheerfully and joyfully accepted of Christ as your deliverer, and committed your souls to His care, and enlisted publicly under His banners.

"There are about two hundred of my people, some here present, some removed to other parts of Zion, and some, I trust, already joined to the general assembly of the first-born, whom I hope to meet as my joy and crown of rejoicing in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming.

"It is my consolation also to know that the worship of God has been established in many families of my charge, and to perceive a growing attention in many parents to the religious instruction and government of their children.

"In the Church I have much cause to believe, too, that the Great Shepherd has blessed His own ordinances to the edification of His people. I can not doubt that numbers have

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been growing in grace and in the knowledge of God, and it has given me unspeakable pleasure to behold you going on from strength to strength, and ripening for glory. If there be a few of whom I stand in doubt, fearing lest I have bestowed labor upon them in vain, there are still many whom, if I be so blessed myself as to attain to the world of glory, I assuredly expect to meet there. * * * * * *

"And what shall I say to you, my dear hearers, of decent lives and impenitent hearts, to whom, through the whole period of my ministry, God by me has called in vain? God is my witness that I have greatly desired and earnestly sought the salvation of your souls, and I had hoped before the close of my ministry to be able to present you as dear children to God. But I shall not. My ministry is ended, and you are not saved.* But I take you to record this day that I am pure from your blood, for I have not shunned to declare, to you especially, the counsel of God. I have proclaimed abundantly, and proved by Scripture argument your entire depravity, the necessity of your being born again, the obligation of repentance and faith, and the terrors—the eternal terrors of law and Gospel both, if you did not repent, and plead with you, from Sabbath to Sabbath, to be reconciled to God; and now I leave you still in arms against God—still in the gall of bitterness—still in the kingdom of darkness, and with the melancholy apprehension that all my labors for your good will prove only a savor of death. Once

* In August, 1859, the writer of these lines called on Mrs. J. L. Gardiner, the aged widow of one of Dr. Beecher's former parishioners.

During the conversation he inquired, "Were you, madam, a member of father's Church?" "Oh no," she answered, the tears starting, "not till after he left. It was his leaving that was the cause of my conversion. I thought when he went that the harvest was past, the summer ended, and my soul not saved."

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more, then, I proclaim to you all your guilt and ruin. Once more I call upon you to repent, and spread before you the unsearchable riches of Christ, testifying to all of you that there is no other name given under heaven whereby we must be saved, and that he that believeth shall be saved. And now I have finished the work which God has given me to do. I am no longer your pastor, nor you the people of my care; to the God who committed your souls to my care I give you up; and with a love which will not cease to glow till the lamp of life expires, I bid you all farewell."

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CHAPTER XXXII.

LITCHFIELD.

But little more than a century had passed away, at the date of this narrative, since the whole of Litchfield County, occupying the northwest corner of the State of Connecticut, was a wilderness, known as "The Western Lands," and its lakes, and streams, and forests the favorite fishing and hunting grounds of the Indian.

Litchfield township, near the centre of the county, agreeably diversified by hills, valleys, mountains, and lakes, was originally named Bantam, from the tribe of Indians first occupying the site; the present name being derived, with the insertion of a single letter, from the ancient city of Lichfield, in Staffordshire, England. The largest lake and stream still retain the name Bantam, and many arrow-heads, turned up by the plow on their borders, attest them to have been the scene of fierce combat in other days.

The Bantam Indians, and other Connecticut tribes, were frequently exposed to the attacks of the fiercer Mohawks, of whom they stood in constant dread. To guard against these inroads, they established a rude system of telegraphic signals from summit to summit of a chain of "guarding heights," one of which was Mount Tom, in Litchfield. Thus "all the tribes on the Housatonic, and between the Housatonic and the Naugatuck, could communicate with each other from the Sound, two hundred miles northward, in a few hours."*

* Kilbourne's History of Litchfield.

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The Bantam fishing-grounds appear to have been a favorite resort of the aboriginal tribes; nor, at the date of this narrative—though the Red Man had passed away—had they lost their attractions to the lover of the piscatory art. The lakes and streams of Litchfield abounded not only in plebeian shoals of suckers, roach, eels, and catfish, but in the more patrician families of trout, perch, and pickerel, some of the latter having been caught of five and even six pounds' weight.

The forests, also, were stored with game. "Foxes, minks, muskrats, rabbits, woodchucks, and raccoons are now* frequently trapped within the limits of the township; snipe, quail, partridges, and wild ducks frequent our woods and lakes." Thus, while differing entirely from East Hampton in its natural scenery, Litchfield afforded equal advantages for outdoor exercise and healthful recreation—a circumstance, perhaps, as worthy of notice as any of a more professional nature.

Few country towns in our land have so many interesting incidents and associations, patriotic, literary, and religious, connected with their history as Litchfield. The town was first settled in 1720, and in 1723, when there were but sixty male adult inhabitants, the first church edifice was built, together with a "Sabbath-day house"—a species of vestry for purposes of warming and refreshment, no fires being allowed in the church. At the time of the Boston Port Bill, Litchfield forwarded a liberal contribution for the poor of the city, and during the whole Revolutionary struggle continued to signalize its devotion to the patriotic cause, being visited by Washington, Lafayette, Rochambeau, and by most of the principal officers of the army, and being at that time the residence of a remarkable number of educated and dis-

* Kilbourne. In 1859.

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tinguished men. Of these, three were members of the State Council; four, members of Congress; seven, captains in the army; four rose to the rank of general officers; two became chief justices; and two governors of the state.

Many incidents of the Revolutionary period connected with Litchfield might be mentioned did space permit. Thirty-six picked men from this place, under Captain Beebe, were sent to the defense of Fort Washington, New York. When, after a gallant defense, that post was surrendered, such was the treatment received by the prisoners, in violation of the terms of capitulation, that six only of the thirty-six lived to reach home. "They died miserable deaths, from cold, hunger, thirst, suffocation, disease, and the vilest cruelty from those to whom they had surrendered on a solemn promise of honorable treatment."*

It was on this occasion that Ethan Allen, a native of Litchfield and a professed infidel, exclaimed, grinding his teeth, "My faith in my creed is shaken; there ought to be a hell for such infernal scoundrels as that Lowrie"—the officer in charge of the prisoners.

One or two other incidents may be pardoned, as the hero of them survived to be for years a parishioner and personal friend of Dr. Beecher; we refer to Colonel Benjamin Tallmadge. Colonel Tallmadge commenced his career as captain of Light Dragoons in "Sheldon's regiment of Horse," throughout the war the favorite corps, or body-guard, of General Washington. He was over six feet in height, and large in proportion; in countenance and bearing resembling Washington, with whom he was a favorite. He was in the battles of Short Hills, Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. At Valley Forge, his was the advance corps of observation. On this service, he was attacked one day by a

* Kilbourne, page 101.

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large body of the enemy, and in making his escape, met a young girl who had been sent with a basket of eggs to convey information. Having discharged her errand, she begged for protection. Hastily ordering her to mount behind him, he rode three miles to Germantown. In narrating this to Dr. Beecher, he stated that afterward the British affirmed that the American officers came into battle with their sweethearts behind them.

When Major André was captured, and Lieutenant Colonel Jameson, commanding in the absence of Colonel Sheldon, sent the prisoner to General Arnold's head-quarters, it was through Major Tallmadge's influence that he was brought back, and his rank finally disclosed. "I became so deeply attached to Major André," he said in after years, "that I can remember no instance in which my affections were so fully absorbed in any man. When I saw him swinging under the gibbet, it seemed for the time as if I could not support it."

In 1780 Major Tallmadge made a brilliant dash, or raid, upon Long Island with a hundred picked dragoons. Fort George, on the south side of the island, was captured, the works demolished, the houses, shipping, and immense quantities of stores, together with the king's magazine at Coram, destroyed, and all without the loss of a man.

In the earlier part of the war, probably in 1777, on a certain pressing emergency, General Washington ordered Sheldon to send him all the effective men of his regiment. Four companies were dispatched, under Major Tallmadge; his own company mounted on dapple grays, with black straps and bearskin holsters, looking superbly.

Passing through Litchfield, they attended worship on Sunday in the old meeting-house on the village green. The country was in alarm at the intelligence that Cornwallis was

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approaching the coast with a large fleet. Rev. Judah Champion, the pastor, an able and eloquent man, is said to have uttered the following prayer:

"O Lord, we view with terror the approach of the enemies of Thy holy religion. Wilt Thou send storm and tempest to toss them upon the sea, and to overwhelm them upon the mighty deep, or to scatter them to the uttermost parts of the earth. But peradventure any should escape Thy vengeance, collect them together again as in the hollow of Thy hand, and let Thy lightnings play upon them. We do beseech Thee, moreover, that Thou do gird up the loins of these Thy servants who are going forth to fight Thy battles. Make them strong men, that 'one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.' Hold before them the shield with which Thou wast wont in the old time to protect Thy chosen people. Give them swift feet, that they may pursue their enemies, and swords terrible as that of Thy destroying angel, that they may cleave them down. Preserve these servants of thine, Almighty God! and bring them once more to their homes and friends, if Thou canst do it consistently with Thy high purposes. If, on the other hand, Thou hast decreed that they shall die in battle, let Thy Spirit be present with them, and breathe upon them, that they may go up as a sweet sacrifice into the courts of Thy temple, where are habitations prepared for them from the foundation of the world."

At the close of the war Major Tallmadge retired with the rank of colonel, and was subsequently, for sixteen years, a member of Congress. By his commanding appearance, dignified manners, and warm-hearted benevolence, he was greatly endeared to all classes, and exercised a leading influence in the society.

Among others who were living when Dr. Beecher be-

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came a resident of Litchfield may be mentioned Governor Oliver Wolcott, jun., a member of Washington's cabinet; Hon. John Allen, a member of Congress, celebrated for his uncommon stature, being nearly seven feet high, and large in proportion; Hon. Frederick Wolcott, son of Governor Wolcott, sen., a distinguished lawyer; Hon. Jabez Huntington, brother of Mrs. Governor Wolcott, and associate of Judge Reeve in the law school; Hon. Uriel Holmes, a lawyer of note, member of Congress, and judge of the county court; Judge Ephraim Kirby, United States judge for Louisiana, whose family sometimes resided in Litchfield; Seth P. Beers, a successful lawyer; John Pierpont, the poet, who married the daughter of Sheriff Lynde Lord, and whose family sometimes resided in Litchfield; Dr. Sheldon, one of the most celebrated physicians in the state; John P. Brace, a gentleman of liberal education, poetic talent, and scientific attainments, who was for several years associated with his aunt, Miss Sarah Pierce, in conducting the Female Academy, which drew people from all parts of the Union. Rev. Judah Champion, already mentioned, had just passed away. His sister was married to Julius Dearing, a wealthy merchant; his niece to Asa Bacon, a prominent lawyer; and his daughter to John R. Landon, high sheriff of the county. Last, but not least, is to be mentioned Judge Tapping Reeve, for over half a century a citizen of Litchfield, and founder of the celebrated law school, which for forty years was resorted to by young men of talent from nearly every state in the Union.

Judge Reeve's first wife was a granddaughter of President Edwards, and sister of Aaron Burr, who for about six years regarded Litchfield as home.

Judge Reeve was distinguished for his piety, and interest in all benevolent operations, as much as for his learning. In

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him Dr. Beecher found a truly kindred spirit; and probably no man, through the whole course of his life, ever stood so near to him in Christian intimacy. In after years, wherever he went, those families he was accustomed oftenest to visit on terms of closest intimacy he was wont to call his "*Judge Reeve places.*"

At the date of this narrative there were two religious societies in Litchfield, the Congregational and the Episcopal; but, by a singular vicissitude, these denominations occupied a somewhat anomalous position toward each other. The Puritan communion was now "the standing order," or Established Church, and the Episcopal communion was the tolerated sect. In early years, and especially during the Revolution, when most Episcopalians conscientiously favored the royal cause, the latter can hardly be said to have been a tolerated sect, to such an extent had the original theological feud been embittered by political rancor. Now, however, no outward signs of the ancient bitterness of feeling were apparent.

The Congregational Society were worshiping in their second meeting-house, so well described by Mrs. Stowe in the Mayflower: "To my childish eye, our old meeting-house was an awe-inspiring thing. To me it seemed fashioned very nearly on the model of Noah's Ark and Solomon's Temple, as set forth in the pictures in my Scripture Catechism—pictures which I did not doubt were authentic copies; and what more venerable architectural precedent could any one desire?

"Its double row of windows, of which I knew the number by heart; its doors, with great wooden quirls over them; its belfry, projecting out at the east end; its steeple and bell, all inspired as much sense of the sublime in me as Strasbourg Cathedral itself; and the inside was not a whit less imposing.

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"How magnificent, to my eye, seemed the turnip-like canopy that hung over the minister's head, hooked by a long iron rod to the wall above! and how apprehensively did I consider the question what would become of him if it should fall! How did I wonder at the panels on either side of the pulpit, in each of which was carved and painted a flaming red tulip, with its leaves projecting out at right angles! and then at the grape-vine, in bass-relief, on the front, with exactly triangular bunches of grapes alternating at exact intervals with exactly triangular leaves. The area of the house was divided into large square pews, boxed up with stout boards, and surmounted with a kind of baluster work, which I supposed to be provided for the special accommodation of us youngsters, being the loophole of retreat through which we gazed on the 'remarkabilia' of the scene. * * *

"A Yankee village presents a picture of the curiosities of every generation; there, from year to year, they live on, preserved by hard labor and regular habits, exhibiting every peculiarity of manner and appearance, as distinctly marked as when they first came from the mint of Nature. And, as every body goes punctually to meeting, the meeting-house becomes a sort of museum of antiquities—a general muster-ground for past and present.

"But the glory of our meeting-house was its singers' seat, that empyrean of those who rejoiced in the mysterious art of fa-sol-la-ing. There they sat in the gallery that lined three sides of the house, treble, counter, tenor, and bass, each with its appropriate leader and supporters. There were generally seated the bloom of our young people, sparkling, modest, and blushing girls on one side, with their ribbons and finery, making the place as blooming and lively as a flower-garden; and fiery, forward, confident young men on the other. * * *

"But I have been talking of singers all the time, and have

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neglected to mention the Magnus Apollo of the whole concern, who occupied the seat of honor in the midst of the middle gallery, and exactly opposite to the minister. With what an air did he sound the important fa-la-sol-fa in the ears of the waiting gallery, who stood, with open mouths, ready to give their pitch preparatory to their general *set to!* How did his ascending and descending arm astonish the zephyrs when once he laid himself out to the important work of beating time!

"But the glory of his art consisted in the execution of those good old billowy compositions called fuguing tunes, where the four parts that compose the choir take up the song, and go racing around one after another, each singing a different set of words, till at length, by some inexplicable magic, they all come together again, and sail smoothly out into a rolling sea of harmony!

"I remember the wonder with which I used to look from side to side when treble, tenor, counter, and bass were thus roaring and foaming, and it verily seemed to me as if the psalm were going to pieces among the breakers; and the delighted astonishment with which I found that each particular verse did emerge whole and uninjured from the storm.

"But, alas for the wonders of that old meeting-house, how they are passed away! Even the venerable building has been pulled down, and the fragments scattered. Those painted tulips and grape-vines which my childish eye used to covet now lie forgotten in a garret.

"I have visited the spot where the old house stood, but the modern, fair-looking building that stands in its room bears no trace of it, and of the various familiar faces that used to be seen inside scarce one remains."

Three pastors had preceded Dr. Beecher in the charge of

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this parish—Rev. Timothy Collins, Rev. Judah Champion, and Rev. Dan Huntington. The ministry of the latter had been blessed with a powerful revival, the fruits of which were yet visible, and the memory warm in the hearts of Christians. Three hundred persons were said at that time to have been converted. In earlier periods of the Church's history, during the great awakening under Edwards, Whitfield, and others, a decided stand was taken in opposition to revivals.

"They went so far," says Mr. Huntington, "in a regular Church-meeting, called expressly for the purpose under the ministry of the venerable Mr. Collins, as to let the revivalists know, by a unanimous vote, that they did not wish to see them. The effect was they did not come. The report circulated that Litchfield had 'voted Christ out of their borders.' It was noticed by some of the older people that the death of the last person then a member of the Church was a short time before the commencement of our revival."

From the same source is derived the following graphic picture of Litchfield, forming an appropriate close of this chapter:

"A delightful village, on a fruitful hill, richly endowed with schools both professional and scientific, with its venerable governors and judges, with its learned lawyers, and senators, and representatives both in the national and state departments, and with a population enlightened and respectable, Litchfield was now in its glory."

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

REMOVAL.

After a visit of three weeks I went back to Long Island. Sold my house for $1800—the only speculation I ever made in my life; it cost me some $800. We did not dispose of our furniture and valuables, but had an auction of things we did not want to carry away. I brought the family over on a sloop, and left some at Nutplains, and some at New Haven with Esther, and went up to Litchfield on horseback to purchase the place and make preparation. Carried my $1800 in my pocket. Never had so much money before. Was so afraid of being robbed, that when I got within fifteen miles of Litchfield, I stopped and spent the night with a brother minister, and rode into town the next day.

Judge Reeve was in want of money then, so he gave his notes to the man from whom I bought the house, and paid interest on them.

After I had staid a few days and made all necessary preparations, Judge Allen let me take his large two-horse wagon, and I went down and brought up your mother and all the children—Catharine, William, Edward, and Mary; but George was left to be weaned.

Edward. "I remember being in the wagon with William, and when we passed through New Haven, father stopped the horses before the college, and said to William and me, 'There, boys, look there! there's where you've got to go one of these days.'

I brought them up, and for the first few nights we stopped at Judge Reeve's.

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H. E. B. "How well I remember Judge Reeve's house—wide, roomy, and cheerful! It used to be the Eden of our childish imagination. I remember the great old-fashioned garden, with broad alleys, set with all sorts of stately bunches of flowers. It used to be my reward, when I had been good, to spend a Saturday afternoon there, and walk up and down among the flowers, and pick currants off the bushes."

Meanwhile Aunt Harriet took care of George. I forget how he was brought home. Angels didn't bring him. Don't know but your mother had to go down for him.

I hired four great farmers' wagons to go down to New Haven, and get our goods that were stored on Long Wharf, at a store-house of a friend of mine, who would not take any pay.

So when I started to East Hampton I had but one little trunk, and now God had made me *four loads.*

I was installed by the Consociation, composed, like the Presbytery, of pastors and delegates, some twenty or thirty in all. The meeting was full and large, and I was examined as if I had been a novice, strictly, critically, and very much to the satisfaction of the Consociation. Litchfield was a kind of fountain-head of orthodoxy. There were no suspicions of heresy abroad then. Indeed, Dr. Backus rather apologized for examining me so closely, about whom; he said, they had no doubt. Yet, he observed, it had introduced me to the confidence of the Consociation to have it done in their hearing.

From the first I preached for a revival. There had been, in connection with the three Sabbaths of my visit, a new quickening of Christian people, and of some who had faltered. Judge Reeve rode with me through the town, and told me about the great revival that had been there under Mr. Huntington, and introduced me to many who were con-

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verted in it. He told me many incidents and anecdotes, so that my mind was filled with warm and tender interest. Oh Judge Reeve, what a man, he was! When I get to heaven, and meet him there, what a shaking of hands there will be! This interest continued till I returned. I can not tell how long it was before the revival came. I did not push revivals by protracted meetings, but preached twice on the Sabbath, and exhorted in the evenings, calling on the deacons to make the prayers. My revivals were slower in coming, and more gradual in their movement, but for that reason I held on strong and did not flag. It was a year or two, perhaps more, before the revival came, and then it continued more or less for three or four years, either at the centre, or out places where I used to lecture. I was in full vigor in those years; lectured sometimes nine times a week, besides going in the mornings to converse with the awakened. I knew nothing about being tired. My heart was warm, and I preached with great ease. If any ministers happened along, I did not want them to help me. Did not ask them, not a single one. They would strike forty miles behind. My mind and the mind of the congregation were in such a state they could not come up to us. Miss Pierce's schoolhouse was our vestry, at the centre, uniformly.

I used to take in Jay's Sermons, or some other, on Sunday evenings, and read a short passage, and then make the application extempore, in most fervent, efficient style. There was great expostulation and entreaty, so that Colonel Tallmadge almost leaped for joy, exclaiming, "I never heard the like. He is determined we *shall* all be converted."

I never preached old sermons, but new editions of old sermons. This kept my mind up. I recollect being at Judge Reeve's once the evening before Fast-day. I said, "I must go home. I have not got my Fast sermon yet." They all

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stared. I had just come there then. So I went home and knocked off the sermon, partly that night and partly the next morning.

On the way home from preaching, Judge Gould, one of the best and most critical minds in the state, said, "Well, I'm not much for typing sermons, but I think that sermon ought to be typed."

"Litchfield, April 18, 1863.

"REV. CHARLES BEECHER:

"DEAR SIR,—You ask what I can state concerning the labors of your father in Litchfield, and especially as to the revivals of religion which this Church enjoyed during his ministry here, their number, and the years of their occurrence.

"My recollections of Dr. Beecher as a man, a minister, and a preacher are yet very distinct. His air, his voice, his earnestness in gesture, in look, in appeals to the fears, the hopes, and the consciences of his hearers—they are all before me now, in my sixty-ninth year, as vivid as in my youth.

"The first result of his coming among us was an increase of the congregation; our ancient meeting-house, large as it was, being filled to overflowing.

"In 1812 there were indications of a reviving, which in 1813 became marked and hopeful. It continued as a revival, first in the centre of the town, next in the west, then in the east, and on the extreme outskirts of the society; and till 1817 there was scarcely a communion season at which there were not additions to the Church. I can not regard this as a revival in any one particular year, since in one section or another of the parish, for four years, the work of grace was manifest. There were then within my recollection, as there have been since, certain localities remote from

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the centre, and where Satan had long held control. These were invaded, and a border warfare waged by Dr. Beecher against the devil, in which many were rescued from his power and brought over to Christ. In 1821 the Church was blessed with a special revival, and again in 1825, both resulting in many hopeful conversions. We have no existing records to show the numbers who were brought into the kingdom as the fruits of these years of grace. The doctor was not apt to make written note of the names of those who enlisted under Christ through his instrumentality. Most of these, having finished their course on earth, have, as we trust, gone up, and have met him, their former beloved pastor, in heaven, where recognitions are perfect and blessedness complete. 'I might have made a record of your conversion,' he may say, to one and another of his redeemed flock, 'but no matter now; *your names are in the Lamb's Book of Life;* so let us sing LOUD HALLELUJAHS.'

"Very respectfully and truly yours, H. L. Va[illegible]."

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

REMINISCENCES OF LITCHFIELD.

From Miss C. E. Beecher.

"DEAR BROTHER,—The first five years of father's Litchfield ministry, I think, were probably a period of more unalloyed happiness than any in his whole life. Mother enjoyed perfect health, and sympathized thoroughly with him in all his tastes and employments. The children were full of health and spirits, under a wise and happy family government. Aunt Mary spent much of her time with us, and some of mother's favorite pupils, who had come to attend Miss Pierce's school, sought a home in our family. Betsy Burr, an orphan cousin, lived with us like an adopted daughter till her marriage, which took place at our house.

"The kitchen department was under the care of the good and affectionate Zillah and Rachel, who came with us from Long Island, and completed the home circle.

"Mother was of that easy and gentle temperament that could never very strictly enforce any rules; while father, you know, was never celebrated for his habits of system and order. Of course there was a free and easy way of living, more congenial to liberty and sociality than to conventional rules. As I look back to those days, there is an impression of sunshine, love, and busy activity, without any memory of a jar or cloud.

"In about a year or two after father's removal, Grandma Beecher and Aunt Esther gave up the old homestead in New Haven, and the half of the next house to ours on the way to

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Prospect Hill became their home. To this snug little establishment, so neat and orderly, we children always approached with somewhat of the Oriental feeling that we must put the shoes off our feet, or at least wipe them very clean, to enter such immaculate domains.

"There sat Grandma Beecher in her rocking-chair — a neat, precise, upright little lady, with sparkling black eyes, and every thing around her arranged in exactest order, while Aunt Esther watched over and waited upon her with unlimited devotion.

"This was the daily resort of father or some of the family, while Aunt Esther came over to our house daily for some errand, or to enjoy a chat with mother.

"An important element of father's domestic and literary history was found in the society of Aunt Mary Hubbard and Uncle Samuel Foote. Mother's tastes were rather for subjects of a scientific and metaphysical cast, while Aunt Mary inclined predominantly to polite literature and works of imagination. Each, however, joined with keen relish in the favorite pursuits of the other.

"Aunt Mary was a beautiful reader, and I have the most vivid recollection of the impassioned tones in which her favorite authors were given to the family circle. At East Hampton, when I was only eight or nine, my mind was stored with wierd tales from Scott's ballads, while the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' and 'Marmion' were read aloud, mingled with enthusiastic encomiums on favorite passages.

"I remember a visit of Uncle Samuel while we lived at East Hampton, in which he brought with him various literary works, and also some of the first numbers of 'Salmagundi,' conducted by Irving and his literary clique, whose career was then just commencing. These papers were read aloud in the family with great enjoyment of their fresh

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and piquant humor. After we moved to Litchfield, Uncle Samuel came among us, on his return from each voyage, as a sort of brilliant genius of another sphere, bringing gifts and wonders that seemed to wake new faculties in all. Sometimes he came from the shores of Spain, with mementoes of the Alhambra and the ancient Moors; sometimes from Africa, bringing Oriental caps or Moorish slippers; sometimes from South America, with ingots of silver, or strange implements from the tombs of the Incas, or hammocks wrought by the Southern Indian tribes. With these came exciting stories of his adventures, and of the interesting persons of various lands whom he had carried as passengers on his ship on such foreign shores.

"He was a man of great practical common sense, united with large ideality, a cultivated taste, and very extensive reading. With this was combined a humorous combativeness, that led him to attack the special theories and prejudices of his friends, sometimes jocosely and sometimes in good earnest.

"Of course he and father were in continual good-natured skirmishes, in which all New England peculiarities of theology or of character were held up both in caricature and in sober verity.

"I remember long discussions in which he maintained that the Turks were more honest than Christians, bringing very startling facts in evidence. Then I heard his serious tales of Roman Catholic bishops and archbishops he had carried to and from Spain and America, whom he affirmed to be as learned and as truly pious and devoted to the good of men as any Protestant to be found in America. His account of the Jews in Morocco was most curious; their condition appearing, even to his skeptical mind, the strongest verification of Hebrew prophecy. Poor, ignorant, despised,

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abused in every way, and offered the privileges and dignity of Mussulmen if they would relinquish their faith, they still clung to their sacred books and their despised people with the pertinacity and heroism of martyrs.

"The new fields of vision presented by my uncle, the skill and adroitness of his arguments, the array of his facts, combined to tax father's powers to their utmost.

"In the literary circle of Litchfield, especially to the female portion, Uncle Samuel appeared as a sort of hero of romance. He spoke French with ease, and made such proficiency in the Spanish tongue that a Spanish gentleman once, after conversing with him, remarked that, were he to meet him in any part of the world, he should know he was born in Castile.

"Whenever he came to Litchfield he brought a stock of new books, which he and Aunt Mary read aloud. This was the time when Scott, Byron, Moore, and that great galaxy of contemporary writers were issuing their works at intervals of only a few months, all of which were read and reread in the family circle.

"Such a woman as Aunt Mary naturally attracted the attention of the law students, who visited freely in the families of the town. These gentlemen also entered with enthusiasm into her pursuits and tastes, so that the associations of general society were in a measure modified by her unconscious but pervading influence.

"Two other persons should be introduced, who, during our whole Litchfield life, were constant visitors or inmates of our family. Mrs. Deveaux was the orphan daughter of a British officer, and the ward of John Murray, one of the oldest and wealthiest families of New York. At fifteen she married Dr. Deveaux, and resided in Camden, South Carolina, till his death, when she returned with her only child

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Theodosia, and became a resident in Litchfield. Mrs. Deveaux was an indulged child, lively, witty, unreasonable, and a most unmerciful talker. Warm-hearted, intelligent, and very appreciative, she immediately became a great admirer of mother and Aunt Mary. Theodosia was just my age—a bright, gentle, timid girl, with much natural delicacy and common sense. We immediately formed a warm friendship, which was cordially cherished by her mother. Many people regarded Mrs. Deveaux as a rattle and a bore; but mother saw her good qualities, felt a tender sympathy for her and her child, and made them so happy with us that they seemed almost a part of the family. When grown up, Theodosia boarded with us some time, and at last was married at our house. Mrs. Deveaux made every one around her acquainted with all her friends, her surroundings, and her history, and Theodosia was full of narratives of her New York and South Carolina life. Thus we had an outlook into phases of life diverse from ours, which was both instructive and amusing.

"But father had another home, of which we must give some account, for some of the happiest hours of his life were spent there. Judge Reeve, who resided at the other end of the town, was his chief counselor and friend, while Mrs. Reeve was no less intimate with mother.

"The judge was noted for his chivalrous devotion to woman both in and out of the domestic circle. His first wife—the sister of Aaron Burr—was a delicate invalid, confined to her bed for many years, and various interesting stories were told of his tender watching and unwearied care. He was a great admirer of female beauty and also of female talent, and various anecdotes were current of his chivalrous sayings. Among others, this specially attracted my childish interest, 'that he never saw a little girl but he wished

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to kiss her, for if she was not good she would be; and he never saw a little boy but he wished to whip him, for if he was not bad he would be.'

"Judge and Mrs. Reeve were as peculiar in their personal appearance as in their character. He had a pair of soft dark eyes of rare beauty, a beaming expression of intelligence and benevolence, while his soft gray hair fell in silver tresses to his shoulders in a style peculiar to himself. His figure was large and portly, and his manners gentle and dignified. His voice was singular, having failed from some unknown cause, so that he always spoke in a whisper, and yet so distinctly that a hundred students at once could take notes as he delivered his law lectures.

"Mrs. Reeve was the largest woman I ever saw, with a full, ruddy face, that had no pretensions to beauty; but her strong and cultivated mind, her warm and generous feelings, and her remarkable conversational powers made her a universal favorite. She was both droll and witty, while she made so much sport of her own personal appearance that it removed all feeling of its disadvantages.

"At this time Judge Reeve had taken home the widow and infant boy of his only child, Burr Reeve, who died just before father's removal to Litchfield. Young Mrs. Reeve was a tall, graceful, and very beautiful woman, and little Burr Reeve one of the most perfect specimens of infant beauty.

"Another inmate of this family was Miss Amelia Ogden, an orphan, who held the place of a daughter in the household. She was a lady of cultivated tastes and great enthusiasm in all her feelings and pursuits. Her flower-beds were a marvel of beauty and splendor to my youthful eyes, and exceeded any thing of the kind in that vicinity.

"This family circle would be incomplete without the good

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Polly Barnes, friend, nurse, cook, and family counselor. It was in Polly's department that father felt himself as much at home in dressing a trout and presiding over the gridiron as in his own kitchen.

"Judge Reeve was an eminently pious man, and entered with the deepest sympathy into all father's parochial plans and cares; so a call at Judge Reeve's was the usual completion of evening meetings and preaching excursions. On the other hand, Mrs. Reeve, who mainly depended on a chaise for locomotion, was almost as frequent a visitor at our house. She and mother used to read aloud to each other. Miss Hannah More, who then was the star of the religious world, was a special favorite. They also read together Milner's large Church History. Buchanan's 'Travels in the East' first woke the religious world to the spirit of missions; and I remember with what glowing enthusiasm it was read and discussed by father, mother, and Mrs. Reeve.

"No less distinguished in point of literary cultivation was the family of Judge Gould, for many years associated with Judge Reeve in the law school, and afterward its principal. He was of fine personal appearance, polished manners, extensive acquaintance with the English classics, and in all matters of rhetorical or verbal criticism his word was law. His wife was in no way inferior to him in general information and brilliant conversational powers. The judge was fond of disputing with father, in a good-natured way, the various points of orthodoxy handled in his discourses, particularly the doctrine of total depravity. And in a letter written during the last war, when party feeling ran high—the Democrats for and the Federalists against French influence—he sent a humorous message: 'Tell Mr. Beecher I am improving in orthodoxy. I have got so far as this, that I believe in the total depravity of the whole French nation.'

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"Among those most intimately connected with father and his family during his whole Litchfield life was Miss Sarah Pierce, a woman of more than ordinary talent, sprightly in conversation, social, and full of benevolent activity. She was an earnest Christian, and, being at the head of a large school of young ladies, found frequent occasions for seeking counsel and aid from her pastor. In return, she gave gratuitous schooling to as many of our children as father chose to send, for occasionally young boys found admission.

"Her school-house was a small building of only one room, probably not exceeding 30 feet by 70, with small closets at each end, one large enough to hold a piano, and the others used for bonnets and over-garments. The plainest pine desks, long plank benches, a small table, and an elevated teacher's chair, constituted the whole furniture. When I began school there she was sole teacher, aided occasionally by her sister in certain classes, and by her brother-in-law in penmanship. At that time 'the higher branches' had not entered female schools. Map-drawing, painting, embroidery, and the piano were the accomplishments sought, and history was the only study added to geography, grammar, and arithmetic. In process of time, her nephew, Mr. John Brace, became her associate, and introduced a more extended course. At the time father came, the reputation of Miss Pierce's school exceeded that of any other in the country.

"Thus, while Judge Reeve's law school attracted the young men from all quarters, the town was radiant with blooming maidens both indigenous and from abroad.

"Miss Pierce had a great admiration of the English classics, and inspired her pupils with the same. She was a good reader, and often quoted or read long passages of poetry, and sometimes required her pupils to commit to memory choice selections. Her daily counsels were interspersed

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with quotations from English classics. Even the rules of her school, read aloud every Saturday, were rounded off in Johnsonian periods, which the roguish girls sometimes would most irreverently burlesque.

"Her great hobby was *exercise for health*, in which she set the example by a morning and evening walk, exhorting daily her pupils to the same. In consequence, every pleasant evening witnessed troops of young people passing and repassing through the broad and shaded street to and from the favorite Prospect Hill. Of course the fashion extended to the law students, and thus romances in real life abounded on every side. Multitudes of fathers and mothers in this nation have narrated to their children these evening strolls as the time when their mutual attachment began.

"Miss Pierce had a quiet relish for humor and fun that made her very lenient toward one who never was any special credit to her as a pupil. During the whole of my training under her care, with the exception of practicing on the piano, map-drawing, and a little painting, I did little else than play. There was a curious fashion among the girls of helping themselves by guessing, which I practiced so adroitly that, with a few snatches at my books, I slipped through my recitations as a tolerably decent scholar. Occasionally my kind teacher wondered how and when my lessons were learned, and complimented me as the 'busiest of all creatures in doing nothing.'

"There was one custom in Puritan New England at that day which was a curious contrast to other points of strictness, and that was to close a school-term with a dramatic exhibition. Miss Pierce not only patronized this, but wrote several very respectable dramas herself for such occasions in her school, and, when the time approached, all other school duties were intermitted. A stage was erected, scenery was

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painted and hung in true theatre style, while all the wardrobes of the community were ransacked for stage dresses. On one occasion of this kind I had a hand in a merry joke enacted at one of the rehearsals of Miss Pierce's favorite drama of 'Jephtha's Daughter.'

"It was when Jephtha, adorned with a splendid helmet of gilt paper and waving ostrich plumes, was awaiting the arrival of his general, Pedazar—his daughter's lover—who was to enter and say,

"'On Jordan's banks proud Ammon's banners wave.'

Miss Pierce stood looking on to criticise, when, having prearranged the matter, a knock was heard, and I ran forward, saying, 'Walk in, Mr. Pedazar.' In he came, helmet and all, saying, 'How are you, Jep?' who replied, 'Halloo, old fellow! walk in and take a chair.' Miss Pierce was no way discomfited, but seemed to relish the joke as much as we young folks.

"On one occasion of this sort father came in late, and the house being packed, he was admitted by the stage entrance. Either from accident or fun, just as he was passing over the stage, the curtain rose, and the law students spied him and commenced clapping. Father stopped, bowed low, amid renewed clapping and laughter, and then passed on to his seat.

"It was in this way that dramatic writing and acting became one of the 'nothings' about which I contrived to be busy and keep others so. Various little dramas were concocted and acted between the school sessions in wintry weather, when dinners were brought. And after a while, when nearly grown up, we got up in the family, very privately, quite an affair of this kind. I turned Miss Edgeworth's 'Unknown Friend' into a drama, and for some weeks all the children old enough to take part, and several school-

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girls boarding with us, were busy as bees preparing for a rehearsal. It was kept a profound secret till the appointed evening, when father and mother wondered who built a fire in the large parlor, and then, still more, how it happened that so many neighbors and students called all at once. Then suddenly the dining-room door was opened, and all invited in, while a mysterious curtain was descried at the farther end. The curtain rose, and forthwith the actors appeared, and completed the whole entertainment amid 'thunders of applause.' The next day, however, as we expected, we were told that it was very well done, but we must not do so any more.

"These somewhat desultory reminiscences may serve to show how different was father's situation at Litchfield, in point of social privileges, from that of most country ministers. None who mingled in the society of Litchfield, from whatever quarter, or of whatever nation, but cherished a lively recollection of it throughout life. When Mrs. Stowe was at Paris, she was repeatedly visited by an aged French gentleman, Count ——, who in youth had spent some years at Litchfield as a student at the law school. His family was exiled in the first Revolution, and he had been placed there to be educated at the bar. Although since his return he had moved in the highest circles, yet, in conversation with Mrs. Stowe, he dwelt with enthusiasm on the society of Litchfield, which he declared was the most charming in the world.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

CORRESPONDENCE, 1810–11.

*Mr. Beecher to Mrs. Tomlinson.**

"August 7, 1810.

"We do not intend you shall nod unless with drowsiness in reading our long letters; for truly we were so refreshed by yours that wife and I resolved to write separately, that we might have room to pour out the ideas your letter stirred within.

"As for my wife, if she is not so obedient to her husband as you are to yours, she is still obedient enough for me. I could never know the sweets of power if she never rebelled a little, just so as to try my strength, and manifest the predominance of her conscience over her will.

"The world, Sarah, is abused in two ways. It is sought as a portion, and sitteth an idol in the temple of God; but failing to protect and comfort us, then, like other idolaters, we in vexation begin to vilify, and kick, and cuff the world. We first depend upon it for every thing, and then, being disappointed, we vaunt against it as good for nothing, a mere 'old barn full of cobwebs.' Now all this is true if you speak of the world (as I trust you do) compared with Christ; otherwise I should deem it an argument of vexation, somewhat analogous to that of the fox after vain exertions to reach the grapes.

"You can not speak too meanly of the world considered as our god; you *may* esteem it too low as a place of probation, where the mercies of God cluster around us, new every

* Formerly Sally Hill, of Guilford.

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morning and fresh every moment. It should neither, therefore, be put upon the throne nor trampled in the mire, for one is idolatry and the other ingratitude.

"There is, I now begin to recollect, a third way in which the world is abused, and that is, looking at all its objects through a pair of spectacles which clothes them in sable hue and distorted shapes.

"Now we are not always to blame for looking at the world through such spectacles, because they are put on, often, by an invisible hand, and kept on in spite of us. We are to blame only in believing that they give us a fair and correct view of things, when we know they are lying spectacles, and that there is verdure and beauty where all seems black and deformed. And yet, in writing to friends, how often do we sit down with these same spectacles on, and gravely draw and send to them a lying landscape, and mourn ourselves, and call on them to mourn for such sad things.

"Verily, as thou sayest, if thou and I had got together by any wayward accident, we should have been able to deal, I doubt not, wholesale and retail in such paintings. And verily, I say again, if it had not been for this same coincidence of delusion, who can tell if thou and I had *not* been journeying cheerfully together through this vale to a better world. But thou neededst a husband to tell thee how the world looked when thine eyes were dim, and I needed a wife to pull off these same lying spectacles, and so the Lord in mercy kept us asunder, and gave us each, I trust, a help meet for us. But, my dear friend, there are no clouds in heaven, and nothing that defileth and maketh a lie. There every object is beautiful, and there we shall see as we are seen and know as we are known, and God shall wipe away all tears from every eye.

"N.B.—The doctor is hereby authorized to read all I

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write to you, and, if he should not disapprove of the proposal, why then, if you will write to me, you may tell the world you correspond with the author of that sermon."*

Mrs. Beecher to Esther.

"Jan. 13, 1811.

"I received your letter not long since containing some wrathful expressions, and do accept the chastisement of my sins. Would now write you a long letter, if it were not for several vexing circumstances, such as the weather extremely cold, storm violent, and no wood cut; Mr. Beecher gone; and Sabbath day, with company—a clergyman, a stranger; Catharine sick; George almost so; Rachel's finger cut off, and she crying and groaning with the pain. Mr. Beecher is gone to preach at New Hartford, and did not provide us wood enough to last, seeing the weather has grown so exceedingly cold. * * * As for reading, I average perhaps one page a week, besides what I do on Sundays. I expect to be obliged to be contented (if I can) with the stock of knowledge I already possess, except what I can glean from the conversation of others. * * * Mary has, I suppose, told you of the discovery that the fixed alkalies are metallic oxyds. I first saw the notice in the 'Christian Observer.' I have since seen it in an 'Edinburgh Review.' The former mentioned that the metals have been obtained by means of the galvanic battery; the latter mentions another, and, they say, better mode. I think this is all the knowledge I have obtained in the whole circle of arts and sciences of late; if you have been more fortunate, pray let me reap the benefit.

"Your brother talks of going to Boston next spring, and you must come and spend the time of his absence with me.

* On Dueling.

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I think if we can get both you and Mary Hubbard up here at that time, we may make it both pleasant and profitable."

Mary Hubbard to Esther.

"Sept. 11, 1811.

"I do not feel inclined to leave Litchfield for any other place just now. When I have staid long enough to grow warm in the place (as Foster says), and have made myself at home there, with a circle about me that I know and am known to, I feel like a bird driven from her nest and forced to make a new one. And at Nutplains all is desolation to me. You know what a dreariness the death of one we loved makes in the scenes where we enjoyed their society. It does not seem to me as it did when Catharine was gone away to return again; but now I miss her in my room, in the house, in my walks, and when I ride.

"John brought up the 'Vision of Roderick,' a poem by Walter Scott. Do tell me about Scott."

Mary Hubbard to Mrs. Beecher.

"New York.

"I have been for several days so low in spirits that I thought it best not to write you until the clouds should be passed away, but upon second thoughts I have altered my determination, and have concluded that the most effectual way to break the charm would be by writing to you. I am, in truth, so home-sick for Litchfield, that I would set off this very day to get back again. I do not know *why*, but I can not live with any body but *you*. The reason is, perhaps, that nobody knows my disposition as well as you, and another reason, perhaps, is, that no one will put up with so much from me as you do. But, whatever the cause is—and you are likely enough to guess it—the *fact* is, that I can not

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stay any where with much comfort but at your house. I would not have you think that I have any ostensible reason to complain, for John and Jane are very, very good, and have no suspicion but what I am as well contented as they are themselves. But I every day think of ten thousand agreeable circumstances of my residence with you—your society, conversation, example, affection, and *all* that has made my past life of any worth to me, and I feel that I want to go home again.

"The events of my life, which have been indeed disastrous, have given a *color* to my mind, and altered the tone of my feelings. A thousand little things affect me now, which to a sound mind and heart would pass by as the idle wind, while to me they are as thorns and vexations to my spirit.

"You will, I dare say, understand the case better than I can state it, and you see how it is with me. * * *

"I wish every day I could go down with you and see Mrs. Reeve and the judge, and regret that I did not see them oftener when I was where I could. I am resolved, when I come again, to see them every day. I charge you to improve your opportunities of visiting them faithfully, for you will not often meet with their like in this world. In the next we shall have no lack of such society—I mean in a better world.

"Probably, however, my lot in life is not cast in Litchfield, and I must not love it too well. From my own knowledge of myself, and from my observations on the dispensations of Providence toward me, I find it is best that I should not have what is considered a home in this world, nor any very great inducements to love it much. I should not be moderate in my attachments, and therefore I am prevented in every way from becoming too strongly attached. I am

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convinced of the goodness of God in this as well as in *all* His providences, and I fervently hope I shall become fully submissive. But there is a fountain of bitter waters in the heart. I feel it is true of mine more and more. * * *

"You have probably heard of the famous actor Cooke—a second Garrick, a more than Roscius. Well, John and Samuel took me to the theatre to see this wonder. He appeared in Richard III., and the house shouted applause; but I wished myself out of the house, and resolved never again to enter it. There was not a spark of nature in his acting, nor talent, nor genius. I was amazed, and am still, at the public taste; but I am railed at if I express my opinion. As I never was at the theatre before, I had an opportunity of deciding whether I approved of theatric amusements; and I am decidedly of opinion that it is not a fit place for a decent woman to be seen in, much less for women 'professing godliness.'"

The Same.

"New York.

"I should rejoice to return to you; for I might go the world over, and mingle in what society I would, and yet, with good reason, wish for some of which you can boast; such as we do not often find; such as I wish, for the sake of others, were more frequently met with; but who can show us such another man as Judge Reeve, or such a woman as his wife and many more I could mention among your list of friends? * * *

"I went last evening to hear the famous Dr. Mason. He is a sort of god here among a certain class, who run after and worship him, as another class did Cooke the great actor. The house was full, and as still as if each one held his breath for fear of losing a word from their idol's lips. He

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preached on the second commandment, on the sin of idolatry. He is beyond all question a man possessing a most powerful mind. His manner is dogmatical, stern, and even coarse at times; his sentences condensed to abruptness, but his meaning always plain; his thoughts are boldly expressed, and he *has* thoughts in abundance. He had no notes at all, but what he said was true, and he preached it authoritatively: 'If there is any man present who disbelieves these things, I have no argument with him.' He had occasion to mention the necessity of revelation to a correct knowledge of God: 'Some men do indeed say that we can "look through nature up to nature's God;" *it is a lie!*' and this he uttered in a tone that echoed over the church. Twenty times I was compelled to smother a laugh at the strangeness, the force, and the oddity of his expressions, which came bolt out upon you, and made the gazers stare again. I never saw any thing to compare with the manner he has of exposing the thing he reprobates to ridicule. He has the language of contempt and sneer in his outward man beyond any thing I ever saw before. If he does not persuade men by the sweetness and grace of benevolence to love religion, he ridicules them for being sinners, sneers at their depravity, and makes his congregation look like dogs that have been whipped. I am not, on the whole, surprised at his fame. It is the power of great over little minds. The mass will acquiesce, admire, worship almost, even though this superior spirit domineer and dictate ever so imperiously."

The Same.

"New York.

"* * * * I never think of you and your family without having the Reeves in my mind; you seem so intimately associated that I think of you as one family. I can hardly

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wait for the time to come when I shall be again with you; but I have a sort of foreboding that next summer will pass off as the last one did, *and I shall not go over Jordan to the land of promise.* * * * I presume you continue to take the 'Christian Observer.' It has become very popular in our circle. You must have read their review of 'Childe Harold.' I don't know what has ever more gratified me. In point of elegance and critical ability it excels any thing of the kind I have ever seen in the Edinburgh Reviews, and the solemnity of their address to him in the conclusion is unequaled.

" * * * I can not tell you what I am doing this winter. Having no specific employment which is the business of my life, no cares, I am constantly full of care and full of business. This is a sort of paradox, which you, however, fully understand. Indeed, I have so many things which no other persons but yourselves care enough about me to understand, that it is one great source of my anxiety to get back again, where I can find counselors and comforters suited to my needs. Love to all friends, to the children, and Zillah and Rachel."

Mary Hubbard to Mr. Beecher.

"New York.

"You ask, my dear brother, why we can not speak of the state of our minds in regard to their spiritual life. I know that my reasons are that *I do not know how to do it faithfully.* I am apprehensive, always, of giving too high a character, or else a false idea of the exercises of my mind. Another reason is, that I do not know how to distinguish, myself, between what is the *animal* and what the *holy* affections. When I feel unusually cheerful, may I not mistake the happy flow of animal spirits for acquiescence to the Di-

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vine will? If you will assist me to form a just estimate of the nature and state of my heart, I can better show myself to you. And in so doing I may detect many an unknown evil, and open my eyes to many a deception.

"I wish to know what your opinion of Dr. Clarke is, especially of his 'Notes' as they come out.

"Samuel has a bag of coffee for you, and John a cane, which they don't know how to send.

"I am glad to hear such accounts of the children, especially Catharine. She has so much intellect that it is your duty to pay the utmost attention to the temper, so that we may love what we are compelled to admire. I send my love to her, and hope to find a companion in her next summer if I go to Litchfield."

Mary Hubbard to E—— P——.

"Another letter from Litchfield, recalling again all the pleasing features of life there—Roxana and Lyman visiting, reading, riding together, one in all pursuits, and duties, and friendships. How peacefully their life passes! how happily! how usefully! I can scarcely restrain my impatience to return. I can not describe to you, dear E——, with what eagerness I look forward to regaining again my place in this circle, and my dependence for happiness on this matchless sister—a sister, my dear, who stepped between me and the grave, and gave me back life with all its charms. The freshness of spring—the tints of summer—the voices of birds, and winds, and waters—all these had died to me, and I had died to them a long and lingering death of agony, which I can not even now bear to remember. But I have been restored; I have experienced a renovation of being; and, under God, it is to her that I owe all."

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

CORRESPONDENCE, 1811–12.

Mr. Beecher to Rev. Asahel Hooker.

"Litchfield, Jan. 22, 1811.

"My dear Brother,—Your letter came duly to hand on Sabbath evening, and was very refreshing after the toils of the day. Its contents soon became common property between ourselves and the judge and his wife. We were glad to perceive that it was written in a manner indicative of encouragement rather than otherwise, and can not but *believe*, as well as hope, that it is the purpose of God to make you eminently useful in that great city, where there are so many thousands who can not discern between their right hand and their left. * * * I can not doubt that as you become acquainted with your work your heart will be in it, and this being the case, I can no more doubt about your success in extempore speaking.

"A cold heart, and pride, and sloth are the only formidable impediments to extempore speaking where there is common sense and common powers of elocution cultivated by a liberal education. I would by no means give up the pen and that application to study which, if it *can be*, never *will be* without writing. But I strongly believe that the man who can *write well* and speak well *without writing* is much more thoroughly furnished to every good work than the man who ventures to communicate only what is both premeditated and written.

"There will be frequently occurring in the course of our ministry certain '*mollia tempora fandi*' which study can not anticipate and which wisdom can not neglect. Then, my

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brother, let the heart dictate sentiment, and language, and manner (pardon me; I am no professor of eloquence, and am not writing a treatise on the subject), and if there should be ten grammatical blunders, there will be, to balance them, more life, and emphasis, and impression, and more good done than in many a discourse in which there is not a single blunder.

"I mean not that a man may not extemporize with grammatical correctness; but the fear of *mistake* often keeps us back, and locks up talent, and neglects opportunities of inestimable importance. If we felt less concern about our own reputation, and more of the love of Christ and of souls, we should oftener, I am persuaded, speak with fluency and power. O Lord, increase our faith, and deliver us from the fear of man which bringeth a snare, and give us a mouth and wisdom which the adversaries of God shall not be able to gainsay nor resist!

"I am glad to hear from you such an opinion of Mr. Spring as a preacher, and that he is likely to stand. * * * Do not fail to send me the tract you speak of, and tell me the plan of the sermon when it is done, and whether it detected any body settled upon their lees. Also tell me a little particularly about that 'terrible alarm' which has been excited in New York by New England divinity. How was it expressed? what its effect? and who was the most panic-struck?

"My family are all well, and they are well at Judge Reeve's, and the little miss at Mr. Homes's is well, and is contented, and behaves well. Mr. Homes is very attentive to her, and is well pleased with his charge. Our affairs in the Church progress slowly, but I trust correctly, and to a salutary issue. The Church as yet have taken every step I have desired with great unanimity. * * * Write speedily, and what you lack of new make up by being more minute upon old subjects; for it is very pleasing to us here to

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talk with you, whether you bring out of your treasure things new or old. You were remembered earnestly in our supplications at the throne of grace in our monthly meeting, and will ever be remembered by your friend and brother."

The Same.

"Litchfield, March, 1811.

"Long apologies I always think in a letter make bad worse. Want of matter and a very great press of avocations are the simple causes of my delaying to write to you in due season. Having now somewhat to say and a little leisure, I begin by informing you that we are progressing with our Church affairs without any difficulty as yet. We have received three confessions for intemperance. * * * There is to be an excommunication next Sabbath, in which the Church are unanimous, and one other case will, I expect, issue speedily in the same way. * * * The Church seem to be united and firm in the determination to restore purity and preserve order. When the stumbling-blocks are removed, we hope the God of peace will return and bless us with another day of His power. Some tokens of His presence appear already in several new cases of seriousness, but there is nothing general. * * *

"We are succeeding remarkably in the county in getting subscribers to the Connecticut Bible Society, especially in this town. Judge Reeve is the agent here, and manifests his usual zeal and activity, and meets with more than his usual success. * * * Churchmen and Democrats, Christians and men of the world, all fall into the ranks on this occasion. The thing is the most popular of any public charity ever attempted in Connecticut. It is the Lord's doings, and marvelous in our eyes. Mr. Porter is the agent for the county, and has got the thing in motion, I believe, in every

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town. I have received the tract, and like it, and thank you for it. Am pleased, also, to hear that it appears to do good, and of the promising appearances of your two last meetings. May the Lord give you strength, and wisdom, and success! I conclude by this time you have laid aside your bearskins and horns of new divinity, and appear to good people there in the shape and size of a man and a Christian minister. If you do, though, as respectable people have apprehended, deny *original sin*, and justification by the righteousness of Christ, and hold to Arminian tenets about free will, why surely, when you come back, the Northern Association, I think, must investigate the matter, and stop the propagation of heresy.

"Have you seen the sad Bible news discovered and published by Mr. Worcester, disclosing that Jesus Christ is the Son of God as to his divine nature, *not created, but derived;* not the one eternal God, but the Son, to whom, by Divine appointment, Divine honor is to be paid? and that the Holy Ghost is not a distinct person—is not God, but something else, I forget what? Alas! when friends and foes assail the Savior, He had need to be very God to uphold His betrayed, injured cause, and vindicate the uncreated and underived glory of His name."

The Same.

"Litchfield, Feb. 24, 1812.

* * * *

"I congratulate you on your pleasant establishment in a part of the vineyard where you are so much needed, and where, I doubt not, your influence will be so salutary. When the Litchfield County folks wish to carry any good plans in General Association, it is a consolation to know that we have a true man who can help to form other true men in the east-

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ern part of the state. I hope you may succeed in the organization of cent societies. If they were once spread over the state, their combined aid might do much.

* * * * .

"As to our region, we are rather looking up with hope than desponding. The revival in Cornwall is a great and good work of God, steadily progressing to this time. It began in the South Parish, and until lately was chiefly confined to it, but at length the Christians in the North Parish awoke and began to *pray*, and now the work is extending there also. About fifty, in the whole, have obtained hope, forty in the South and ten in the North Parish. The number of the awakened has never been so great at any time as it was last week, when Mr. Harvey was there at a monthly meeting. I was there at the monthly meeting preceding the last, and spent several days there.

"The ministers present went home, I trust, revived. We agreed at this meeting upon an interchange of routine preaching between the Northwestern and Litchfield South monthly meetings. Mr. Harvey and myself took the first tour, to see the brethren and get the thing under way. We visited the two Canaans, Salisbury, and Sharon, and should have visited Cornwall had the weather permitted. The people in the Canaans and in Salisbury came out to hear, both afternoon and evening, wonderfully. Brothers Prentiss and Crossman, and their wives and deacons, seemed to be much awake, and some other of their good people. At Sharon a storm prevented a full meeting; but Brother Perry thinks that some of his good people are beginning to *pray*. Messrs. Crossman and Prentiss are to take the southern tour, beginning at Litchfield, Tuesday, the tenth of March, next. In Goshen many good people are wide awake; four have obtained hope, and six persons are known to be awakened.

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I hear religious meetings are crowded, a spirit of prayer prevails, and every thing assumes the appearance of a revival. Of Litchfield I can not say so much, though we have, I hope, some tokens for good. Several cases of hopeful conversions have come lately to my knowledge, and some new cases of awakening. Our Church have agreed to renew covenant, and to keep the preceding preparatory lecture-day as a day of fasting and prayer. I am myself looking on the bright side, which is to me much the most pleasant, and, even if I am disappointed, I think, on the whole, the most profitable. My family is well. My own health is as good as usual. Mrs. Beecher unites with me in assurances of affectionate regard to yourself, Mrs. Hooker, and your family. In haste. I am yours in the best of bonds.

"Mr. Porter is not yet gone to Andover. It is doubtful whether he goes till spring, unless he should set out to-day in a sleigh. His health is improving."

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION.

Soon after my arrival at Litchfield I was called to attend the ordination at Plymouth of Mr. Heart, ever after that my very special friend. I loved him as he did me. He said to me one day, "Beecher, if you had made the least effort to govern us young men, you would have had a swarm of bees about you; but, as you have come and mixed among us, you can do with us what you will."

Well, at the ordination at Plymouth, the preparation for our creature comforts, in the sitting-room of Mr. Heart's house, besides food, was a broad sideboard covered with decanters and bottles, and sugar, and pitchers of water. There we found all the various kinds of liquors then in vogue. The drinking was apparently universal. This preparation was made by the society as a matter of course. When the Consociation arrived, they always took something to drink round; also before public services, and always on their return. As they could not all drink at once, they were obliged to stand and wait as people do when they go to mill.

There was a decanter of spirits also on the dinner-table, to help digestion, and gentlemen partook of it through the afternoon and evening as they felt the need, some more and some less; and the sideboard, with the spillings of water, and sugar, and liquor, looked and smelled like the bar of a very active grog-shop. None of the Consociation were drunk; but that there was not, at times, a considerable amount of exhilaration, I can not affirm.

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When they had all done drinking, and had taken pipes and tobacco, in less than fifteen minutes there was such a smoke you couldn't see. And the noise I can not describe; it was the maximum of hilarity. They told their stories, and were at the height of jocose talk. They were not old-fashioned Puritans. They had been run down. Great deal of spirituality on Sabbath, and not much when they got where there was something good to drink.*

I think I recollect some animadversions were made at that time by the people on the amount of liquor drank, for the tide was swelling in the drinking habits of society.

The next ordination was of Mr. Harvey, in Goshen, and there was the same preparation, and the same scenes acted over, and then afterward still louder murmurs from the society at the quantity and expense of liquor consumed.

These two meetings were near together, and in both my alarm, and shame, and indignation were intense. 'Twas that that woke me up for the war. And silently I took an oath before God that I would never attend another ordination of that kind. I was full. My heart kindles up at the thoughts of it now.

There had been already so much alarm on the subject, that at the General Association at Fairfield in 1811, a committee of three had been appointed to make inquiries and report measures to remedy the evil. A committee was also appointed by the General Association of Massachusetts for the same purpose that same month, and to confer with other bodies.

* The writer asked the late Professor Goodrich, of New Haven, if this would not seem rather overdrawn. "Overdrawn?" he answered; "no,—only—take clergymen by themselves, when they understand one another, and unbend freely, they are always jocose; and if people should suppose that this was the only side of their character, they might receive an exaggerated impression."

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I was a member of General Association which met in the year following at Sharon, June, 1812, when said committee reported. They said they had attended to the subject committed to their care; that intemperance had been for some time increasing in a most alarming manner; but that, after the most faithful and prayerful inquiry, they were obliged to confess they did not perceive that any thing could be done.

The blood started through my heart when I heard this, and I rose instanter, and moved that a committee of three be appointed immediately, to report at this meeting the ways and means of arresting the tide of intemperance.

The committee was named and appointed. I was chairman, and on the following day brought in a report, the most important paper that ever I wrote.

Abstract of Report.

"The General Association of Connecticut, taking into consideration the undue consumption of ardent spirits, the enormous sacrifice of property resulting, the alarming increase of intemperance, the deadly effect on health, intellect, the family, society, civil and religious institutions, and especially in nullifying the means of grace and destroying souls, recommend,

"1. Appropriate discourses on the subject by all ministers of Association.

"2. That District Associations abstain from the use of ardent spirits at ecclesiastical meetings.

"3. That members of Churches abstain from the unlawful vending, or purchase and use of ardent spirits where unlawfully sold; exercise vigilant discipline, and cease to consider the production of ardent spirits a part of hospitable entertainment in social visits.

"4. That parents cease from the ordinary use of ardent

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spirits in the family, and warn their children of the evils and dangers of intemperance.

"5. That farmers, mechanics, and manufacturers substitute palatable and nutritious drinks, and give additional compensation, if necessary, to those in their employ.

"6. To circulate documents on the subject, especially a sermon by Rev. E. Porter and a pamphlet by Dr. Rush.

"7. To form voluntary associations to aid the civil magistrate in the execution of the law.

"And that these practical measures may not be rendered ineffectual, the Association do most earnestly entreat their brethren in the ministry, the members of our churches, and the persons who lament and desire to check the progress of this evil, that they neither express nor indulge the melancholy apprehension that nothing can be done on this subject; a prediction eminently calculated to paralyze exertion, and become the disastrous cause of its own fulfillment. For what if the reformation of drunkards be hopeless, may we not stand between the living and the dead, and pray and labor with effect to stay the spreading plague? And what if some will perish after all that can be done, shall we make no effort to save any from destruction, because we may not be able to turn away every one from the path of ruin?

"But how are we assured that nothing can be done? Is it impossible for God to reform and save us? Has He made known His purpose to give us over to destruction? Has He been accustomed to withhold His blessing from humble efforts made to rescue men from the dominion of sin? Have not all past efforts for reformation commenced under circumstances of apparent discouragement, and all great achievements usually begun in little things? The kingdom of heaven was itself, in the beginning, as a grain of mustard-seed, and the apostles, had they consulted appearances only, had never made an effort to enlighten the world.

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"Immense evils, we are persuaded, afflict communities, not because they are incurable, but because they are tolerated; and great good remains often unaccomplished merely because it is not attempted.

"If the evil, however, were trivial, or the means of its prevention arduous and uncertain, despondency would be less criminal; but it is a wasting consumption, fastening upon the vitals of society; a benumbing palsy, extending to the extremities of the body; a deep and rapid torrent, bearing the wreck of nations in its course, and undermining rapidly the foundations of our own. It is a case, therefore, of life and death, and what we do must be done quickly, for while we deliberate our strength decays and our foundations totter.

"Let the attention of the public, then, be called up to this subject. Let ministers, and churches, and parents, and magistrates, and physicians, and all the friends of civil and religious order, unite their counsels and their efforts, and make a faithful experiment, and the word and the providence of God afford the most consoling prospect of success.

"Our case is indeed an evil one, but it is not hopeless. Unbelief and sloth may ruin us; but the God of heaven, if we distrust not His mercy, and tempt Him not by neglecting our duty, will help us, we doubt not, to retrieve our condition, and to transmit to our children the precious inheritance received from our fathers.

"The spirit of missions which is pervading the state, and the effusions of the Holy Spirit in revivals of religion, are blessed indications that God has not forgotten to be gracious.

"With these encouragements to exertion, shall we stand idle? Shall we bear the enormous tax of our vices—more than sufficient to support the Gospel, the civil government

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of the state, and every school and literary institution? Shall we witness around us the fall of individuals—the misery of families—the war upon health and intellect, upon our religious institutions and civil order, and upon the souls of men, without an effort to prevent the evil? Who is himself secure of life in the midst of such contagion? And what evidence have we that the plague will not break into our own families, and that our own children may not be among the victims who shall suffer the miseries of life and the pains of eternal death through our sloth and unbelief?

"Had a foreign army invaded our land to plunder our property and take away our liberty, should we tamely bow to the yoke and give up without a struggle? If a band of assassins were scattering poison, and filling the land with widows and orphans, would they be suffered, without molestation, to extend from year to year the work of death? If our streets swarmed with venomous reptiles and beasts of prey, would our children be bitten and torn to pieces before our eyes, and no efforts made to expel these deadly intruders? But intemperance is that invading enemy preparing chains for us; intemperance is that band of assassins scattering poison and death; intemperance is that assemblage of reptiles and beasts of prey, destroying in our streets the lambs of the flock before our eyes.

"To conclude, if we make a united exertion and fail of the good intended, nothing will be lost by the exertion; we can but die, and it will be glorious to perish in such an effort. But if, as we confidently expect, it shall please the God of our fathers to give us the victory, we may secure to millions the blessings of the life that now is, and the ceaseless blessings of the life to come."

This report was thoroughly discussed and adopted, and a

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thousand copies ordered to be printed; and that, too, was before people had learned to do much. It was done with zeal and earnestness, such as I had never seen in a deliberative body before.

Dr. Dwight did indeed say—our father and our friend—that while he approved of our zeal, and appreciated the exigency that called it forth, he was not without some apprehension that in their great and laudable earnestness his young friends might transcend the sanction of public sentiment; but, with a smile peculiarly his own, and heavenly, he added, "If my young friends think it best to proceed, God forbid that I should oppose or hinder them, or withhold my suffrage."

I was not headstrong then, but I was *heartstrong*—oh very, very! I had read and studied every thing on the subject I could lay hands on. We did not say a word then about wine, because we thought it was best, in this sudden onset, to attack that which was most prevalent and deadly, and that it was as much as would be safe to take hold of one such dragon by the horns without tackling another; but in ourselves we resolved to inhibit wine, and in our families we generally did.

All my expectations were more than verified. The next year we reported to the Association that the effect had been most salutary. Ardent spirits were banished from ecclesiastical meetings; ministers had preached on the subject; the churches generally had approved the design; the use of spirits in families and private circles had diminished; the attention of the community had been awakened; the tide of public opinion had turned; farmers and mechanics had begun to disuse spirits; the Legislature had taken action in favor of the enterprise; a society for Reformation of Morals had been established, and ecclesiastical bodies in other states

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had commenced efforts against the common enemy. "The experience of one year had furnished lucid evidence that nothing was impossible to faith."

From that time the movement went on, by correspondence, lectures, preaching, organization, and other means, not only in Connecticut, but marching through New England, and marching through the world. Glory to God! Oh, how it wakes my old heart up to think of it! though hearts never do grow old, do they?*

* The Massachusetts Temperance Society, the oldest meriting the name, was formed in 1813, as the result of these measures of the Connecticut and Massachusetts Associations. Dr. Rush's "Inquiry into the Effects of Ardent Spirits upon the Human Mind and Body," published in 1804, was the precursor of all subsequent discussions. In February, 1813, Rev. Heman Humphrey, of Fairfield, Connecticut, commenced publishing a series of articles on the subject. Rev. Justin Edwards, of Andover, Massachusetts, commenced preaching on Temperance in 1814. In 1819, Judge Herttell, of New York, published an able "Exposé of the Causes of Intemperate Drinking." The report before the General Association of Connecticut, therefore, stands among the earliest documents of the great Temperance Reformation.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AGITATION.

In the present chapter three letters are given illustrative of the correspondence on reformatory subjects extensively carried on by Mr. Beecher at this time with ministerial brethren and others in different parts of the state.

Mr. Beecher to the Rev. Asahel Hooker.

"Litchfield, July 28, 1812.

"Without preface, I beg leave to suggest to your consideration a subject which is beginning to be talked upon in these parts. It is that an attempt be made at the ensuing Commencement at New Haven to establish a reformation society for the state. The following considerations have been suggested in favor of such an attempt:

"1. The state of public morals, especially with respect to the violation of the Sabbath and the prevalence of intemperance, is such as to demand some special general effort.

"2. The providence of God. His judgments call upon us to engage in the work of reformation.

"3. A general society would seem to be in many ways adapted to do good; as,

"(1.) It will tend to awaken the attention of the community to our real state and danger.

"(2.) Be a rallying-point for all good men.

"(3.) A general repository of facts as to what needs to be done and the means of doing.

"(4.) It may be the parent and patron of local auxiliary

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societies, make it easier to establish them, and give them weight and respectability.

"(5.) May it not be a part of that great and new system of things by which God is preparing to bless the world and fill it with His glory? Who can tell how great a matter a little fire may kindle?

"But I need not enlarge. Your own meditation can bring before you all the probable effects, good or bad, and this is to request, if you approve of the design, that you will confer with such of your brethren as have not *too much prudence* ever to do any thing, and use your best exertions to prepare the way in your part of the state for such an effort. * * * I expect to be at Hartford soon on my way to Guilford, and shall return by New Haven. Shall confer with Governor Treadwell, Mr. Yates, Mr. Chapin, Dr. Dwight, and such others of the brethren as I may see. Who is the best man to propose the thing to Dr. Strong, of Hartford? I am not in his books, as we Litchfield *boys* patronize the 'Panoplist,' etc.

" * * * All these suggestions are submitted to your fatherly wisdom without the smallest apprehension that you will deem it necessary to suspect that we here in Litchfield County are about to set ourselves up above New London County. Oh, when shall the time come when every good man may exert himself for Jesus Christ with all his heart without exciting in the mind of father or brother jealousy or envy? Be pleased to write immediately what we may depend on from you, as you are one of us, and we can not act well without you. The subject is not publicly broached here yet—we are *feeling;* but you may depend on the ministers and churches in this county, I think, and, as far as individuals are consulted, the thing is approved. Judge Reeve gives the plan his cordial vote.

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"We are all well. The revival in South Canaan is happily progressing, and in Kent also, and North Cornwall, and and in South Britain; in the last place twenty-seven have recently obtained hope. Appearances are favorable in Sharon, Salisbury, Washington, New Milford, and more or less so in many places besides. We have more solemnity on the Sabbath in Litchfield, fuller church prayer-meetings, and five or six cases of special seriousness." * * *

The Same.

"Litchfield, Oct. 26, 1812.

"Your last was duly received, and was very acceptable, even what you are pleased to style the preaching; and I know not why we may not enjoy the benefit sometimes of being preached to, as well as to be employed unceasingly in preaching to other people; and as I seem determined to keep up a correspondence with you, you will please to preach to me should my communications become so frequent that you have nothing else to say.

"A meeting of conference was held at New Haven on Wednesday, and the result was encouraging. Our doings were as follows:

"'At a meeting of a number of gentlemen at New Haven from different parts of the state to confer as to the propriety of attempting a society for the Suppression of Vice and the Promotion of good Morals, the Rev. Dr. Dwight was requested to take the chair, and the Rev. Mr. Merwin to officiate as scribe.

"'On motion, voted unanimously, that the members of this meeting do approve of the above design both as practicable and highly important.

"'Voted, secondly, that a committee of twenty-six persons be appointed as a committee of inquiry and correspond-

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ence in reference to the formation of a general society for the Suppression of Vice and the Promotion of good Morals in this state; and if they shall deem the establishment of such a society practicable and expedient, that they prepare a Constitution and an Address to the Public, and appoint the time and place of meeting to organize the society, and make all other necessary arrangements.'*

"Now, my dear sir, though all this committee will hardly meet, enough, I trust, will to do the work, and I do feel as if, under God, the thing is in a safe and certain way of accomplishment. It is important that the clergy be apprised of the thing, and steadily exert their influence to prepare the way. Please to write by Mrs. Reeve, to whom I refer you for all particulars not contained in this short letter."

* "'Voted that the following gentlemen be members of the above committee:

"'*County of Fairfield.*—The Rev. Heman Humphrey, Roger M. Sherman, Asa Chapman.

"'*County of Litchfield.*—The Hon. Tapping Reeve, Samuel W. Southmayd, the Rev. L. Beecher.

"'*County of New Haven.*—The Rev. Timothy Dwight, D.D., the Rev. Henry Whitlock, Charles Dennison, Esq., Dyer White, Esq.

"'*Hartford County.*—The Hon. John Treadwell, the Rev. Calvin Chapin, the Hon. Theodore Dwight, Joseph Rogers.

"'*Tolland County.*—The Rev. Amos Basset, Sylvester Gilbert, John E. Hall.

"'*Windham County.*—Moses C. Welch, Hon. Zephaniah Swift, Jabez Clark, Esq.

"'*New London County.*—The Rev. Asahel Hooker, General Jedediah Huntington, Hon. Calvin Goddard.

"'*Middlesex County.*—The Rev. Dr. Perley, Deacon Jonathan Huntington, Thomas Hubbard.

"'The Hon. Tapping Reeve appointed chairman of the committee to give notice of the time and place of meeting.'"

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The Same.

"Litchfield, Nov. 24, 1812.

"I am persuaded the time has come when it becomes every friend of this state to wake up and exert his whole influence to save it from innovation and democracy healed of its deadly wound. That the effort to supplant Governor Smith will be made is certain, unless at an early stage the noise of rising opposition shall be so great as to deter them; and if it is made, a separation is made in the Federal party, and a coalition with democracy, which will, in my opinion, be permanent, unless their overthrow by the election should throw them into despair or inspire repentance.

"If we stand idle we lose our habits and institutions piecemeal, as fast as innovation and ambition shall dare to urge on the work. If we meet with strenuous opposition in this thing we can but perish, and we may—I trust if we look up to God we shall—save the state. I only desire that we may act in His fear, and not be moved in so trying a case by the wrath of man, which worketh not the righteousness of God.

"My request to you is that without delay you will write to Mr. Theodore Dwight, expressing to him your views on the subject in the manner your own discretion shall dictate, and that you will in your region touch every spring, *lay* or clerical, which you can touch prudently, that these men do not steal a march upon us, and that the rising opposition may meet them early, before they have gathered strength. Every stroke struck now will have double the effect it will after the parties are formed and the lines are drawn. I hope we shall not act imprudently, but I hope we shall all act who fear God or regard man. Why should this little state be sacrificed? Why should she, at such a day as this, standing alone amid surrounding ruins, be torn herself by

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internal discord? What a wanton effort of ambition! Lord, what is man? How unceasingly have these men conjured us to *hold fast* our usages, and now they are about to invite the aid of democracy to pull them down. If this thing succeeds, it is because God has given us up to madness that He may destroy us. Let us pray for His protection, and use the means, and I can not but hope that He will still be our wall of fire and our sure defense.

"Judge Reeve is engaged in the business of organizing the general society, and he told me that it met the approbation of the judges at the Supreme Court; that Judge Swift was pleased with his appointment on the committee, and would attend. He proposes to convene the committee at Middletown as most central, and at some time which will accommodate the greatest number. You must not fail to come.

"Our missionary tour is through. I trust good has been done. Why can not some such effort be made in your part of the state? Have you not missionary ground enough, and zeal enough, and encouragement enough on the part of God to make some such exertions for the revival of religion? Such itinerations preceded the great revivals in New Jersey. They have been blessed evidently in our churches. It seems to me that settled pastors, with a systematic itineration would be able to embrace all the benefits of stability with all the benefits of missionary zeal and enterprise."

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

ORGANIZING.

I REMEMBER that while at New Haven we had a meeting to consult about organizing a society for the promotion of reform. We met in Judge Baldwin's office; and a number of the leading lawyers were invited to meet us, some seven or eight perhaps. We took up the subject, and discussed it thoroughly, Dr. Dwight being the chairman of the meeting, and such men as David Daggett, Judge Baldwin, Roger Minot Sherman participating.

That was a new thing in that day for the clergy and laymen to meet on the same level and co-operate. It was the first time there had ever been such a consultation between them in Connecticut in our day. The ministers had always managed things themselves, for in those days the ministers were all politicians. They had always been used to it from the beginning.

On election day they had a festival. All the clergy used to go, walk in procession, smoke pipes, and drink. And, fact is, when they got together, they would talk over who should be governor, and who lieutenant governor, and who in the Upper House, and their counsels would prevail.

Now it was part of the old "steady habits" of the state, which ought never to have been touched, that the lieutenant governor should succeed to the governorship. And it was the breaking up this custom by the civilians, against the influence of the clergy, that first shook the stability of the standing order and the Federal party in the state. Tread-

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well was a stiff man, and the time had come when many men did not like that sort of thing. He had been active in the enforcement of the Sabbath laws, and had brought on himself the odium of the opposing party.

Hence some of the civilians of our own party, David Daggett and others, wire-worked to have him superseded, and Roger Griswold, the ablest man in Congress, put in his stead. That was rank rebellion against the ministerial candidate. But Daggett controlled the whole Fairfield County bar, and Griswold was a favorite of the lawyers, and the Democrats helped them because they saw how it would work; so there was no election by the people, and Treadwell was acting Governor till 1811, when Griswold was chosen. The lawyers, in talking about it, said, "We have served the clergy long enough; we must take another man, and let them take care of themselves."

I foresaw the result as it afterward came to pass. I wrote to Theodore Dwight, President Dwight's brother, a lawyer of Hartford, and told him what the effect would be; that there was a regular course, and the people were attached to it; and that if you throw over the men they revere, and whose turn it is, they will be disgusted; there will be a reaction, and by-and-by you yourselves will be set aside. It is laughable, the fulfillment a few years after just as I predicted. The Democrats came and took them house and lot, slung them out as from a sling. They turned out not only the deacon justices, but the lawyer justices too, and they never got in again; whereas the ministers and churches, by the voluntary system, recovered, and stood better than before.

It was the anticipation of the impending revolution and downfall of the standing order that impelled me to the efforts I made at that time to avert it, and to prepare for it in all possible ways. And one was this association of the

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leading minds of the laity with us in counsel, and discussing matters with them. They easily fell in with our views, saw the thing as we did, and threw in their influence heartily. I remember Roger Minot Sherman especially was highly pleased. "You have never before," he said, "done any thing so wisely and so well as this."

In fact, we ourselves were greatly elated to think what a point we had carried. It was while at New Haven that I preached my sermon on "A Reformation of Morals practicable and desirable." I had blocked it out before in East Hampton, at the time I was so moved by the treatment of the Indians. I had laid it aside, but I knew where it was; and, after that meeting of the Association at Sharon, I fell to work upon it, and rewrote it with care, and preached it at New Haven.

Extract from Sermon.

"Our vices are digging the grave of our liberties, and preparing to entomb our glory. We may sleep, but the work goes on. We may despise admonition, but our destruction slumbereth not. Traveling, and worldly labor, and amusement on the Sabbath will neither produce nor preserve such a state of society as the conscientious observance of the Sabbath has helped to produce and preserve. The enormous consumption of ardent spirit in our land will produce neither bodies nor minds like those which were the offspring of temperance and virtue. The neglect of family government and family prayer, and the religious education of children, will not produce such freemen as were formed by early habits of subordination and the constant influence of the fear of God. * * * Our institutions, civil and religious, have outlived that domestic discipline and official vigilance in magistrates which rendered obedience easy and

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habitual. The laws are now beginning to operate extensively upon necks unaccustomed to the yoke, and when they shall become irksome to the majority, their execution will become impracticable. To this situation we are already reduced in some districts of the land. Drunkards reel through the streets day after day, and year after year, with entire impunity. Profane swearing is heard, and even by magistrates, as though they heard it not. Efforts to stop traveling on the Sabbath have in all places become feeble, and in many places have wholly ceased. * * * In the mean time, many who lament these evils are augmenting them by predicting that all is lost, encouraging the enemy and weakening the hands of the wise and good. But truly we do stand on the confines of destruction. The mass is changing. We are becoming another people. Our habits have held us long after those moral causes that formed them have ceased to operate. These habits, at length, are giving way. So many hands have so long been employed to pull away foundations, and so few to repair breaches, that the building totters. So much enterprise has been displayed in removing obstructions from the current of human depravity, and so little to restore them, that the stream at length is beginning to run. It may be stopped now, but it will soon become deep, and broad, and rapid, and irresistible. * * *

"If we do neglect our duty, and suffer our laws and institutions to go down, we give them up forever. It is easy to relax, easy to retreat, but impossible, when the abomination of desolation has once passed over, to rear again the prostrate altars, and gather again the fragments, and build up the ruins of demolished institutions. * * * We shall become slaves, and slaves to the worst of masters. The profane and the profligate, men of corrupt minds and to every good work reprobate, will be exalted, to pollute us by

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their example, to distract us by their folly, and impoverish us by fraud and rapine. Let loose from wholesome restraint, and taught sin by the example of the great, a scene most horrid to be conceived, but more dreadful to be experienced, will ensue. No people are more fitted for destruction, if they go to destruction, than we ourselves. All the daring enterprise of our countrymen, emancipated from moral restraint, will become the desperate daring of unrestrained sin. Should we break the bands of Christ, and cast his cords from us, and begin the work of self-destruction, it will be urged on with a malignant enterprise which has no parallel in the annals of time, and be attended with miseries such as the sun has never looked upon. The hand that overturns our laws and altars is the hand of death unbarring the gates of Pandemonium, and letting loose upon our land the crimes and miseries of hell. Even if the Most High should stand aloof and cast not a single ingredient into our cup of trembling, it would seem to be full of superlative woe. But he will not stand aloof. As we shall have begun an open controversy with Him, he will contend openly with us; and never, since the earth stood, has it been so fearful a thing for nations to fall into the hands of the living God. The day of vengeance is in his heart; the day of judgment has come; the great earthquake that is to sink Babylon is shaking the nations, and the waves of the mighty commotion are dashing on every shore.

"Is this, then, a time to remove foundations, when the earth itself is shaken? Is this a time to forfeit the protection of God, when the hearts of men are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth? Is this a time to run upon his neck and the thick bosses of his buckler, when the nations are drinking blood, and fainting, and passing away in his wrath? Is this

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a time to throw away the shield of faith, when his arrows are drunk with the blood of the slain; to cut from the anchor of hope, when the clouds are collecting, and the sea and the waves are roaring, and thunders are uttering their voices, and lightnings blazing in the heavens, and great hail is falling upon men, and every mountain, sea, and island is fleeing in dismay from the face of an incensed God?"*

* "He was not long in finding out that the Connecticut of those times needed a reformation of morals that should restore its primitive glory; and a sermon of his on that subject, preached in New Haven when the Legislature of the state was holding its autumnal session—the most eloquent, perhaps, of all his printed works—might be referred to as a conspicuous forerunner of the great Temperance reformation."—Dr. BACON.

NOTE.—The following chapter is derived chiefly from Dr. Beecher's MSS.

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CHAPTER XL.

THE LAST WAR.

Our dangers in the war of 1812 were very great—so great that human skill and power were felt to be in vain. If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul. The first danger was lawless violence. People had long been divided on questions of national policy. When war was declared, a state of feeling existed most alarming. Combustibles were prepared, and the train laid, and a spark only seemed needed to wrap the land in a blaze. That spark fell on the train at Baltimore, but the hand of God stopped the fire. We had always been so accustomed to restraint that we had imagined human nature in our nation incapable of the violence manifested in other nations. But who made us to differ? What had we that we had not received? Had popular feeling once burst through restraint, no tongue can utter the woes we should have suffered.

Another danger was the loss of the liberty of speech and of the press. In the Revolutionary war the people were so nearly unanimous that the minority had not much protection from law. This was while the nation, scarcely organized, was struggling for existence.

But now a powerful minority in Congress were opposed to the war, and nearly half the people of the nation. Yet a disposition was manifested to cut short all opposition by summary process. In many cases the thing *was done;* in every part of the land it was threatened; and if it had been

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accomplished we should have been slaves. The danger at one moment was pre-eminent. A little more excitement—a little less resistance—and passion had usurped the place of law, and stopped investigation; but in the critical moment God interposed and repelled the danger.

Another peril was that of a military despotism. A standing army is dangerous to liberty. The militia was our only safeguard against military despotism; it was the people, spread over the land, armed and organized for defense. The militia can not usurp, nor be surprised and subdued, and in no way could the liberties of the nation be betrayed but by the general government taking the militia from the control of the states as material of a standing army. This was attempted; but the danger was foreseen and averted. Governor Griswold, of immortal memory, was raised up at that critical moment to prevent the evil. Other states followed the example, and the point was settled that the militia was a state force for state defense, to be called on for national defense only in great national emergencies.

The war also threatened to prostrate our civil and religious institutions by increasing taxation and loss of income. While our commerce was unshackled, and the whole world at war paid the highest prices for our produce, we could have borne taxation; but our expenses commenced at the moment when our income from commerce had ceased, and no resource remained but to increase taxation as revenue declined. This, with loss of public credit, became an intolerable burden, and all institutions, civil, literary, and ecclesiastical, felt the pressure, and seemed as if they must be crushed. Our schools, colleges, churches, and governments even, in the universal impoverishment, were failing, and the very foundations were shaking, when God interposed and took off the pressure.

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At the same time we were in jeopardy of national dismemberment. Party feeling inflamed by war, and made violent by calamity, had prepared the masses for desperate measures. A state of feeling was awake, and a course of things was rolling on, which threatened to burst the ties that made us a nation. The thought of such an event was dreadful. Thousands who, in a moment of feverish vexation, had hailed its approach, when they saw it coming in earnest turned pale and trembled at their temerity. I hoped and expected God's mercy would prevail; but now I could not anticipate. Thick clouds begirt the horizon; the storm roared louder and louder; it was dark as midnight; every pilot trembled, and from most all hope that we should be saved was taken away. And when from impenetrable darkness the sun burst suddenly upon us, and peace came, we said, "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. The snare is broken, and we are escaped."

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CHAPTER XLI.

BUILDING WASTE PLACES.

It is impossible to make you or any one else understand the amount of labor we went through in those days in trying to preserve our institutions and reform the public morals.

Oh what scenes of historical interest lie unknown there! All the men that were with me then are gone, nearly, except Taylor and Goodrich. I look back with astonishment at the amount I did without feeling fatigue. And you can't think too much of that time when we began to bring back the keeping of the Sabbath. We tried to do it by resuscitating and enforcing the law. That was our mistake, but we did not know it then. I remember I thought it over, and talked it over, and wrote and preached it over; and wherever I went, I pushed that thing, "Brace up the laws —execute the laws."

H. B. S. "Well, father, why, is not that just what we are doing now about the Maine Law?"

Because now, for twenty or thirty years, the public mind has been educated to see that it is impossible to regulate the traffic, and that it must be suppressed. However, we made powerful and successful efforts. For a year or two we girded up, and addressed the officers, and carried it through the state. We really broke up riding and working on the Sabbath, and got the victory. The thing was done; and if it had not been for the political revolution that followed, it would have stood to this day. We took hold of it in the Association at Fairfield, June, 1814, and I brought

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in a report, which was adopted, recommending, among other things, a petition to Congress. That was the origin of the famous petitions against Sunday mails.

About this time I wrote my sermon on the "Building of Waste Places." The churches did not understand all I meant by that sermon. I foresaw what was coming. I saw the enemy digging at the foundation of the standing order. I went to work, with deliberate calculation, to defend it, and prepare the churches, if it fell, to take care of themselves.

Extracts from Sermon.

"The fathers of Connecticut came here on purpose to establish and perpetuate that religious order which is still the prevailing order in the state. * * Believing godliness to be profitable to the life that now is, and ignorance and irreligion to be crimes against the state, they required by law every society to support the Gospel, and every family to contribute its proportion, and to attend statedly upon its ministrations. * * Thus organized, for more than a century Zion was a city compactly builded; and friends and foes might, with different emotions, 'go round about her, and tell her towers, and mark her bulwarks, and consider her palaces.' * * *

"For more than one hundred years the pastors and churches of Connecticut were strictly evangelical; but at length different views concerning doctrine began to prevail. This was occasioned by an alarming suspension, for many years, of the special influence of the Spirit, and by the expedients of human wisdom to replenish the churches without the agency of God. One effect of this decline was the introduction into the ministry of men who probably had never experienced the power of divine grace on their hearts, and who, of course, would be prepared by native feeling to

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oppose the doctrines of the Gospel. From such nothing better could be expected than a cold, formal, unfaithful, unproductive ministry, and a gradual approximation to another Gospel. Those precious truths which are the power of God unto salvation were first omitted, and at length openly opposed. The consequence was that 'the love of many waxed cold, and the ways of Zion mourned because few came to her solemn feasts.'

"Alarmed at the declining numbers of the Church, and the corresponding increase of the unbaptized, our fathers, with pious intent, doubtless, but with a most unwarrantable distrust of God and dependence on human wisdom, introduced what has since been denominated *the half-way covenant.*

"According to the provisions of this anomaly in religion, persons of a regular deportment, though destitute of piety, might be considered as Church members, and offer their children in baptism, without coming to the sacramental supper, for which piety was still deemed indispensable. The effect was, that *owning the covenant*, as it was called, became a common, thoughtless ceremony, and baptism was extended to all who had sufficient regard to fashion or to self-righteous doings to ask it for themselves or their children. As to the promises of educating their children in the fear of the Lord, and submitting to the discipline of the Church on the one hand, or of watchful care on the other, they were alike disregarded both by those who exacted and by those who made them.

"Others, alarmed by the same declension of numbers in the visible Church, and leaning equally to their own understandings to provide a remedy, discovered, as they imagined, that grace is not necessary to the participation of either ordinance; that there is but one covenant, the condition of

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which might be *moral sincerity;* and that the sacrament of the supper, like the preaching of the Gospel, might be numbered among the means of grace for the conversion of the soul. With these views, the doors of the Church were thrown open, and all the congregation who *could* be were persuaded to come in.

"These innovations in Church order, though resisted by many, and not introduced without considerable agitation, became at length almost universal throughout New England. The consequences were * * annihilation of Church discipline and the prevalence of Arminian feelings and opinions, mingled with the disjointed remains of evangelical doctrine. * * Good works and the dilatory use of means occupied the foreground, while the Holy Spirit waited at humble distance to accomplish the little which remained to be done as the reward or promised consequence of antecedent well-doing.

"So alarming had this declension of vital piety become in the days of Cotton Mather as to occasion the memorable prediction that in forty years, should it progress as it had done, convulsions would ensue, in which churches would be gathered out of churches—a prediction afterward signally verified; for in the year 1740 it pleased the God of our fathers to visit the churches of New England by the special influence of the Holy Spirit. But this joyful event, which commenced the restoration of evangelical doctrine and discipline, and planted the seeds of those revivals which still prevail, was, through the weakness of some, and the wickedness of many, made the occasion of evils which are felt to this day. I allude to the opposition which was made to this work by the unconverted, the formal, and the timid; the prejudices it excited against a learned ministry and the Congregational order; the intemperate zeal it enkindled; the

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separations it occasioned, which rent many churches, and laid the foundation for that diversity of religious opinion and worship which has so unhappily enfeebled some churches and brought others to desolation.

"Until these separations, which a proper zeal and prudence on the part of the pastors might easily have prevented, the ancient external order of the churches remained with but little variation or prejudice against it. The inhabitants of the same town or parish were of one denomination, and worshiped together in the sanctuary which their fathers had built. But now, driven from their ordinary course by a repulsion so violent, the separatist became, for a season, the subject of an enthusiasm which defied restraint and despised order. In these new societies awoke that spirit of proselytism which has outlived them, and those deep-rooted prejudices against a learned ministry, and those revilings of a hireling priesthood and the standing order, and those complaints of persecution which have not wholly ceased to this day.

"A later cause of decline and desolation has been the insidious influence of infidel philosophy. The mystery of iniquity had in Europe been operating for a long time. The unclean spirits had commenced their mission to the kings of the earth to gather them together to the battle of the great day of God Almighty. But when that mighty convulsion* took place, that a second time burst open the bottomless pit, and spread darkness and dismay over Europe, every gale brought to our shores contagion and death. Thousands at once breathed the tainted air and felt the fever kindle in the brain. A paroxysm of moral madness and terrific innovation ensued. In the frenzy of perverted vision, every foe appeared a friend, and every friend a foe. No maxims

* The French Revolution.

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were deemed too wise to be abandoned, none too horrid to be adopted; no foundations too deep laid to be torn up, and no superstructure too venerable to be torn down, that another, such as in Europe they were building with bones and blood, might be built.

"As the institutions of Connecticut, however, were built upon a rock, and were defended by thousands not yet bereft of common sense and moral principle, a few experiments evinced that such foundations could be shaken only by the slow progress of undermining.

"It remained, therefore, to extend the mania till it should subtract from their defense, and add to the host of assailants a number sufficient to accomplish the work. With great feigned reverence, therefore, were the Bible and catechetical instruction exiled from the school. The polluted page of infidelity every where met the eye, while its sneers and blasphemies assailed the ear. * * * The result was a brood of infidels, heretics, and profligates—a generation prepared to be carried about as they have been by every wind of doctrine, and to assail, as they have done, our most sacred institutions.

"But the time arrived, at length, when all the preceding causes were enlisted as auxiliaries merely, and invested with double potency by political violence and alienation. The origin and progress of these collisions of party need not be traced; but the effects have been such on this once peaceful state that the combatants on both sides have occasion to sit down and weep together over the desolations which the conflict has occasioned; for it has been keen and dreadful, and, like the varying conflict of battle, has marred and trodden down whatever has stood within the range of its commotion. On every field over which it has swept abiding traces are left of its desolating career: families divided, neighbors and

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friends embittered, ministers and people alienated, churches divided, and the numbers of seceding denominations multiplied, with all those bitter feelings which contentions and wounds are calculated to inspire. At the present moment there is scarcely an ecclesiastical denomination in the state which has not experienced a diminution of its numbers, or a seceding denomination which has not been established or augmented by these political contentions. * * *

"The operation of all these causes has been greatly facilitated by the change made in the law for the support of the Gospel, in order to accommodate it to the changes of religious opinion which had gradually taken place in the state.

"It was the fundamental maxim of the fathers of this state that the preaching of the Gospel is, in a civil point of view, a great blessing to the community, for the support of which all should contribute according to their several ability. This law, while the inhabitants of the state were all of one creed, was entirely efficacious, and secured to the people of the state at least four times the amount of religious instruction which has ever been known to be the result of mere voluntary associations for the support of the Gospel.

"But at length the multiplication of other denominations demanded such a modification of the law as should permit every man to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience, and compel him to pay only for the support of the Gospel in his own denomination. The practical effect has been to liberate all conscientious dissenters from supporting a worship which they did not approve—which the law intended, and to liberate a much greater number, without conscience, from paying for the support of the Gospel any where—which the law did not intend.

"While it accommodates the conscientious feelings of ten, it accommodates the angry, revengeful, avaricious, and irre-

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ligious feelings of fifty, and threatens, by a silent, constant operation, to undermine the deep-laid foundations of our civil and religious order.

" * * * Let the wastes multiply till one third of the freemen shall care for no religion, one third attach themselves to various seceding denominations, and a remnant only walk in the old way, and the unity of our counsels and the vigor of our government would be gone. The business of legislation would become a scene of intrigue and competition, of religious and political ambition, of temporizing compromise and bargain and sale. Each party would soon have its ambitious leaders, who would kindle the fire to warm themselves by, and cry persecution to seat themselves in high places. Each party would be kept organized by demagogues for political use, and the fire of the state would go up to heaven as the smoke of a great furnace, and all our blessings would perish in the flames."*

* "He saw that some of the constituted parishes of Connecticut were lying waste, and his sermon on 'The Building of Waste Places' resulted in the institution of a Domestic Missionary Society for the identical work of home evangelization in Connecticut, which has lately been resumed under hopeful auspices, and is beginning to attract attention elsewhere."—Dr. Bacon.

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CHAPTER XLII.

AFFLICTIONS.

THE year 1813 was to be made memorable by the death of a very dear member of the family circle whose history has been already outlined in these pages as intimately connected with his own—the fascinating Mary Hubbard.

As if in anticipation, his mind was early in the year tuned to a lofty key by the loss of a beloved brother in the ministry, and the following deep-toned chords are struck in a letter elicited by that event:*

"Litchfield, May 6, 1813.

* * * "How mysterious are the ways of God! and yet we can not doubt their perfect wisdom and perfect goodness. Clouds and darkness, however, are about His path, and His footsteps are in the great deep. What He does we know not now, but we shall know hereafter. If this world were the whole of His empire, He would doubtless govern it very differently; but it is only a *speck* in His immeasurable dominions; though what He does here does chiefly illustrate His glory, and fill His boundless realms with light, and joy, and praise. But how each event here takes hold on eternity; how it falls in exactly in the right time and place to fill up a perfect system of administration, our weak vision can not perceive; but, blessed be God, that *not seeing* we are enabled to *believe*—to believe that He will glorify Himself; that He will shine forth in His works in all His beauty, to be adored and admired by all them that love Him; that

* Addressed to Mrs. Asahel Hooker, Norwich, Ct.

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He will never do any thing which will injure His precious cause on earth, or injure, on the whole, His dear children. A woman may forget her sucking child, but God can not forget Zion. Earthly friendships may fail, and every endeared connection below be dissolved, but the friendship of God to His people will never fail, and the blessed relationship of adoption shall never be dissolved. He who changeth not has said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. He who sways the sceptre of the universe has said all things shall work together for good to them that love God—to them who are called according to His purpose. Still, you see not perhaps how the dear man's death can be for your good so much as his life, his example, his conversation, his preaching, and his prayers. And his mourning Church and people can not see how it can ever work for their good that such a pastor, so beloved and so needed, should be taken from them. But Brother Hooker ere this sees through all these dark things probably; and wait but a little, and he, and you, and his pious people will sing together the high praises of God for His wisdom and goodness in these adverse scenes."

At the same time, he was not aware that the shadow of a deeper affliction was already darkening upon his household. In the midst of a circle of exuberant health and robust vitality, the delicate Mary Hubbard was rapidly withering and fading away, and yet they knew it not. Some sentences of her letters suffice to call up vividly a picture, alas! too easily recognized in many a New England home.

"May 20, 1813.

"Sister Roxana and her little group of countless numbers are well, and I have as good nursing as I had at home. There is a staple in the kitchen wall for my hammock in

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wet and cold weather, and the wood-house furnishes for warm and dry a most admirable swinging-place.

"Mr. Gould has engaged to be my beau, when Mr. B—— is engaged, to ride with me, and the prospect is promising that I shall be jolted about in wagons, gigs, and on horseback as much as I shall require. * * *

"David R—— has got the idea that Judge Reeve is failing. But Judge Gould says that Judge Reeve always has been the most able man in argument of the whole mass of the lawyers of this state, and is the most luminous, concise, and clear in his reasoning of all the men that he ever saw or heard."

"June 3.

"I am recovering rapidly. When I left New York my pulse was 114, now only 90. My night-sweats are greatly abated, my cough also. I ride six or eight miles daily, besides walking perpetually. Indeed, I live in the open air."

At this time, apparently without being fully aware of the nature of the disease, a visit to the Springs is resolved on. Her sister writes, June 21:

"Mr. Beecher and Mary set out yesterday for Ballston Springs. We have strong hopes that the use of those waters will restore her health. Since here, her symptoms have entirely changed. The hectic fever seems to have left her, and those nervous spasms to be making their appearance again."

A month later we get another glimpse in a letter written at Saratoga:

"It will not do to idle time away in this manner. I neither ride nor drink the waters; it rains every day—*every day*. How can I get well? and yet, in spite of all, I walk about house, and steal into the front door-yard every time the sun peeps out of his dismal Cimmerian shades."

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The sequel is disclosed in the following extracts of letters and autobiographic narrative.

When I took her to Saratoga, others saw in her signs of consumption I did not perceive. Dr. Dwight and his family noticed it, but I did not. We went in a wagon, and I placed her in charge of a lady there, and returned. But it seemed to me only a few days had passed when, coming into the house, I found her sitting with wife. That was soon after Henry was born. She had written to her brother John at New York that she was growing worse, and wanted to come home, and he had brought her back.

Mrs. Beecher to Harriet Foote.

"August 4, 1813.

"Mary continues much as when you left us. Mother is in very comfortable health. I am stronger, and hope by degrees to recover my usual health. I hope to have a girl next week to assist in nursing. Mary takes care of the children.

"Write by next mail, and let me know how you got along with the children, how little Harriet bore the journey, and how Catharine is and does."

Mr. Beecher to George Foote.

"August 30, 1813.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Mary has been extremely low for four days, and is now apparently very near her end. She may, as she has already, outlive our expectations, but I do not expect she will live thirty-six hours. Her mind continues tranquil, and we feel at rest concerning her.

"How does the world shrink to a point when we stand on the borders of eternity! May we all be prepared before the demand is made, 'Give an account of thy stewardship.'

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Her last moments are thus described by Dr. Beecher:

She died in my arms. A few hours before her death I sat behind her on the bed, holding her up, and she asked me to sing,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

After singing it I took her up, and held her in my arms sitting in the rocking-chair. "Oh!" said she, "how distressed I am!" I comforted her by telling her it would be over in a few minutes. And it was.

Mr. Beecher to George Foote.

"September 1, 1813, half after 6 A.M.

"The scene is closed! Dear sister, Mary has just ceased to breathe, and is now, as I believe, before the throne of God, and among the blessed. She had a turn yesterday afternoon of great distress, and was restless, and occasionally in considerable distress till about three hours before her departure; from this time she breathed more freely, and at length fell asleep.

"Mother is as composed as could be expected; and though we are all afflicted deeply at our own loss, we are relieved by her release from suffering, and at the joy she has entered, and especially that the will of the Lord is done.

"Our friends are, one after another, through infinite mercy of God, gathered, as we trust, to the general assembly of the first-born, and to the spirits of just men. If we are prepared, we shall soon be with them, our sorrows past, our tears wiped away. May the Lord help us to improve aright this affliction!"

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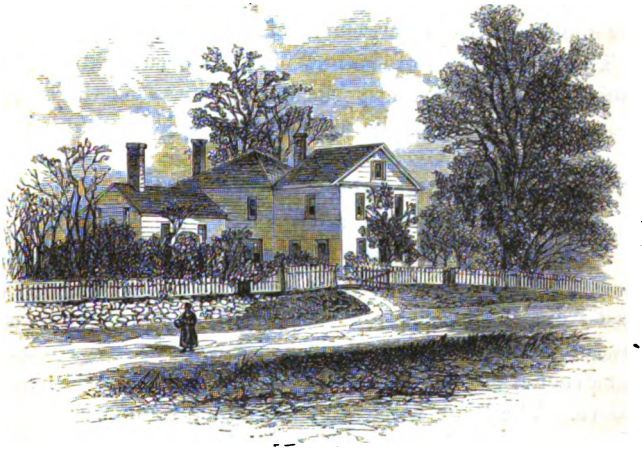
CHAPTER XLIII.

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.



HOUSE AT LITCHFIELD.

THE Litchfield residence consisted at first of a square house with a hipped roof and an L, constituting the back part of the structure shown in the vignette. After three or four years an enlargement was thought desirable, and that portion of the edifice seen in the picture with a gable roof was added.

There was no boarding-house connected with Miss Pierce's school, and as it brought many young ladies into the place, they were obliged to be distributed in the families of the town. It was ever a great object with Miss Pierce to se-

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cure places for her pupils in the best families, who should have a good influence in forming their characters. Mrs. Beecher was already celebrated for her success in this respect; her scholars at East Hampton were perfectly under her influence through life. Some of them had even followed her to Litchfield. Miss Pierce was therefore very desirous she should take some of the young ladies into her family, and this, with the hope of increasing somewhat the yearly income, led to the enlargement of the premises.

The ground floor of the new part was occupied by a large parlor, in which memory recalls ministers' meetings, with clouds of tobacco-smoke, and musical soirees, with piano, flute, and song. Over this were rooms for boarders, and in the attic was the study, the window of which, shown in the drawing, looked out upon a large apple-tree.

In the old part was the dining-room, whose large window is visible in the picture, with bedroom adjoining, and two east front rooms, separated by the old hall with stair-case. In the dining-room was built a famous Russian stove, so constructed as to warm six rooms—three below and three above. The large window of the dining-room was partially covered by a honeysuckle trained upon the side of the house. In the long, low L was the kitchen and well-room, and on the end of this a long, low shed, containing the wood-house and carriage-house. In front of these, and separated from the street by a stone wall, was the vegetable garden in summer, and the wood-pile in winter; for at wood-spell, as it was called, when all the teams in the parish came hauling vast loads of wood, nearly the whole space was covered with immense logs, piled up in rows eight or ten feet high.

Behind the house, which stood due north and south, was an orchard; and on the east a narrow yard, filled with tam-

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aracks, elms, maples, and other trees, separated it from the main street. The house, as shown in the picture, faces south, upon a side street leading west to Prospect Hill. The old part of the house fronted, with its old-fashioned, two-leaved double door, on the east, looking over toward Bantam River and Chestnut Hill. For farther details we have recourse to letters of the period.

Mrs. Beecher to Harriet Foote.

"April 17, 1814.

* * * "I have not sent for little Harriet on account of the joiner's work we are going to have about soon; but if any circumstance unknown to me makes it expedient she should come home, you must send her with Mr. Beecher. I should have sent her a flannel slip if I could have found an opportunity, but it is now too late in the spring. You must get shoes for her, and Mr. Beecher must pay for them; and if he should forget it, I will remember. * * * Write me an account of all matters and things respecting both yourselves and little Harriet, whom you must tell to be a good girl, and not forget her mamma, and brothers, and sisters. I hope to come for her some time in the summer or autumn."

The Same.

"July 12, 1814.

"Dear Sister,—I arrived Saturday at sunset, and found all well, and boy (Henry Ward) in merry trim, glad at heart to be safe on terra firma after all his jolts and tossings. I left my goggles in the paper box for combs, on the toilet-table where I slept the first night, and was removed into the back chamber where Mrs. Deveaux slept, the night we turned every thing topsy-turvy to make room for the influx of company. * * * Pray save me some pink-seed of

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your double pink, and lay me down some honeysuckle of all sorts that you have, and save me a striped rose. I have never seen one. Good-night."

Mrs. Beecher to Samuel Foote.

"November 6, 1814.

"I hear with great pain of your and John's misfortunes, but I hope you will not fail to derive from them the benefit which doubtless they are intended to give.

"Our heavenly Father doubtless intends to give us an opportunity to gain true and abiding riches; and when He frustrates our designs, and blasts our expectations, there is a voice in these things which tells us that we are too strongly bound to this world, or are in danger of becoming so, and it is necessary to cut the cords that hold us too strongly to the perishable treasure, that we may with more diligence seek after that which shall endure unto eternal life. * * *

"With respect to ourselves, we are not so much out of doors as when you were here; but we remain in an unfinished state, being yet in want of some doors and some windows. I have got one or two rooms papered and painted, and one or two still remain to be done.

"We have tried our Russian stove so far as to know that two fires warm six rooms so that they are comfortably warm, and we can heat them to any degree we choose.

"We feel the war somewhat more now than we should one between the Turks and Crim Tartars, inasmuch as we are forced to pay a higher price for every article in housekeeping. For the most part, every article is double or treble the former price, and some things even more than that.

* * * *

"Has —— really failed? If so, I wish to speak to you now about the annuity left us by Uncle Justin. Judge Reeve

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says that the value of an annuity of $200, being of the nature of a deposit in his hands, and not his own property, is first to be paid before any other demands are allowed. * * * Now I hope and trust you will not believe that I would for the world take a cent from —— to distress him, nor from his creditors to wrong them; but if it honestly belongs to me, I see no reason why I should not have it secured; and, after ——'s affairs are settled, it shall be at his disposal if it will assist his getting into business again.

"I wish you would take old Gray, and just pack yourself and mother, or Harriet, into the chaise, and come up here, and see how pleasant Litchfield is in winter. You might fancy yourself at sea now and then, when we have a brisk breeze, with the help of a little imagination. You might find sundry other things to amuse you. I have a new philosophical work you may study, and some new poems you may read. Write me quickly before the new taxes come into operation, for we don't intend to do any thing to support this war, not even to write letters."

Mrs. Beecher to Harriet Foote.

"November, 1814.

"I have been expecting to visit you in a sleigh with Edward and Mary, but have not learned whether there is snow enough. I write sitting upon my feet, with my paper on the seat of a chair, while Henry is hanging round my neck, and climbing on my back, and Harriet is begging me to please to make her a baby. I write lest you should not keep Mr. Beecher in the house long enough to learn any thing about us from him, as I heard him this morning saying he should probably be able to catch some fish now at the river. All the children send love."

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From this enlargement of the house arose pecuniary embarrassments, to which, in his reminiscences of the period, Dr. Beecher referred as follows:

Your mother built the addition, with my consent. She had a small income, about $200 a year, from property invested in a business firm in New York. When that house failed she lost all, and at the same time the cost of the building was found to be far greater than we had estimated, and the war had made every thing dear.

We took boarders to eke out the salary, but it became manifest, before long, that we could not go on. One day I spoke out, and said that, for aught I could see, we were going to be bankrupt. She was silent; not agitated, but perfectly quiet and gentle. I scarcely ever saw her agitated, so perfect was her faith and resignation.

When my people found out how the matter stood, they came up nobly, and raised $3000, and gave me two years' salary. I had been four years on the stretch in revival preaching. Twice there had been a revival in Miss Pierce's school. I had six preaching places out in the neighborhoods, which were visited with revivals. The influence of this made but one voice. Even old Dr. ——, who was so economical that he boasted of having kept all his accounts for thirty years with one quill-pen, and said he had thought so closely on the subject of economy that he knew exactly how to lean his arm on the table so as not to take the nap off, and how to set down his foot with the least possible wear to the sole of the shoe—even he said, "There's nothing like it. He's determined we shall all be saved."

I never had any trouble with my people. If any thing came up, instead of going and trying to put broken glass together, I always tried to preach well, and it swallowed up every thing.

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CHAPTER XLIV.

CORRESPONDENCE, 1815–16.

Mr. Beecher to Mr. Cornelius.

"February 25, 1815.

* * * "I do expect something from Colonel Tallmadge and others here, but it can not be had till the society* is incorporated. When that is done, I think the Address should be published and spread, and soon after agents for each county sent to solicit personally in every town, besides such exertions as each minister may be able to make. I will myself undertake the tour of Litchfield County, or rather, perhaps, of the South Association, and engage another for the North. * * * The revival in Princeton College is truly glorious—a beam of light announcing the approach of a cloudless day.

"You will come here when you think proper. I shall always want your help, and always be happy to help you if I can. I like your plan much of acquainting yourself with the active duties of a minister as well as with doctrinal knowledge. I hope the thing will be hereafter more regarded, as the usefulness of a minister depends much upon his manner of presenting the truth, and upon his pastoral enterprise among his people. I am sure that I exert a powerful and salutary influence out of the pulpit, in conference meetings, and lectures, and family visits, as I do in the pulpit on the Sabbath day."

In conversation with respect to this letter, he remarked, "This letter was about a State Home Missionary Society for

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building up waste places. A large proportion of the ministry of the state were in it. There was some grumbling through Dr. Strong's influence, because he feared its competition with the other Home Missionary Society for settlements out of the state; but it continued a number of years till it answered its purpose, and was merged in the Home Missionary Society. Through its aid, some forty churches, then in desolation, are now well established."

Mrs. Beecher to Mrs. Foote.

"November 19, 1815.

"I have regained my usual health except a cold, which has brought back my cough. The little babe* continues to grow finely. He regrets the loss of your company and conversation, though Betsy Burr endeavors to make it up to him in some measure.

"As Mr. Beecher wrote me from New London, I imagine he did not visit Nut Plains. Write me how you like traveling in the steam-boat." * * *

Mr. Cornelius† to ——.

"December 11, 1815.

"Mr. Beecher calls on me to attend conference meetings two or three times a week. His sermons are very interesting and useful to me. I take notes from them. Yesterday his text was Isaiah, lv., 6; and the sentiment deduced was that 'the appropriate scriptural sense of seeking God is that *it is a holy exercise of the heart.*'

"It is fearful to be a sinner. One head of the sermon, proving the efforts of sinners to be unholy, was thus expressed: 'Those who keep on in a course of unregenerate

* Charles, born October 7, 1815.

† Mr. Cornelius became an inmate of the family in November, 1815.

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seeking, and hold out to the end of life in that way, will certainly be lost.'"

The Same.

"January, 1816.

"Mr. Beecher has written a long letter to Dr. Green on the subject of a National Bible Society;* and, agreeably to Mr. Mills's request, I shall write to him immediately and acquaint him of the fact, as possibly he may be able to make a happy use of it.

"It gave Mr. Beecher, as well as myself, great satisfaction to learn the change of sentiment in the New York Bible Society on this subject. It is a most favorable omen. We have no doubt of the ultimate success of the society."

The Same.

"March 3, 1816.

"Mr. Beecher has just received most enlivening intelligence from Long Island. You may remember he paid the people of his former charge a visit last fall, and God made him instrumental of great good. There are now hundreds converted to God—seventy in Sag Harbor, seventy in East Hampton, and several in Bridgehampton. On Shelter Island God has come down gloriously. Here, on Litchfield Hill, it may be said with truth that God is blessing us with a perpetual revival."

On this letter Dr. Beecher observed:

"You see, the fact is, I had a revival in my bones for East Hampton, and hadn't any for Litchfield. I fell into a state

* "He lived to be among the last survivors—if not the last—of the convention of delegates by which the American Bible Society was instituted in 1816, of which convention he was secretary."—Dr. Bacon.

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of great revival feeling for my old people; kept thinking, thinking about them; could not get them out of my mind.

Finally, I told your mother, "I will go over there and see them;" and I went over on purpose. I preached, and walked with Deacon Tallmadge up and down the street, making calls, and there was a revival.

Mrs. Beecher to Harriet Foote.

"June 17, 1816.

"Mr. Beecher goes to New Haven to-morrow, and I therefore write to tell you that we arrived at home on Thursday in good health. Charles is so fat I can hardly lift him. He has now four teeth, and, no doubt, if he could see you, he would give you a hearty bite by way of kissing. * * *

"Remember the heathen children at Bombay and through India, and consider how you can benefit them. Don't say 'I can do nothing.' You can do much, with the blessing of God, which you will certainly have, if you try with all your heart to do good. Tell George that he must have no rest till he tries to induce the young men to raise a sum sufficient to support one heathen child in a missionary family. Thirty dollars is the sum necessary; this they might raise without being ever the poorer, and this sum might make many rich. If the child should be converted, and become a missionary to carry the Gospel to his heathen brethren, would not many be saved through your means, whom you shall hereafter meet in the kingdom of heaven; and will not this be a greater reward than houses and lands added to what you already possess, even though they were trebled ten times? And then to count the sons and daughters in ages to come brought home to God through his blessing on your exertions for that one child, which you shall be the means of saving from heathen darkness and abandonment,

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what a large interest will your money bring, if happiness be worth the purchase."*

* In a biographical sketch of Dr. Beecher in Kilbourne's History of Litchfield, we find the following statement:

"Returning full of zeal from the first meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in 1812, he called together in this village several clergymen and laymen from various parts of the county, who organized the Litchfield County Foreign Mission Society—THE FIRST AUXILIARY OF THE AMERICAN BOARD."

The American Board came into existence in 1810, the year of Dr. Beecher's removal to Litchfield, and was incorporated in 1812. It may have been its first meeting as a corporate body to which reference is here made.

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CHAPTER XLV.

BEREAVEMENT.

Mrs. Dr. Taylor to ——.

"1863.

"In regard to Mrs. Stowe's request to have me write any reminiscences of her mother, I would say that so many years have elapsed since her death—my own long life has been a scene of such varied changes, of labors and trials, and of commingling of *sweet* and *bitter*, that the scenes and the *interviews* of those days have passed from my recollection to a considerable extent.

Dr. Beecher was, however, as I distinctly remember, at our house only a few days after his wife was taken ill. A decided opinion expressed by him that it was her last sickness surprised us much, as she had been with him on a visit to us but a few months previous, and in apparently a state of perfect health and vigor. I recollect to have expressed surprise that *he could* so confidently predict such an issue, when the illness had *then* been of only ten days' continuance. He answered, 'I will tell you why. We had been,' said he, 'to make a visit to a parishioner two or three miles from the village, had taken tea, and enjoyed a couple of hours with the worthy family. It was a fine winter night, not very cold, excellent sleighing, and a full moon. Soon after we left the house, my wife startled me by saying, "I do not think I shall be with you long." When I asked the reason for this opinion, she replied, "I have had a vision of heaven and its blessedness."'

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Dr. Beecher then repeated many things she had added, in respect to her habitual peace, her joy in Christ, and her *more* than willingness to leave him and her children. From that moment, Dr. Beecher said, he had felt that she was ripe for heaven and would soon be there. Your dear father* and I were then united in the opinion that he was right, and it proved so. I think Mrs. Beecher did not live more than six weeks after this, and the doctor came immediately after her interment and spent several days with us. I was quite young at the time, and the subject in almost all its bearings was new to me, impressed me forcibly, and, I have always thought, was blessed to me, for *then* my experience in the Christian life was very limited.

"I regret my inability to recall any thing *definite* in my intercourse with Mrs. Beecher. She was a woman of fine presence—a combination in her manner (as I distinctly remember) of much dignity and sweetness. She was a woman to *look up* to and respect as well as admire."

Harriet Foote to Mrs. Foote.

"September 2, 1816.

"ROXANA remains much as she was when I last wrote, only her strength decays. She can seldom raise herself without assistance. She rides when the weather will permit, and we have increased her dose of laudanum to twenty drops."

The Same.

"September 10, 1816.

"Sister is a little better two nights past. She has rested without coughing, and has less fever by day, which is certainly more comfortable. We dare not flatter ourselves that

* Dr. Taylor. The letter is addressed to a daughter.

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it will be permanent, but, I hope, are thankful for any respite."

Mr. Beecher to Mr. George Foote.

"September 25, 1816.

"DEAR BROTHER,—It is past. I wrote to mother Monday morning, and at a quarter past three this morning she fell asleep. In the course of the day she had two or three short turns of distress, but for the last six or eight hours she breathed more freely, and died without a struggle. About four hours before her death she had a lucid interval, in which I conversed with her for twenty minutes. Her state of mind was heavenly, and I have no doubt that her sorrow is turned into joy. We did not send to you because we considered that the journey and sorrow together would be too much for mother, and that for you to come and leave her would aggravate her sorrow. I shall write to John and Samuel by the first mail. The funeral is to be Thursday, at ten o'clock A.M."

Mrs. Reeve to Mrs. Tomlinson.

"September 27, 1816.

"The scene has closed with our dear friend Mrs. Beecher. She has, as we trust and hope, entered upon her eternal rest, and is now, we trust, joining in songs of redeeming love.

"Her disease progressed much in the same manner after you saw her as before; her strength declined rapidly, and her fever never abated in the least, but rather increased from the commencement. Her cough troubled her but little, and almost ceased before her death. Her respiration was hard and difficult from the beginning to the close of her complaints, and she suffered but little except from this and the excessive weakness, until two or three days before her death,

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when she was afflicted with acute spasmodic pain at the pit of the stomach.

"On Monday, the 23d, at evening, she discovered indications of speedy dissolution. I had requested to be called in, as I consider it a great privilege to stand by the dying bed of God's children, and to be with one so dearly loved in her last moments was grateful. In consequence of her extreme weakness, her mind wandered, her conversation appeared broken for most part of the time; but God, in His infinite mercy to her and her dear husband, granted them a most precious interview. Her soul lighted up and gilded the way as she entered the valley of the shadow of death. She made a very feeling and appropriate prayer in my hearing, and, before I got there, had made several during the evening.

"She told her husband that her views and anticipations of heaven had been so great that she could hardly sustain it, and if they had been increased she should have been overwhelmed, and that her Savior had constantly blessed her; that she had peace without one cloud; and that she had never, during her sickness, prayed for her life. She dedicated her sons to God for missionaries, and said that her greatest desire was that her children might be trained up for God; and she trusted God would, in His own time, provide another companion for him that would more than fill her place.

"She spoke of the advancement of Christ's kingdom with joy, and of the glorious day that was ushering in.

"She attempted to speak to her children, but she was extremely exhausted, and their cries and sobs were such that she could say but little. She told them that God could do more for them than she had done or could do, and that they must trust Him.

"Mr. Beecher then made a prayer, in which he gave her

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back to God, and dedicated all that they held in common to Him. She then fell into a sweet sleep, from which she awoke in heaven.

"It is a most moving scene to see eight little children weeping around the bed of a dying mother; but, still, it was very cheering to see how God could take away the sting of death, and give such a victory over the grave.

"Our dear pastor has set us all an example worth imitating; you know not how charmingly he appears under this trying affliction.

"He counts up all his mercies, and talks of the goodness of God continually. He says he could bring to his mind a thousand tender recollections, and make himself very unhappy, but he hopes the Lord will make him useful to his people, and in that way his time and thoughts can be occupied. May God prepare us all to meet never more to part! We keep little Charles yet; he is a lovely boy."

Mr. Beecher to Mr. Taylor.

"Litchfield, September 30, 1816.

"Dear Brother,—The trying scene is past, and trying indeed it has been, but not without many alleviations. The state of her mind was heavenly through her whole decline and to the last. She experienced joys at times unspeakable and full of glory while meditating on heaven. Her resignation was certainly beyond any thing I have ever witnessed.

"Harriet, her sister, has been with her for six weeks, day and night, and has been an angel of mercy to us. My people, too, have done all that a people could be desired to do to express their sympathy and affection, and to alleviate my cares and sorrows, and I trust my God has not failed to grant His own support. Yesterday I preached, and *was helped.*

"And now, brother, when will you come and see me, and

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sit down and commune with me for a great while; for *I am alone* when my mind is not occupied by study or the conversation of friends.

"It is agreed to have a meeting at my house at a time yet to be named, composed of Mr. Tyler, Mr. Nettleton, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Taylor, of New Haven, and myself. Each is to produce a number of his best sermons to be made into a doctrinal tract. Two or three days are to be spent in reading and criticism, and then each is to take a subject to write a tract upon. We must have a set of doctrinal tracts just right, and to have such we must make them. I shall be able to give you information the last of this week when the meeting will be, and you must not fail to come, and come prepared to stay on the Sabbath and preach for me, and hammer my people to pay me for hammering yours.

"How do the bishop's people come on? Do they continue to squib you in the newspapers, or are they waiting for the great gun to be loaded and fired?

"Who is the chairman of the committee of supplies? We must get out some agents before long; we will conclude who when you come.

"My health is better than it has been; it has been much shaken. I am willing to live yet a little longer for my family and the Church of God.

"Are we to be revolutionized by Churchmen and Democrats? What is your opinion?

"How is Dr. Dwight's health? Love to Mrs. Taylor and all friends, and believe me as ever yours."

The following are Dr. Beecher's latest reminiscences of this affliction:

Your mother had consumptive symptoms for a year before her last sickness, though we were ignorant of it. When

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she was taken it was very suddenly. She rode out with me to tea at Bradleysville about six weeks before her death, and when we came back it had cleared off, with the wind at the northwest, clear, brisk, and cold. She told me then that she did not expect to be with me long, and I saw that she was ripe for heaven. When we reached home she was in a sort of chill. I made a fire, and warmed her, and we went to bed. The next day I was obliged to go to New Haven, and had to start before breakfast. I told Taylor then what I knew, and they were astonished. When I returned some days after, I met Grove Catlin as I passed through town, and the first question he asked was, "Have you seen Mrs. Beecher?" and I saw he looked serious. I found that she had had another chill the next night after I left, and had a cold, with all the symptoms of rapid consumption. Entering into all the reality of her situation, she dictated a request for the prayers of the congregation, and Cornelius wrote it. That note was remarkable. I wish it had been preserved. Her mind was so made up—she was so settled, quiet, resigned, and grateful, that her petitions were thanksgivings, so that the congregation noticed it.

When I came into the house and saw how she looked, I burst into tears. But I was not alone; there was not a dry eye in the house. Her sickness lasted only a few weeks after that. Charles was not more than nine months old when he was taken away. When she let him go, as she gave him up into the arms of Miss Ogden, she said, "Poor child! what will become of him?"

It was in September, which her sister Harriet always regarded as a fatal month to their family, six of its members having died in that month. She herself had a kind of presentiment that whatever was of ill omen would happen to her in September. She died in calm and tranquil assurance.

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In her last moments I repeated to her the passage, "You are now come unto Mount Zion, unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels; to the general assembly and Church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than the blood of Abel."

Few women have attained to more remarkable piety. Her faith was strong, and her prayer prevailing. It was her wish that all her sons should devote themselves to the work of the ministry, and to it she consecrated them with fervent prayer. Her prayers have been heard. All her sons have been converted, and are now, according to her wish, ministers of Christ.

A little before her death she adopted peace principles. She was conscientious, and took serious hold of the subject. We made an agreement to spend an hour in a fair statement of the subject. I and she had no rivalry in our discussions; if either saw the other to have the truth, we always owned it. We considered the subject, and she came to the conclusion and owned that there was such a thing as war that was right. She was candid as the day is long. As for her countenance, that is gone—can not be described. But oh, what there is in those scenes that lets out all the emotions of the soul! I can not describe your mother in words. It was not the particular this or that put together would describe Roxana, but a combination such as I never met with but in her.

You know that conversation I had about our liabilities of temper soon after we were married. Well, she never forgot it. And there was one time, not long before her

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death, when I was pressed every where to do every thing, and some engagement I had forgotten or broken, and she had heard of it. It was when the odium against the standing order was rising, and every thing was seized hold of. She wanted to apprize me; took me into the back room, alone, and began to say, in the most kind, gentle, tender tones, she hoped I would not be offended nor grieved, but would be willing she should communicate what she had heard. Her lips trembled. That showed that the impression of that early interview had lasted to that hour; and she took all the care that wisdom could take.

Her death was to me an overwhelming stroke; for, in addition to my loss, it was a time of disgrace and odium such as the ministry in this country have never been called to pass through. The tide of party feeling was nearly at its height, and while the enemy were raving we had agreed to hold still, and did hold still. But so fierce was the blast that some of our own people flinched and were panic-stricken. The whole year after her death was a year of great emptiness, as if there was not motive enough in the world to move me. I used to pray earnestly to God either to take me away, or to restore to me that interest in things and susceptibility to motive I had had before.

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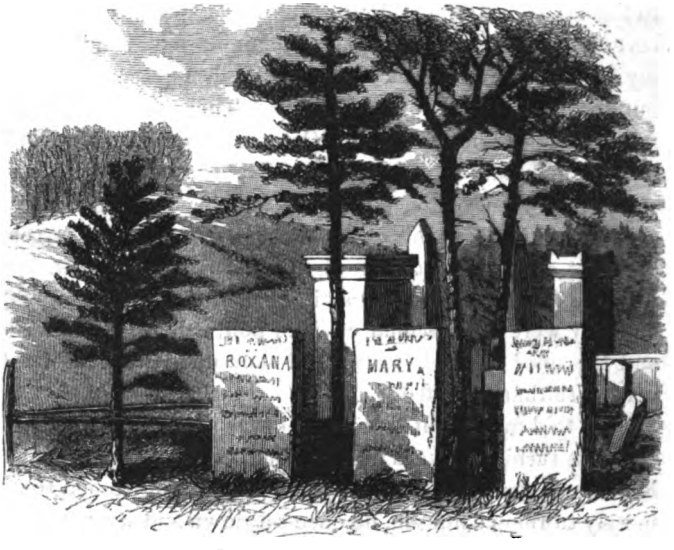
CHAPTER XLVI.

FILIAL RECOLLECTIONS.



SCENE IN LITCHFIELD GRAVE-YARD.

From Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

"My dear Brother, — I was between three and four years of age when our mother died, and my own personal recollections of her are therefore but few. But the deep interest and veneration that she inspired in all who knew her was such that, during all my childhood, I was constantly

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hearing her spoken of, and, from one friend or another, some incident or anecdote of her life was constantly being impressed on me.

"Mother was one of those strong, restful, yet widely sympathetic natures, in whom all around seemed to find comfort and repose. She was of a temperament peculiarly restful and peace-giving. Her union of spirit with God, unruffled and unbroken even from early childhood, seemed to impart to her an equilibrium and healthful placidity that no earthly reverses ever disturbed. The communion between her and my father was a peculiar one. It was an intimacy throughout the whole range of their being. There was no human mind in whose decisions he had greater confidence. Both intellectually and morally he regarded her as the better and stronger portion of himself, and I remember hearing him say that, after her death, his first sensation was a sort of terror, like that of a child suddenly shut out alone in the dark.

"Her death occurred at a time when the New England ministry were in a peculiar crisis of political and moral trial, and the need of such a stay and support in his household was more than ever felt.

"He told me that at this time he was so oppressed by the constant turning toward her of thoughts and feelings which he had constantly been in the habit of speaking to her, that, merely to relieve himself, he once sat down and wrote to her a letter, in which he poured out all his soul. I asked him the question whether he ever had any reason to believe that the spirits of the blessed are ever permitted to minister to us in our earthly sorrows, and he said, after a moment of deep thought, 'I never but once had any thing like it. It was a time of great trial and obloquy, and I had been visiting around in my parish, and heard many things here and there that distressed me. I came home to my house almost

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overwhelmed; it seemed as if I must sink under it. I went to sleep in the north bedroom—the room where your mother died. I dreamed that I heard voices and footsteps in the next room, and that I knew immediately that it was Roxana and Mary Hubbard coming to see me. The door opened, and Mary staid without, but your mother came in and came toward me. She did not speak, but she smiled on me a smile of heaven, and with that smile all my sorrow passed away. I awoke joyful, and I was light-hearted for weeks after.'

"In my own early childhood only two incidents of my mother twinkle like rays through the darkness. One was of our all running and dancing out before her from the nursery to the sitting-room one Sabbath morning, and her pleasant voice saying after us, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'

"Another remembrance is this: Mother was an enthusiastic horticulturalist in all the small ways that limited means allowed. Her brother John, in New-York, had just sent her a small parcel of fine tulip-bulbs. I remember rummaging these out of an obscure corner of the nursery one day when she was gone out, and being strongly seized with the idea that they were good to eat, and using all the little English I then possessed to persuade my brothers that these were onions such as grown people ate, and would be very nice for us. So we fell to and devoured the whole; and I recollect being somewhat disappointed in the odd, sweetish taste, and thinking that onions were not as nice as I had supposed. Then mother's serene face appeared at the nursery door, and we all ran toward her, and with one voice began to tell our discovery and achievement. We had found this bag of onions, and had eaten them all up.

"Also I remember that there was not even a mo-

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mentary expression of impatience, but that she sat down and said, 'My dear children, what you have done makes mamma very sorry; those were not onion-roots, but roots of beautiful flowers; and if you had let them alone, ma would have had next summer in the garden great beautiful red and yellow flowers such as you never saw.' I remember how drooping and dispirited we all grew at this picture, and how sadly we regarded the empty paper bag.

"Then I have a recollection of her reading to the children one evening aloud Miss Edgeworth's 'Frank,' which had just come out, I believe, and was exciting a good deal of attention among the educational circles of Litchfield. After that, I remember a time when every one said she was sick; when, if I went into the street, every one asked me how my mother was; when I saw the shelves of the closets crowded with delicacies which had been sent in for her, and how I used to be permitted to go once a day into her room, where she sat bolstered up in bed, taking her gruel. I have a vision of a very fair face, with a bright red spot on each cheek, and a quiet smile as she offered me a spoonful of her gruel; of our dreaming one night, we little ones, that mamma had got well, and waking in loud transports of joy, and being hushed down by some one coming into the room. Our dream was indeed a true one. She was forever well; but they told us she was dead, and took us in to see what seemed so cold, and so unlike any thing we had ever seen or known of her.

"Then came the funeral. Henry was too little to go. I remember his golden curls and little black frock, as he frolicked like a kitten in the sun in ignorant joy.

"I remember the mourning dresses, the tears of the older children, the walking to the burial-ground, and somebody's speaking at the grave, and the audible sobbing of the fam-

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ily; and then all was closed, and we little ones, to whom it was so confused, asked the question where she was gone, and would she never come back?

"They told us at one time that she had been laid in the ground, at another that she had gone to heaven; whereupon Henry, putting the two things together, resolved to dig through the ground and go to heaven to find her; for, being discovered under sister Catharine's window one morning digging with great zeal and earnestness, she called to him to know what he was doing, and, lifting his curly head with great simplicity, he answered, 'Why, I'm going to heaven to find ma.'

"Although mother's bodily presence disappeared from our circle, I think that her memory and example had more influence in moulding her family, in deterring from evil and exciting to good, than the living presence of many mothers. It was a memory that met us every where, for every person in the town, from the highest to the lowest, seemed to have been so impressed by her character and life that they constantly reflected some portion of it back upon us.

"Even our portly old black washerwoman, Candace, who came once a week to help off the great family wash, would draw us aside, and, with tears in her eyes, tell us of the saintly virtues of our mother.

"Her feelings were sometimes expressed in a manner that was really touching. I recollect one time her coming to wash when the family were assembled for prayers in the next room, and I for some reason had lingered in the kitchen. She drew me toward her, and held me quite still till the exercises were over, and then she kissed my hand, and I felt her tears drop upon it. There was something about her feeling that struck me with awe. She scarcely spoke a word, but gave me to understand that she was paying that homage to my mother's memory.

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"The traditions that I heard from my aunts and uncles were such as these: 'Your mother never spoke an angry word in her life. Your mother never told a lie.' And in Nutplains and Guilford, where her early days were passed, I used to find myself treated with a tenderness almost amounting to veneration by those who had known her.

"I recollect, too, that at first the house was full of little works of ingenuity, and taste, and skill, which had been wrought by her hand—furniture adorned with painting; pictures of birds and flowers, done with minutest skill; fine embroidery, with every variety of lace and cobweb stitch; exquisite needle-work, which has almost passed out of memory in our day. I remember the bobbin and pillows with which she made black lace. Many little anecdotes were told me among her friends of her ceaseless activity and contrivance in these respects.

"One thing in her personal appearance every one spoke of, that she never spoke in company or before strangers without blushing. She was of such great natural sensitiveness and even timidity that, in some respects, she never could conform to the standard of what was expected of a pastor's wife. In the weekly female prayer-meetings she could never lead the devotions. Yet it was not known that any body ever expressed criticism or censure on this account. It somehow seemed to be felt that her silent presence had more power than the audible exercises of another. Such impression has been given me by those who have spoken of this peculiarity.

"There was one passage of Scripture always associated with her in our minds in childhood: it was this: 'Ye are come unto Mount Zion, the city of the living God, to the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels; to the general assembly and Church of the first-born, and to the spirits of just men made perfect.'

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"We all knew that this was what our father repeated to her when she was dying, and we often repeated it to each other. It was to that we felt we *must* attain, though we scarcely knew how. In every scene of family joy or sorrow, or when father wished to make an appeal to our hearts which he knew we could not resist, he spoke of mother.

"I remember still the solemn impression produced on my mind when I was only about eight years old. I had been violently seized with malignant scarlet fever, and lain all day insensible, and father was in an agony of apprehension for my life. I remember waking up just as the beams of the setting sun were shining into the window, and hearing his voice in prayer by my bedside, and of his speaking of 'her blessed mother who is now a saint in heaven,' and wondering in my heart what that solemn appeal might mean.

"I think it will be the testimony of all her sons that her image stood between them and the temptations of youth as a sacred shield; that the hope of meeting her in heaven has sometimes been the last strand which did not part in hours of fierce temptation; and that the remembrance of her holy life and death was a solemn witness of the truth of religion, which repelled every assault of skepticism, and drew back the soul from every wandering to the faith in which she lived and died.

"The passage in 'Uncle Tom,' where Augustine St. Clair describes his mother's influence, is a simple reproduction of this mother's influence as it has always been in her family.

"The following lines, written by her eldest daughter, Catharine, then a girl of sixteen, were a tribute offered to her memory. We knew them by heart in our childhood, and have often repeated them with tears.

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"The busy hum of day is o'er,
The scene is sweet and still,
And modest eve, with blushes warm,
Walks o'er the western hill.

* * *

"The great, the good, the rich, the wise,
Lie shrouded here in gloom;
And here with aching heart I view
My own dear mother's tomb.

"Oh, as upon her peaceful grave
I fix my weeping eyes,
How many fond remembrances
In quick succession rise.

"Far through the vista of past years
As memory can extend,
She walked, my counselor and guide,
My guardian and friend.

"From works of science and of taste,
How richly stored her mind;
And yet how mild in all her ways,
How gentle, meek, and kind.

"Religion's bless'd and heavenly light
Illumined all her road;
Before her house she led the way
To virtue and to God.

"Like some fair orb, she bless'd my way
With mild and heavenly light,
Till, called from hence, the opening heav'n
Received her from my sight.

* * *

"Now left in dark and dubious night,
I mourn her guidance o'er,
And sorrow that my longing eyes
Shall see her face no more.

* * *

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"Father in heaven, my mother's God,
Oh grant before thy seat,
Among the blessed sons of light,
Parent and child may meet.

* * *

"There may I see her smiling face,
And hear her gentle voice;
And, gladden'd by thy gracious smile,
Through endless years rejoice."

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CHAPTER XLVII.

VISIT TO NUTPLAINS.

THE FOOTE HOUSE.

From Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Among my earliest recollections are those of a visit to Nutplains immediately after my mother's death. Aunt Harriet Foote, from whom I was named, who was with mother during all her last sickness, took me home to stay with her. I can now remember, at the close of what seemed to me a long day's ride, arriving after dark at a lonely little white farm-house, and being brought into a large parlor where a cheerful wood fire was cracking, part-

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ly burned down into great heavy coals. I was placed in the arms of an old lady, who held me close and wept silently, a thing at which I marveled, for my great loss was already faded from my childish mind. But I could feel that this dear old grandmother received me with a heart full of love and sorrow. I recall still her bright white hair, the benign and tender expression of her venerable face, and the great gold ring she wore, which seemed so curious to my childish eyes. It was her wedding-ring, as she often told me afterward. There was a little tea-table set out before the fire, and Uncle George came in from his farm-work, and sat down with grandma and Aunt Harriet to tea.

"After supper I remember grandma's reading prayers, as was her custom, from a great Prayer-book, which was her constant companion. To this day certain portions of the evening service never recur to me without bringing up her venerable image and the tremulous tones of her aged voice, which made that service have a different effect on me from any other prayers I heard in early life.

"Then I remember being put to bed by my aunt in a large room, on one side of which stood the bed appropriated to her and me, and on the other that of my grandmother. The beds were curtained with a printed India linen, which had been brought home by my seafaring uncle; and I recollect now the almost awe-struck delight with which I gazed on the strange mammoth plants, with great roots and endless convolutions of branches, in whose hollows appeared Chinese summer-houses, adorned with countless bells, and perched jauntily aloft, with sleepy-looking mandarins smoking, and a Chinaman attendant just in the act of ringing some of the bells with a hammer. Also here and there were birds bigger than the mandarins, with wide-open beaks just about to seize strange-looking insects; and

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a constant wonder to my mind was why the man never struck the bells, nor the bird ever caught the insect.

"My Aunt Harriet was no common character. A more energetic human being never undertook the education of a child. Her ideas of education were those of a vigorous Englishwoman of the old school. She believed in the Church, and, had she been born under that regime, would have believed in the king stoutly, although, being of the generation following the Revolution, she was a not less stanch supporter of the Declaration of Independence.

"According to her views, little girls were to be taught to move very gently, to speak softly and prettily, to say 'yes, ma'am' and 'no, ma'am,' never to tear their clothes, to sew and to knit at regular hours, to go to church on Sunday and make all the responses, and to come home and be catechised.

"I remember those catechisings, when she used to place my little cousin Mary and myself bolt upright at her knee, while black Dinah, and Harvey the bound-boy, were ranged at a respectful distance behind us; for Aunt Harriet always impressed it upon her servants 'to order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters'—a portion of the Church Catechism which always pleased me, particularly when applied to *them*, as it insured their calling me 'Miss Harriet,' and treating me with a degree of consideration which I never enjoyed in the more democratic circle at home.

"I became a proficient in the Church Catechism, and gave my aunt great satisfaction by the old-fashioned gravity and steadiness with which I learned to repeat it.

"As my father was a Congregational minister, I believe Aunt Harriet, though the highest of High-Church women, felt some scruples of delicacy as to whether it was desirable my religious education should be entirely out of the sphere

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of my birth, and therefore, when the catechetical exercise was finished, and my cousin, who was a lamb of the true Church, dismissed, she would say to me, 'Niece, you have to learn another catechism, because your father is a Presbyterian minister,' and therefore would endeavor to make me commit to memory the Assembly's Catechism.

"At this lengthening of exercises I secretly murmured. I was rather pleased at the first question in the Church Catechism, which is certainly quite level to any child's capacity, 'What is your name?' It was such an easy, good start; I could say it so loud and clear; and I was accustomed to compare with it the first question in the Primer, 'What is the chief end of man?' as vastly more difficult for me to remember. In fact, between my aunt's secret unbelief and my own childish impatience of too much catechism, the matter was indefinitely postponed after a few ineffectual attempts, and I was overjoyed to hear her announce privately to grandmother that she thought it would be time enough for Harriet to learn the Presbyterian Catechism when she went home.

"In her own private heart my aunt did not consider my father an ordained minister; and, as she was a woman who always acted up to her beliefs, when on a visit to our family she would walk straight past his meeting-house, as she always called it, to the little Episcopal *church*, where the Gospel was dispensed in what she considered an orderly manner. It was a triumph of principle, for she was very fond and proud of father, and had a lively, acute mind peculiarly fitted to appreciate his preaching, which she would often have been very glad to hear.

"She generally contrived, in speaking of these subjects before me, to restrain herself, and probably was not aware of the sharpness with which little ears sometimes attend to

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conversations which are not meant for them to hear, and perhaps was entirely unaware that I pondered in my mind a declaration I once heard her make, that 'many persons out of the Episcopal Church would be saved at last, but that they were resting entirely on *uncovenanted mercy*.'

"Whatever fears might have been awakened on the subject, however, were borne down in after years by my perfectly triumphant faith in my father. Aunt Harriet was very well read in history and the English classics. She possessed much wit, with more humor and drollery, and took the lead in the family and in the care of grandmother with an efficiency which was brightened by the constant play of these faculties.

"Her stock of family tradition and of neighborhood legendary lore was wonderful. Her young nieces and nephews who visited her would sometimes be kept laughing so constantly at table with her wit and stories that they would call for a truce, and request Aunt Harriet to be silent at least long enough for them to drink their tea. Of many of these sallies our placid old grandmother was the subject, her benevolence far outrunning her consciousness of old age, and leading her often to undertakings for her grandchildren which Aunt Harriet would humorously caricature. For instance: if grandma heard her little granddaughter say, in a voice of lamentation, 'Why, I have left my thimble up stairs,' she would say, though decrepit with age, 'Well, little dear, never mind; I'll run up and get it.' 'Such a sprightly lark as your grandmother is,' Aunt Harriet would observe, 'it is quite proper you should all sit still and let her wait on you.'

"I really think grandma stood a little in awe of Aunt Harriet. Occasionally she would give me privately her opinion of her when she was out of the room—opinions al-

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ways very charming in my eyes, because they took my part in every childish grief, and in all those disciplinary sorrows which Aunt Harriet often thought the wisest expression of love to little girls. When I broke my needles, tore my clothes, lost my thimble, slipped out of the house and sauntered by the river when I should have been sewing, grandmother was always an accessory after the fact; and when she could not save me from condign punishment, would comfort me with the private assurance that 'I was a poor child, and that Harriet needed punishing a great deal more herself than I did.'

"It is said that such indulgences are dangerous to children, but I can not remember that they ever did me any harm. In the main, I thought that justice and right were on Aunt Harriet's side; yet I loved grandma for the excessive tenderness that blinded her to all my faults. I did not really believe her sweet and comfortable sayings to be exactly true; I only saw how much she must love me to be so blind to all my faults.

"But grandmother was not by any means a weak woman. Her mind was active and clear; her literary taste just, her reading extensive. My image of her in later years is of one always seated at a great round table covered with books, among which nestled her work-basket. Among these, chiefest, her large Bible and Prayer-book; Lowth's Isaiah, which she knew almost by heart; Buchanan's Researches in Asia; Bishop Heber's Life; and Dr. Johnson's Works, which were great favorites with her. As her nephews and nieces grew older and came to Nutplains, it was a pleasure to them to sit at this book-table and read to that dear friend, who never spoke a harsh word to us, out of any of her favorite authors.

"First many chapters of the Bible, in which she would

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often interpose most graphic comments, especially in the Evangelists, where she seemed to have formed an idea of each of the apostles so distinct and dramatic that she would speak of them as acquaintances. She would always smile indulgently at Peter's remarks. 'There he is again, now; that's just like Peter. He's always so ready to put in!' She was fond of having us read Isaiah to her in Lowth's translation, of which she had read with interest all the critical notes.

"Concerning Dr. Johnson's Christian character, she once informed me, with some degree of trouble, that she had had a discussion with my brother Edward, and that he thought that President Edwards was a better Christian than Dr. Johnson. 'He sent me his life to read,' she said, 'and I have read it, and he was a very good Christian; but, after all, I doubt if he could have written better prayers than these of Dr. Johnson's. Now just hear this,' she would say, and then she would read prayers which that great master of English, that deep and melancholy nature, certainly made wonderfully forcible and touching.

"Sometimes, in later years, after my brothers and I were grown up, we, being trained Congregationalists, would raise with our uncle and with Aunt Harriet the controverted questions of our respective faiths, which would be mooted with great *vim*. Grandma was always secretly uneasy lest these controversies should lead to any real disunion of feeling.

"On one occasion, after her hearing had become slightly impaired, a wordy battle had been raging round her for some time, which, as she could not understand what we said, and as we seemed to be getting more and more earnest, moved her solicitude very deeply. At last she called one of my brothers to her, and said, 'There, now,

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if you have talked long enough, I want you to read something to me,' and gave him that eloquent chapter in Isaiah which begins, 'Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee;' and goes on to describe the day when the whole earth shall be full of the glory of the Lord. Her face, while he was reading, was like a transparency, luminous with internal light. At the close she said, 'Bishop Heber tells in his memoirs how, off in India, there were four ministers of Christ met together, all of different denominations, and they read this chapter together, and found then there was one thing they all agreed in exactly.'

"We all looked at each other and smiled, for we were conscious that our discussion had been in the most perfect love and good will.

"Grandma had a great share of wit and humor—not the trenchant, sparkling kind which belonged to Aunt Harriet; it was rather of that latent sort, which often colors the words and thoughts with a gentle pleasantry, and, where it ripples into a retort, seems still to have a veil of quietness over it. Yet no humorous expression escaped her appreciation; and of those that abound in Shakspeare she had many stored in her memory, which often dropped out quietly, apropos to little events in daily life, in a manner that amused us greatly.

"One other thing must be confessed: in her secret heart grandma was, and always remained, a Tory. In her this took no aggressive form. It was only the clinging of a loving and constant nature to that which in childhood and youth she had learned to love and venerate. On these points she always observed a discreet silence in the family circle, but made a confidante of me in my early childhood. When after hearing King George abused roundly one day by some patriotic American, she took the first opportunity

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to tell me privately that 'she didn't believe that the king was to blame;' and then she opened her old English Prayer-book, and read in a trembling voice the old prayers for the king, and queen, and all the royal family, and told me how it grieved her when they stopped reading them in all the churches. She supposed it was all right, she said, but she couldn't bear to give it up; they might have found some other way to settle it.

"When afterward I ventured to say something to Aunt Harriet about it, she laughingly asserted that grandma was always an old Tory among them. I think, in the recollections of all the children, our hours spent at Nutplains were the golden hours of our life. Aunt Harriet had precisely the turn which made her treasure every scrap of a family relic and history. And even those of the family who had passed away forever seemed still to be living at Nutplains, so did she cherish every memorial, and recall every action and word. There was Aunt Catharine's embroidery; there Aunt Mary's paintings and letters; there the things which Uncle Samuel had brought from foreign shores: frankincense from Spain, mats and baskets from Mogadore, and various other trophies locked in drawers, which Aunt Harriet displayed to us on every visit.

"At Nutplains our mother, lost to us, seemed to live again. We saw her paintings, her needle-work, and heard a thousand little sayings and doings of her daily life. And so dear was every thing that belonged to grandmother and our Nutplains home, that the Episcopal service, even though not well read, was always chosen during our visits there in preference to our own. It seemed a part of Nutplains and of the life there.

"There was also an interesting and well-selected library, and a portfolio of fine engravings; and, though the place

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was lonely, yet the cheerful hospitality that reigned there left them scarcely ever without agreeable visitors; and some of the most charming recollections of my childhood are of a beautiful young lady, who used to play at chess with Uncle George when he returned from his work in the wood-lot of a winter evening.

"The earliest poetry that I ever heard were the ballads of Walter Scott, which Uncle George repeated to Cousin Mary and me the first winter that I was there. The story of the black and white huntsman made an impression on me that I shall never forget. His mind was so steeped in poetical literature that he could at any time complete any passage in Burns or Scott from memory. As for graver reading, there was Rees's Cyclopedia, in which I suppose he had read every article, and which was often taken down when I became old enough to ask questions, and passages pointed out in it for my reading.

"All these remembrances may explain why the lonely little white farm-house under the hill was such a Paradise to us, and the sight of its chimneys after a day's ride were like a vision of Eden. In later years, returning there, I have been surprised to find that the hills around were so bleak and the land so barren; that the little stream near by had so few charms to uninitiated eyes. To us, every juniper-bush, every wild sweetbrier, every barren sandy hillside, every stony pasture, spoke of bright hours of love, when we were welcomed back to Nutplains as to our mother's heart."

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CHAPTER XLVIII.

AUNT ESTHER.

From Miss C. E. Beecher.

"DEAR BROTHER,—The year of our great family sorrow brought forth also 'the peaceable fruits of righteousness.' The first event that followed the death of our mother was the removal of Aunt Esther, with her mother, to our house, to take charge of the family. What a sacrifice of personal tastes, ease, and comfort this was to them, can be better appreciated if we consider what was their character, what they gave up, and what they undertook to do.

"Grandma Beecher was a fine specimen of the Puritan character of the strictest pattern. She was naturally kind, generous, and sympathizing, as has been seen in her great tenderness for animals; in her wise and patient accommodation to her husband's hypochondriac infirmities; in her generous offer to give up her little patrimony rather than have father, her step-son, taken from college. Conscience was the predominating element in her character. She was strict with herself and strict with all around.

"Aunt Esther, her only child, was brought up under the most rigid system of rules, to which she yielded the most exact and scrupulous obedience; and yet, such was her mother's fear that one so good and so bright would 'think more highly of herself than she ought to think,' that the result was most depressing on the character and happiness of the daughter. The habitual sense of her own shortcomings; the dread of any increase of responsibilities; the fear

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of sinful failure in whatever she should attempt; the quiet life she had led so many years with grandma in the little establishment of bedroom, parlor, and half a kitchen; her habits of extreme neatness and order—all these seemed to forbid even the wish that Aunt Esther should be asked to assume the management of such a household as ours.

"But her love and sympathy overcame all impediments, and very soon grandma's parlor opened from our north entry, her neat carpet, her bright brass andirons, her rocking-chair, her trim, erect figure, with bright black eyes and arched eyebrows, all combining to induce carefulness and quiet around the premises.

"Our mother's early training was in the free and easy dominions of General Ward, while Grandma Foote's chief doctrine was that every body, especially children, should do every thing and have every thing they wanted.

"At both Nutplains and East Hampton the style of housekeeping was of the simplest order, demanding little outlay of time or labor compared with more modern methods. The style of dress for children also required very little expense of material or of time in making. Our mother was gifted with great skill and celerity in all manner of handicraft, and was industrious in the use of time. Thus neither mantua-maker, tailoress, or milliner had ever drawn on the family treasury.

"But kind, anxious, economical Aunt Esther had no gift in this line. As a close economist, as an accomplished cook, as systematic, orderly, and neat in all family arrangements, none could excel her, but with scissors and needle she felt helpless and less than nothing; so that, although she could patch and darn respectably, and grandma could knit and mend stockings, the preparation of wardrobes for the eight children rose before her as a mountain of difficulty. It was

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here that father's good sense, quick discernment, and tender sympathy wisely intervened. He gently and tenderly made me understand the great kindness of grandma and Aunt Esther in giving up their own quiet and comfort to take care of us; he awakened my sympathy for Aunt Esther in her new and difficult position; he stimulated my generous ambition to supply my mother's place in the care of the younger children, especially in the department in which he assured me he knew I would excel, and that was where Aunt Esther most needed help.

"Happily, our mother's skill in household handicraft was bequeathed in some good measure to her daughters; and thus stimulated, I, for the first time, undertook all the labor of cutting, fitting, and making all the clothing of the children, as well as my own. So also, under Aunt Esther's careful training, Mary and I were initiated into all the arts of kitchen labor, cheered and animated by the consciousness that it comforted father and relieved Aunt Esther.

"There are some who control the young in such a way as to make them feel that all they do is nothing more than what they ought to do, and usually considerably less. Others have the happy faculty, which our father possessed in a remarkable degree, of discovering and rejoicing over unexpected excellence in character and conduct. He not only felt pleased and grateful when kindnesses were done to him and his, but he had the *gift of expression*. He not only discovered and appreciated all that was good in character and conduct, but he made known his pleased approval.

"Oil and water were not more opposite than the habits of father and Aunt Esther, and yet they flowed along together in all the antagonisms of daily life without jar or friction. All Aunt Esther's rules and improvements were admired and commended, and, though often overridden, the

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contrite confession or droll excuse always brought a forgiving smile. Indeed, it was father's constant boast to Aunt Esther that, *naturally*, he was a man possessing great neatness, order, and system; that the only difficulty was, they were all *inside*, and that it was Aunt Esther's special mission to bring them out. And he had a triumphant way of taking her around, whenever he arranged his outdoor implements or indoor surroundings in any respectable order, to *prove* to her that it was his *nature* to be orderly and careful.

"In this new administration the older children were brought in as co-laborers, inspired by the sympathetic, grateful, and appreciative sentiments father communicated to the family. All the children were in habits of prompt obedience, were healthful, cheerful, and full of activity. With these busy workers around, and Aunt Esther to lead, every room, from garret to cellar, was put in neat and regular trim; every basket, bundle, box, and bag overhauled, and every patch, remnant, and shred laid out smooth, sorted, and rolled, folded, or arranged in perfect order; all aged garments were mended to the last extremity of endurance; pegs and hooks were put in position, where coats, pantaloons, jackets, hats, caps, bonnets, shawls, and cloaks were to conform to the rule, 'a place for every thing, and every thing in its place.' The barn, the garden, and the orchard were the only cities of refuge from this inflexible rule.

"The special object of nightmare dread to Aunt Esther was *debt*. The fear that under her administration the expenditures would exceed the salary could be relieved by no possible calculations; and so we learned, on every hand, rules of the closest economy and calculation. We were saved, however, from all uncomfortable retrenchments by the abundance of gifts from generous and sympathizing

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friends and parishioners. So we gained the benefits without the evils. But, in spite of all, Aunt Esther was burdened with ceaseless anxiety. The responsibility of providing for the family, the care of eight young children as to wardrobe, health, and behavior, and the thousand and one responsibilities that rested upon one so exact, so conscientious, and so self-distrustful, was a burden too great for her to bear, and we all felt anxious and troubled to see her so burdened; yet she rarely complained, seldom found fault, and never scolded. Whenever any thing went wrong, or the children misbehaved, grandma's black eyes peered over her spectacles like two cold stars, and Aunt Esther sighed, and looked discouraged and sad.

"The experience of this year of our family history was similar to that of a landscape in sunshine suddenly overcast with heavy clouds. The gentle, contented, smiling, healthful mother was gone, and the sunlight of our home departed with her to return no more.

"In noticing the many alleviating blessings of this period of sorrow, one may be noticed as presenting a cheering feature of the pastoral relation in the universal and tender sympathy of the parish, manifested in many ways. Our mother was but little known by personal acquaintance in the parish; but her reputation as a woman of talent and culture, her diligent devotion to her numerous family, the sweet and modest expression of her countenance in church, and the gentle blush that always appeared whenever she was addressed, awakened a universal and tender interest, and her untimely death called forth unexpected and universal sorrow and sympathy. This was manifested in many kindnesses offered, especially in an influx of presents and offers of aid from all classes. The family were provided with complete suits of mourning as gifts from one friend or

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another, while almost daily some token of kindness and sympathy arrived.

"The most remarkable and unique of these demonstrations was what in New England is called the *minister's wood-spell*, when, by previous notice, on some bright winter day, every person in the parish who chooses to do so sends a sled load of wood as a present to the pastor. On this occasion we were previously notified that the accustomed treat of dough-nuts and loaf-cake, cider and flip, must be on a much larger scale than common.

"With father's rejoicing approval, I was allowed to take both the responsibility and the labor of this whole occasion, with Aunt Esther as my guide, and the younger children as my helpers, and for nearly a week our kitchen was busy as an ant-hill. For preliminaries, the fat was to be prepared to boil the dough-nuts, the spices to be pounded, the sugar to be rolled, the flour to be sifted, and the materials for beer for the flip to be collected. Next came the brewing, on a scale of grandeur befitting the occasion. Then the cake was duly made, and placed in large stone pots or earthen jars set around the kitchen fire, and duly turned and tended till the proper lightness was detected. Lastly came the baking of the loaves and the boiling of the dough-nuts; and were I to tell the number of loaves I put into and took out of the oven, and the bushels of dough-nuts I boiled over the kitchen fire, I fear my credit for veracity would be endangered. Certainly our kitchen, store-room, and pantry were a sight to behold, calling in admiring visitors, while my success was the matter of universal gratulation.

"When the auspicious day arrived, the snow was thick, smooth, and well packed for the occasion; the sun shone through a sharp, dry, and frosty air; and the whole town was astir. Toward the middle of the afternoon, runners

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arrived with news of the gathering squadrons—Mount Tom was coming with all its farmers; Bradleyville also; Chestnut Hill, and the North and the South settlements; while the "town hill" gentry were on the *qui vive* to hunt up every sled and yoke of oxen not employed by their owners. Before sundown the yard, street, and the lower rooms of our house were swarming with cheerful faces. Father was ready with his cordial greetings, adroit in detecting and admiring the special merits of every load as it arrived. The kind farmers wanted to see all the children, and we were busy as bees in waiting on them. The boys heated the flip-irons, and passed around the cider and flip, while Aunt Esther and the daughters were as busy in serving the dough-nuts, cake, and cheese. And such a mountainous wood-pile as arose in our yard never before was seen in ministerial domains!

"It needed all these alleviations, and more also, to sustain father under the heavy pressure that rested on his spirits. He rarely spoke of the loss that wrung his brave, yet fainting heart, that strove to keep up strength and courage by counting its blessings instead of its pains. But years after, one day, pointing to a large basket, he said, 'Henry, there are the sermons I wrote the year after your mother died, and there is not one of them good for any thing!'

"Never do the reverses of life so unman the soul as on the festivals that bring together a family after its golden circle is broken. At the first Thanksgiving Day after mother died we assembled round the table, all dressed in our newly-finished suits, the house all in perfect order, our store-room filled with abundance of presents, our table loaded with the nicest specimens of culinary skill. When all were in order, and father was to 'ask the blessing,' we waited long in silence, while the great tears stole down his cheeks amid the

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sighs and tears of all around. Then followed, in a calm, subdued voice, such an offering of patient, peaceful thankfulness and love, as if the gentle spirit we mourned was near, shedding peace and comfort from her wings."

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CHAPTER XLIX.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. DWIGHT.

Autobiography—continued.

About this time Dr. Dwight died.* He had trusted much in a strong constitution, and had struggled along, suffering greatly with cancer internal. Once before he had thought he must die, and, in prospect of death, reviewed his whole career. He recovered, however, and afterward preached a sermon, in which, among other things, he warned young men against ambition, acknowledging that it had been his great failing; but he had come back from the grave, he said, with new light. My heart leaped, for I knew that that was his easily besetting sin.

His influence was extensive and beneficent beyond that of any other man in New England; indeed, his enemies called him "old Pope Dwight," and it was natural he should be tempted in that direction. Whenever he came to my house, the family thought it a privilege to gather round him to listen to his conversation. We sat round, and he talked. A question now and then would be asked, but nobody ever thought of talking much, only of hearing. He loved to talk, and we loved to listen. Whenever I wanted advice, I went to him as to a father, and told him every thing.

Whenever I was at New Haven I always went to see him. I went because I wanted to see him; I did not suspect that he wanted to see me. But I discovered his attachment more manifestly later, for if I failed to come he

* January 11, 1817.

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noticed it. I saw how he was doing, looking forward and resting on the rising generation; the old was gone off the stage. He had presentiments of me; saw in my preaching what I did not, and leaned on me. He did not tell me directly how he regarded me, but showed it indirectly. On one occasion, when I preached at New Haven, he let drop some things as if he thought that, in some respects, I preached better than he did. I had never had the least suspicion of such an idea till he suggested it at that time. But I suppose it was so as to making applications. My strength lay in *putting* things, in *driving;* but (with a sigh) *I could preach better if I was to live twenty years longer, and had health and strength!*

In one of my last interviews with Dr. Dwight, he said he had been trying to get up a religious and literary magazine, but was about discouraged, and thought the project must fail. "Why, doctor," said I, "there is no doubt it can be done. Just take your pen and jot down the names of the good writers there are in New Haven, in Hartford, and elsewhere, and can not we support a magazine?" And I counted up some forty or fifty or more excellent contributors. This led to a few of us, Taylor, Tyler, Harvey, and I, and some others, writing a series of tracts, some half dozen or so, on existing questions. Several were prepared and published; among others, Tyler wrote a pungent thing on Episcopalianism. In about two years after Dr. Dwight's death we got up the Christian Spectator, which went nobly when it did go.

I remember the last time I ever saw Dr. Dwight living. There was a time when a question came up among us about the doings of unregenerate men. Taylor and I pushed for immediate repentance. I didn't go quite so far as Taylor. Instead of *using means of grace*, reading, prayer, etc., we

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drove them up to instant submission. Dr. Dwight, however, felt as though there might be some use of means. So, though Taylor was his amanuensis, there arose a kind of feeling between them and among the students, and Dr. Dwight felt a grief as though it had produced some coldness.

Well, we had been at some public meeting together, and Dr. Dwight stopped on the way home at Litchfield. It was the night of a great snow-storm—such a storm as that was! I went down to spend the evening with him at Judge Reeve's, and had as much as I could do to keep the path. The wind scattered the trees, and left traces of the wreck along the road for years.

I told the doctor in the course of the evening I should like to converse with him a little on that subject, and that I believed we did not differ so much as he thought. He said he was about revising his sermons, and, when done, he would read me his views on the point. But I knew that if I talked he would talk, so I drew him out. I said I believed so and so, and he agreed; and so and so, and he agreed; and so I went on to the end. "Now, doctor," said I, "I told you so. The only difference between you and Taylor is, that, if called to direct an awakened sinner, you would give him a larger dose of *means* than Taylor, and Taylor a larger dose of repentance." He agreed to it. It has been a comforting thing to me ever since that I had that opportunity. We then talked freely at our ease. It was the last time I ever saw him.

C. E. B. "The news of Dr. Dwight's death was brought to father in the pulpit when near the close of the Sabbath services. I was present at the time. A man came in suddenly, and went up into the pulpit and whispered to him. Father turned from the messenger to the congregation, and

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said, 'Dr. Dwight is gone!' Then, raising his hands, he said, with a burst of tears, as if he beheld the translation, 'My father! my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!' The congregation, with an electric impulse, rose to their feet, and many eyes were bathed in tears. It was one of the most impressive scenes I ever witnessed."

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CHAPTER L.

CORRESPONDENCE, 1816–17.

Rev. Nathaniel Hewitt to Dr. Beecher.

"Plattsburg, New York, August 2, 1816.

"My dear Sir,—The doctrines of free agency and sinners' immediate duty to repent do wonders among my people. I preach them publicly and privately. I have no fear. My congregation, the first Sabbath I preached after I got home, stared as if I was crazy—'I am not mad, most noble Festus!'

"God has enabled me to vindicate them against all opposition. The Church is wide awake, and sinners too. There is a revival in one part of the town. I visit there every week. I pursue your mode of talking; it succeeds admirably. Awakened persons obtain hope very soon, and they come out bright and solid.

"Fifteen persons have obtained hope in one quarter of this town, and thirteen more are awakened. The work goes on. The work of conviction has commenced in the village. My praying people are awake, and much encouraged. God gives me courage; I have not the least particle of fear.

"Week before last I had a visit from Rev. Mr. Armstrong Lewis, Essex County. He is a fine fellow. He understands the points right down well. A very laborious servant of Christ.

" * * * My health is tolerable. I have more to do than I can accomplish. I have written two sermons on agency. You would like them, I know. How I should rejoice were you here. I hope to see you next fall."

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Catharine to Harriet Foote.

"February 1, 1817.

"DEAR AUNT,—The family are in good health as usual. We have three boarders. We have done all our winter's sewing and knitting, and have as much leisure as we could desire.

"Edward still continues at South Farms. William is in Mr. Collins's store, but boards at home. Mary goes to school to Miss Pierce, and George to Miss Collins. Henry is a very good boy, and we think him a remarkably interesting child, and he grows dearer to us every day. He is very affectionate, and seems to love his father with all his heart. His constant prattle is a great amusement to us all. He often speaks of his sister Harriet, and wishes spring would come, so that she might come home and go to school with him. Charles is as fat as ever, though he is much less trouble, and can take more care of himself. He can speak a few words to express his wants, but does not begin to talk. Eliza Barnes, that lived at Mrs. Reeve's, and took care of Charles, died a few weeks ago."

Mr. Beecher to Mrs. Tomlinson.

"March, 1817.

"DEAR FRIEND,—The funds of our school are all in the hands of the public as yet. Our Constitution and Address is not yet printed, nor our agents in the field. We have twenty young men to patronise for the ministry—as many, perhaps, as we can take care of; but there are funds at Andover, at Phillips's Academy, for such cases. I hope you will not fail to send —— there soon, and I will give him a letter of introduction. He must not be abandoned, but in some way fitted for college, and qualified to preach. Fatherless

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children of piety and talents have a double claim upon the treasury of the Lord Jesus, and their draft must never be protested.

"Concerning your Church and its trials, I hang my hopes on this text: 'Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it.' It is spoken concerning the Jews in their dispersed and apparently hopeless state, and is applicable to particular churches, which are in reality churches of the living God, and, aware of the promise, trust in Him and do their duty. From your little band of praying men and women I expect more than from your heterogeneous part, whom discipline, and doctrine, and covetousness have scattered. 'Fear not, little flock.' From the time that your enemies have begun to triumph, thinking the witnesses to be slain, I have dated my hopes of a spiritual resurrection. * * *

"Oh, Roxana was 'a sweet and gentle spirit,' and doubtless 'would not be here again.' Her evidences and consolations were most glorious. If a scene could ever extort the exclamation from a wicked man, 'Let me die the death of the righteous!' it was such a one as her sickness and death.

"My children are well, and, under the guidance of their Aunt Esther, are as well taken care of as they could be by their mother, and I have all in her that can be, to render me comfortable in my present lonely state. But there is a sensation of loss which nothing alleviates—a solitude which no society interrupts. Amid the smiles and prattle of children, and the kindness of sympathizing friends, I am *alone; Roxana is not here.* She partakes in none of my joys, and bears with me none of my sorrows. I do not murmur; I only feel daily, constantly, and with deepening impression, *how much I have had* for which to be thankful, and how much I have lost." * * *

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To Dr. Taylor.

"Litchfield, March 4, '17.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I write, not because I have any thing to say, but just to tease you until you will write to me. Indeed, I have had thoughts of proposing to you a regular correspondence, since we see each other so seldom, and have, in the mean time, so many stagnant ideas, which our mental concussions, like flint and steel, would put in motion.

"If you should object want of time, do you not know that, if you gained no ideas from me, you would be at least stimulated to think as much faster as would make up lost time? and if, perchance, I should communicate occasionally some intellectual gift, why that would be clear gain. And then, in my solitude, how much comfort I should derive from talking often with you, and how much intellectual acumen, upon the same principle that iron sharpeneth iron; and how much would the public also be obliged to us for doing up their work for them, as we have done so often in conversation, for which, as yet, though, we have received no thanks; but we must condescend to labor for the evil and unthankful.

"We are to have a tract-making meeting at my house the last Tuesday in April, of which I now give you due notice. You are an honorary honorable member, and are requested to come with a doctrinal tract in your pocket, without fail, as all other gentlemen members are bound in conscience and in constitution to do.

"Why have you not written any thing in answer to all I said to you about Yale College? Do you think my zeal can burn all alone without foreign aliment?

"I want to hear from you about Raynor's book, and what you are about to do. Can you answer it, or is it unanswerable for lack of any thing to be answered? I am possessed

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of direct positive evidence that the MS. was sent to the bishop, and that he sent it back and pronounced it a complete answer. The man who saw the bishop's letter told me.

"I have many things I want to confer with you about that I can not write, and must mature by my own reflection until I can see you.

"It is a time of uncommon stupidity among my people; times are hard and taxes heavy, and some of them groan, being burdened. I wish we had a little fund; it would lighten my labor and increase our security very much.

"Has Dr. Porter been notified of his appointment? And has any answer been received?

"If you knew how much pleasure it would give me, and how much alleviate this solitude, you would, from your own abundant benevolence, write me a long, sagacious letter, full of excellent things, which I shall expect you will not fail to do when Cornelius returns.

"With undiminished and rather growing affection, I am yours and your dear wife's about equally.

The Same.

"Litchfield, April 18, '17.

"DEAR BROTHER,—How do you do in these days of Toleration? Have you concluded to avail yourself of the liberty to display the courage of thinking for yourself? Yea, of writing and publishing also? I regretted, after I saw you, that I did not inquire whether good Mr. Lines would not accept of a little help in forming his pamphlet so as to make it a sufficient reply. Could not the thing be done?

"I am more and more convinced that we must attack and defend by tracts. These are anonymous, and call no names; cheap, and easily multiplied; short, and easily read; plain, and easily understood; numerous, and capable of being

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spread every where; and as to answering them, of that there would be no end should it be attempted, and less irritation, for it is tract against tract, and not Taylor *vs.* Hobart & Co., and Hobart & Co.* *vs.* Taylor.

"These would not supersede the necessity of your book, but they would avoid the evils of a protracted pamphlet war, so apt to excite asperity in the combatants and among their respective denominations, a chief object of which is to correct each other's misstatements, and show how unfairly the dispute has been conducted.

"Brother Nettleton must be made to form a tract upon the validity of a Presbyterian ordination. Brother Tyler is forming one already on their views of baptism; and in this way the peculiarities of Episcopalians and Methodists must be met, and their misrepresentations rectified.

"Great books as our main dependence will not do. The enemy is every where, and the defense must be as omnipresent as the attack.

"My health is better than when I was at your house, and is still gaining, though the clouds are not all dispelled from my mind; and the darkness of our political horizon, as connected with our religion and institutions, adds at times to the melancholy hue of things.

"But, on the whole, I have concluded to give up the ship, not to enemies who have determined to take it, but to Christ, who, I doubt not, will save it from being buried in the waves, and from being boarded and borne away in triumph by the wicked. He can steer on steadily and safely between Scylla and Charybdis, amid howling winds and foaming waves. Only let us trust in Him and do our duty, and we shall be preserved.

"But, oh that I could *know* in all cases what the Lord

* Reference is here made to controversies with the Episcopalians.

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would have me do, then methinks I should be fearless and cheerful. Then I would *act*, though enemies raged and timid friends cautioned. But this perplexity as to what is *duty* torments me more than all other things. I trust, however, that our way will be made plain.

"I wish a certain number of ministers from different parts of the state could spend together three or four days to pray and investigate duty, and form plans for general and systematic action. The assailants are bold and active, and we must be bold and active in meeting them.

"Nothing has been done yet, but the more remains to be done. Now I have written this letter partly because I wanted to say a few things to you, but chiefly because I wish to hear from you by a long letter. Please to write somewhat more than a page and a half, and let me have your best thoughts. N.B.—I am preparing a sermon for the press, a wonderfully good one, which you must see before it is printed."

Catharine to Harriet Foote.

"June 2d, 1817.

"Papa has been trying to find time to go to Guilford, but his time is so fully employed that he has to toil hard to obtain a moment's leisure. Grandma Beecher is quite unwell; her lungs are affected.

"The children are all well. Charles, as fat as ever, meets with many bumps, bruises, burns, etc. 'He ofttimes falleth into the fire;' has been burned twice very badly. Henry is very impatient for sister Harriet to come, that he may go to school."

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Mr. Beecher to Rev. Gardiner Spring.

"Litchfield, 1817.

"I have received your letter of the 17th, and have read it carefully three times, and have spread it before the Lord and prayed over it. I shall attempt in this letter a simple statement of the thoughts and feelings it has occasioned.

"In the first place, I enter with all the strength of which my soul is capable into your views and feelings as to the importance of the present crisis, and have for some time felt a sort of agony of impatience that something should be done to counteract what I believed to be an attempt to organize a system of warfare, not by argument, but by passion and prejudice, through the medium of ecclesiastical judicatories.

"It is but late, however, since I have believed that the movers of this war, I may say the generals, are as hostile to revivals of religion as they are to those doctrines by which God produces them. But we must be careful not to identify those ministers whom they deceive, and those good people within their influence, by such an open and indiscriminate charge. Our duty as well as policy is explanation and self-defense, expostulation and conciliation. They must be the persecutors, we the persecuted; and in that case the result is not doubtful.

"I believe fully that we are no longer to trust Providence, and expect that God will vindicate His cause while we neglect the use of appropriate means. God never has in this manner vindicated His cause; He never will; and if such exertions are made as the exigency demands and we are able to make, I have not a doubt that what has happened and shall happen will be for the furtherance of the Gospel; and on this subject I can emphatically adopt the language of the Psalmist, 'O that the salvation of Israel *were come* out of Zion!' It is high time to awake!

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"I believe the establishment of a magazine to be one important and indispensable part of the system of self-defense and counteracting influence; and, so far as I know myself, my inclination, taste, and talents would be gratified and exerted in conducting such a publication, with as much pleasure to myself and as much usefulness to my generation as in any station or employment which I may be in the same degree qualified to fill. I do not say this without a deep sense of the great difficulty of performing the duties of such a station, and of my own insufficiency; but, merely comparing myself with myself, I am of opinion that I might be as usefully employed as in any other manner.

* * * *

"By this time you begin to conclude, I suppose, that your hopes are to be realized and your prayers answered. 'What,' you will say, 'can hinder your coming to New York?' Your question brings me to state now my thoughts on the other side.

"It will be extremely difficult, if not impossible, for me to leave this people without seriously injuring them, and my own character, and the cause generally in Connecticut and New England. Removals are not as easily effected for greater usefulness in New England as in the Presbyterian Church. We just make out to command presidents of colleges and professors of divinity, and that is all; and though the station in New York may be as important as any other station, it will be impossible to make common people, and, perhaps, to make even ministers see and understand its importance in the light that we do. It is extremely doubtful whether this Consociation would dismiss me, or, if I could bring them to it, whether they would not, in fact, injure themselves and the cause.

"I do not see how you will be able to secure to me a support of such competence and permanence as would justify

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me in breaking up, with such a family as I have, my present establishment. If your resources are to depend on success and profits of the Magazine, *that* is a matter of experiment which a young man without a family might safely make, but which I could not make without a degree of rashness which would affect my reputation as a man of sound mind, who provides for his own household and will not deny the faith. Besides, my people have, the past year, advanced $1740, contracted in building a part of a house in dependence upon funds which the war swept away. This money, should I leave them, I shall certainly refund, for conscience' sake; and yet such is the state of things here, that my whole establishment, worth, perhaps, $3000, would scarcely command $1700. I should need the advance of $1700 to prevent the sacrifice of $3000—a sacrifice which I should not think it my duty to make.

"On the whole, if I could be secured of a competent support for ten years to come, and could be justified by the opinion and advice of my brethren of the clergy and some distinguished laymen in this state whom I should think it my duty to consult, and could be dismissed from my people consistently with their safety and without too great a sacrifice of property, and could be ascertained of the cordial co-operation of my brethren in your vicinity and of all generally of their sentiments in the Presbyterian Church, I should be much disposed to come and do what I can. In short, if I was fairly at liberty, and you could make my support secure, I should not hesitate; I would come to live and die with you.

"But, in my opinion, the block lies in the threshold. It can not be a matter of even deliberation, on the precarious ground of Magazine support, though I do believe we should make one that would amply support itself. But *I* would not run the risk. If you can make that point secure, you have accomplished one half the difficulty." * * *

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CHAPTER LI.

DOWNFALL OF THE STANDING ORDER.

Autobiography—continued.

THE efforts we made to execute the laws and secure a reformation of morals reached the men of piety, and waked up the energies of the whole state, so far as the members of our churches, and the intelligent and moral portion of our congregations were concerned. These, however, proved to be a minority of the suffrage of the state. Originally all were obliged to support the standing order. Every body paid without kicking. I remember once Uncle Stephen Benton, a cross-grained sort of man, for some reason or other refused to pay, and they levied on his heifer and sold her.

When, however, other denominations began to rise, and complained of their consciences, the laws were modified. There never was a more noble regard to the rights of conscience than was shown in Connecticut. Never was there a body of men that held the whole power that yielded to the rights of conscience more honorably.

The habit of legislation from the beginning had been to favor the Congregational order and provide for it. Congregationalism was the established religion. All others were dissenters, and complained of favoritism. The ambitious minority early began to make use of the minor sects on the ground of invidious distinctions, thus making them restive. So the democracy, as it rose, included nearly all the minor sects, besides the Sabbath-breakers, rum-selling tippling folk, infidels, and ruff-scuff generally, and made a dead set at us of the standing order.

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It was a long time, however, before they could accomplish any thing, so small were the sects and so united the Federal phalanx. After defeat upon defeat, and while other state delegations in Congress divided, ours, for twenty years a unit, Pierrepont Edwards, a leader of the Democrats, exclaimed, "As well attempt to revolutionize the kingdom of heaven as the State of Connecticut!"

But throwing Treadwell over in 1811 broke the charm and divided the party; persons of third-rate ability, on our side, who wanted to be somebody, deserted; all the infidels in the state had long been leading on that side; the minor sects had swollen, and complained of having to get a certificate to pay their tax where they liked; our efforts to enforce reformation of morals by law made us unpopular; they attacked the clergy unceasingly, and myself in particular, in season and out of season, with all sorts of misrepresentation, ridicule, and abuse; and, finally, the Episcopalians, who had always been stanch Federalists, were disappointed of an appropriation for the Bishop's Fund, which they asked for, and went over to the Democrats.

That overset us.* They slung us out like a stone from a sling.

* "It finally began to be whispered that some one of the denominations called Dissenters must be conciliated, or the Federal party would be overborne at last by the concerted action of those who were opposed to the Congregational form of religion. When the charter of the Phœnix Bank was asked for, it was therefore suggested that the $50,000 bonus which was to be sequestered from its large capital for public uses should be divided between Yale College and the Bishop's Fund, and petitions were circulated to that effect among the people. Some of the Federalists thought it desirable to conciliate the Episcopalians, who now numbered some of the first men in the state.

"The bank was chartered, and $20,000 of the bonus was bestowed upon Yale College; but, from some cause, the Bishop's Fund did not get

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H. B. S. "I remember that time. John P. Brace came up to our house on the day of the election, and mother asked him how it had gone. 'Oh,' said he, 'the Democrats have beaten us all to pieces!' and a perfect wail arose."

C. E. B. "I remember seeing father, the day after the election, sitting on one of the old-fashioned, rush-bottomed kitchen chairs, his head drooping on his breast, and his arms hanging down. 'Father,' said I, 'what are you thinking of?' He answered, solemnly, 'THE CHURCH OF GOD.'"

It was a time of great depression and suffering. It was the worst attack I ever met in my life, except that which Wilson made. I worked as hard as mortal man could, and at the same time preached for revivals with all my might, and with success, till at last, what with domestic afflictions and all, my health and spirits began to fail. It was as dark a day as ever I saw. The odium thrown upon the ministry was inconceivable. The injury done to the cause of Christ, as we then supposed, was irreparable. For several days I suffered what no tongue can tell *for the best thing that ever happened to the State of Connecticut.* It cut the churches loose from dependence on state support. It threw them wholly on their own resources and on God.

They say ministers have lost their influence; the fact is, they have gained. By voluntary efforts, societies, missions, and revivals, they exert a deeper influence than ever they could by queues, and shoe-buckles, and cocked hats, and gold-headed canes.* It was right in the middle of that darkest

the portion anticipated for it by its friends. This was a severe disappointment to the denomination interested in that fund. The Episcopalians now arrayed themselves against the party in power with all the appliances that they could bring to bear upon an opponent."—HOLLISTER, ii., p. 515.

* "The great aim of the Christian Church in its relation to the present life is not only to renew the individual man, but also to reform human

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time that I was invited to preach a sermon before a society in New Haven for the relief of the poor. It was through Mary Hillhouse's influence. She moved Taylor and Good-

society. That it may do this it needs full and free scope. The Protestantism of the Old World is still fettered by the union of the Church with the State. Only in the United States of America has the experiment been tried of applying Christianity directly to man and to society without the intervention of the state.

"Accordingly the history of the Church in this country is difficult to grasp in its principles and bearings. Some of the peculiarities of this history are the following: 1. It is not the history of the conversion of a new people, but of the transplantation of old races already Christianized to a new theatre comparatively untrammeled by institutions and traditions. 2. Independence of the civil power. 3. The voluntary principle applied to the support of religious institutions. 4. Moral and ecclesiastical, but not civil power, the means of retaining the members of any communion. 5. Development of the Christian system in its practical and moral aspects rather than in its theoretical and theological. 6. Stricter discipline in the churches than is practicable when Church and State are one. 7. Increase of the churches, to a considerable extent, through REVIVALS OF RELIGION rather than by the natural growth of the children in an establishment. 8. Excessive multiplication of sects, and divisions on questions of moral reform."—H. B. SMITH, D.D., *Tables of Church History*.

The most remarkable exhibition of most of these peculiarities is to be found in the history of Connecticut during the period of Dr. Beecher's Litchfield ministry; and one of the most remarkable phases of his whole career is that in which we see him, on the one hand, making Herculean efforts to uphold the system of Church and State, and, on the other, lavishing almost superhuman energies in laying the foundations of the voluntary system. His favorite comparison for the old standing order was a ship. Its fate reminds us of Paul's description: "And falling into a place where two seas met, they ran the ship aground; and the fore part stuck fast, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves. But the centurion * * * commanded that they which could swim should cast themselves first into the sea and get to land; and the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship; and so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."

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rich to have me invited. It was for the purpose of providing me a stimulus, and affording me an opportunity of showing myself, in the midst of all attacks, before the community where I was so slandered; for there was a tremendous and deliberate effort made to put me down.

The fact is, there was a considerable period in which the Congregational ministers agreed to hold back and keep silent till the storm blew over. Writing this address was my first token of rallying with new vigor. Cornelius was studying with me then, and knew the object Mary Hillhouse had in view, and watched me writing, and I read it to him as I went along. He wrote to her that the thing was going well, and that I should do grandly. When I went to deliver it there was a full house, and at first there was some sneering and hissing; but the majority gave attention, and they soon became still and attentive, and I preached as I used to preach. It answered the end for which it was intended.

Extract from Address.

"The first way of doing good to the poor, aside from supplying their immediate necessities, is by *executing the laws.*

"It appears, from the report of the committee of the Moral Society in Portland, that out of 85 persons now supported in the work-house in that town, 71 became paupers in consequence of intemperance, and that out of 118 who are supplied at their own houses, more than one half are of the same character. The expense of supporting the victims of intemperance the past year was about $4000, and if the expense has been in the same proportion through the state, it amounts to $400,000; and were it extended to the United States, to $4,000,000. Now the laws, we know, can be neither omniscient nor omnipotent; but if the laws of this state respecting the Sabbath, the education of children, the

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vending of ardent spirits, and the intemperate use of them, were carefully executed, it would prevent at least three fourths of the crime, and poverty, and expense. The thorough execution of the law would be in Portland at least a charity to the poor of $3000 annually.

"If the guardians of the public morals in this city will be vigilant and efficient in the execution of the laws, it will save not merely three fourths of the expense of supporting the poor, it will stop the contamination of vice, give plenty and health to those who would otherwise be victims of disease, and, instead of supporting broken-hearted widows and orphan children, would prolong the lives of kind and industrious parents. If this be not done, you shall indeed have the poor with you always.

"We need also the addition to our system of work-houses to facilitate the execution of the laws, and render their penalties effectual. Pecuniary fines are not of sufficient efficacy, and temporary imprisonment will have only a temporary effect. There are in all our towns and cities men able to labor, men who spend most of their time in idleness, who contribute little, if any thing, for the support of their families, and devote their earnings to procure the means of inebriation.

"These men ought to be taken by the *strong hand of law to the work-house, and made to earn their own support*, and to aid in the support of their families. The state and all its officers are bound to help that host of afflicted wives and mothers who are cursed with worse than widowhood, and whose children are worse than fatherless. The absence of their tormentors would give them peace at home, and their coerced earnings would render them comfortable. * * * *

"But if there be in any corner of this assembly a narrow

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heart, a cold head, balancing all the while the loss and gain of charity, and meditating excuses for not giving if withholding should prove the better speculation, to such a one I would say, throw in your money, for you can not save it if you try. The poor will be with you always, and if you do not educate them, and stop the contagion of vice, they will swarm in your streets, and prowl about your dwellings, and pilfer from you ten times the amount you would need to give to render them useful and happy.

"Nay, the tax-gatherer will knock at your door, and by force of law wrench from your clenched hand ten times the pittance required to support the virtuous poor. As good habits prevail the tax and charity will decline, but as vice prevails you will be compelled to pay more and more annually, as the contagion spreads, to support wretchedness, and to help on the wicked in their hard way to hell. Give, then, if thou hast no bowels of compassion, upon principles of covetousness. In self-defense, give a pittance to promote industry and virtue. * * * *

"I stand before you, my brethren, to-night to plead the cause of all the broken-hearted, and desolate, and destitute in the city. I plead the cause of unborn generations. I plead that you would stop the stream of vice and woe, and put in motion the waters of the river of life. Nay, it may be that I am pleading the cause this moment of some of the dear partners of your bosom, who are soon to be widows, and of the sweet pledges of your love, who are soon to be fatherless and destitute.

"Say not my mountain stands strong, for what is your life? Say not I have property enough to make them comfortable, for who does not know that riches make to themselves wings and fly away? What security have you that your wealth shall descend? Who can command the fire

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that it shall not devour? the waves that they shall not overwhelm? and who can stop the revolving wheel of Providence, that brings kings and princes to the dust, and exalteth the beggar from the dunghill? Brethren, you have nothing for your families which God himself has not provided, and he has promised absolutely to keep nothing for your widows and fatherless but your charities. Lay up for them, then, a good foundation, for what you give to the poor you lend to the Lord, and he will repay it again when the cry of your distressed descendants shall enter his ears."

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CHAPTER LII.

THE BIBLE A CODE OF LAWS.

THE history of the sermon mentioned in the title, one of the most important Dr. Beecher ever wrote, was thus narrated by himself:

"From the time Unitarianism began to show itself in this country, it was as fire in my bones. I watched it, even at East Hampton, and read every thing that appeared on the subject.

"The defection existed before it was avowed. The minister of King's Chapel was the first that broached it. None else dared. Nor did they preach it. They used orthodox terms for a spell, ceasing to urge awakening truth, and left the old to die out, and the young to grow up Unitarians.

"Dr. Morse, of Charlestown, was one of the first to make an outcry when a Unitarian was chosen Theological Professor at Harvard on a foundation laid by orthodox money. That made a wave. Dr. Worcester denounced the practice of exchanges with Unitarians. That took. Then Channing came forward, and preached his famous sermon at Baltimore. He was their idol.

"My farewell sermon at East Hampton had led me to give an outline of a theological system. In Litchfield I rewrote and enlarged it, and preached it in Boston.* I had watched the whole progress of the Unitarian controversy, and read with eagerness every thing that came out on the

* At the ordination of Sereno E. Dwight as pastor of Park Street Church, September 8, 1817.

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subject. My mind had been heating, heating, heating. Now I had a chance to strike.

"It was the first time I had ever been in Boston. The sermon was long, but clear. I was not afraid, but took sight and struck on all the points. The Unitarians were out. The interest grew to the last as blow after blow hit every nail on the head.

"Come to go out, the old men were all in a glorification talking and chatting. Went to their dining-place, and there old Dr. ————, not given to praising, let out. You see there had been no such attack on Unitarianism, explaining our doctrines so that they could stand. The sensation all over the city was great. It was a perfect victory."

Extract from Sermon.

ADDRESS TO THE PASTOR.

"My dear Brother,—With the consequences of unfaithfulness in view, you are about to take the pastoral care of this church and congregation. Their salvation, according to the laws of the human mind, and the constituted mode of divine operation, is to be promoted or hindered by the instructions which you give, and the pastoral duties which you perform or neglect. But be not dismayed. The reward of fidelity is as glorious as the punishment of treachery is dreadful; and with the Bible in your hand, and Jesus Christ with you always, you are thoroughly furnished, and can do all things. Your duty is plain. It is to explain and enforce the laws of the divine moral government contained in the Bible. Receive, then, my brother, that holy book with implicit confidence, as including your commission and all you have to say. Read it daily as a part of your devotion, and study it as a part of your profession. But remember that yours is the office of an expositor of that di-

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vine book, and not of a legislator, to revise and modify its sacred pages. Be not wise in your own conceit, and dare not to be wise above what is written. Bring to your aid, for the exposition of the Scriptures, the resources of human learning; but bring with these a heart humbled with a sense of its own deceitfulness and depravity, and filled with strong desires, and groanings that can not be uttered, for the illumination and guidance of the Spirit, remembering that ignorance and unsanctified knowledge alike puff up and subject to condemnation.

"That you may understand the Scriptures, examine them for yourself. Receive no opinions upon trust, and allow no man to dictate what you shall believe. But do not use this your liberty as a cloak for rejecting the truth, and adopting licentious opinions. Dare to think for yourself; and what you think, *dare to preach*, knowing that divine wisdom has revealed no superfluous truths, and that all Scripture is profitable.

"Dare to think for yourself; but do not imagine that independence can compensate for indolence, or ignorance, or heresy, or hatred of the truth; or that, to be independent, you must, of course, despise antiquity, and differ from the vast majority of the wise, and great, and good.

"Dare to think for yourself. Let no creed bind you because it is reputed orthodox, until you perceive its agreement with the Scriptures; but then, though every where spoken against, adopt it; remembering that the Bible may be epitomized and its meaning retained, and your reverence for creeds be only reverence for the Bible.

"Dare to think for yourself; and do not imagine that the faithful avowal of truths to which the hearts of men are opposed demands less courage than the promulgation of errors grateful to the feelings of human depravity.

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"Dare to think for yourself; but give to others the same liberty; and never raise the pusillanimous cry of intolerance because others will not think your opinions to be harmless, or as correct and salutary as their own.

"Explain to your people the moral law, as demanding love to God with all the heart; and their entire depravity, as destitute of his holy love; and their danger, as exposed justly to eternal punishment. Explain to them the nature of repentance, as the sorrow for sin which is inspired by love to God; and the nature of faith, as that confidence in the Savior which is the result of holy love. * * *

"Admit no excuse for impenitence, and no plea in mitigation of guilt; no decree of God as having any influence to constrain them to sin, or render immediate repentance impossible; no doctrine of election or reprobation as excluding them from heaven against their wills, and driving them reluctantly to hell; no doctrine of total depravity as destroying free agency, and rendering transgression involuntary and unavoidable; no doctrine of regeneration by the special agency of the Holy Spirit as implying any inability in the sinner to love, and repent, and believe, which does not consist wholly in his refusal to obey the Most High. * * *

"But, my brother, whatever may be your attainments in human science, your might in the Scriptures, your popularity as a preacher, or your estimation in the affections of your people, let it all be counted loss in comparison with their actual conversion to God. Set your heart upon the great blessing of a revival of religion. Desire it speedily and constantly. Pray for it without ceasing, and stir up the members of your church to concentrate on this point the whole importunity of the prayer of faith. And live, and preach, and pray, and act in such a manner as shall lay the best foundation to expect the blessing."

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CHAPTER LIII.

HARRIET PORTER.

DURING this visit Dr. Beecher became acquainted with Miss Harriet Porter, of Portland, Maine, then spending a few days in Boston with her sister, Mrs. Homes.

Her father, Aaron Porter, the son of a substantial farmer in Boxford, Massachusetts, was one of the most successful medical practitioners of his time, a man of rare worth and extensive general information. Dr. Porter married Paulina, a daughter of Hon. Richard King, of Scarborough, Maine. Mrs. Porter's eldest sister was married to Hon. Robert Southgate, grandfather of the present bishop of that name. Of her brothers, Richard occupied the old homestead. William was the first governor of the state. Cyrus was a member of Congress, where his speeches ranked among the finest specimens of Parliamentary oratory. Rufus was a member of the Continental Congress, and first proposed the celebrated ordinance of 1797 prohibiting slavery in the great Northwest.

He was also a member of the United States Constitutional Convention; for four successive terms United States Senator from New York; and twice appointed minister to Great Britain. The circle, therefore, in which Miss Porter moved, both from its distinguished family connections and her father's professional celebrity, was one of peculiar elevation and refinement.

Of Miss Porter herself, in her earlier years, we are favored with the recollections of one who knew her intimately,

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and was by marriage connected with the family—Dr. Lord, of Dartmouth College.

"Harriet Porter was a cousin and intimate friend of my wife, and belonged to a constellation somewhat luminous in Maine fifty years ago. Her mother was one of four sisters of the late Rufus, William, and Cyrus King—names very conspicuous and honorable in the history of that state. All these excellent women had several daughters, who constituted a very considerable and intimate society of their own, and, by reason of their inherited and acquired characteristics, figured not a little in the general society of that time.

"Harriet Porter was one of the most observable of this uncommon group of cousins, and one of their best representatives in other circles. At the time of my first acquaintance with her she was a young lady of almost womanly age, and was already distinguished in her sphere. Her beautiful person and elegant manners were fitly associated with a vigorous and cultivated intellect, a generous spirit, and extraordinary affability.

"Her mind was perfectly balanced, composed, serene, yet she was susceptible of the liveliest emotions; always cheerful, sometimes joyous, and never failing, without effort or affectation, to gladden her own home, and all who were at any time privileged with her society. Her facility, gracefulness, amenity, and dignity were proverbial, and were the same in all her relations. Her sense of rectitude, order, and propriety was exquisite. She never made a mistake. She never attempted what did not become her, and whatever she attempted was well done. She was justly regarded as a model.

"It was about 1812, as nearly as I remember, when her pastor, Dr. Payson, was in his meridian of usefulness, that she, with many others of her most intimate associates, was awakened to religious inquiry by the preaching of that re-

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markable man. She became a Christian. I was then intimately acquainted with her, personally and by correspondence.

"Some of her letters, written at that time, were significant of uncommon Christian intelligence and feeling. They were deeply impressive upon many who had never known any thing of a similar experience. I remember particularly that my honored father was first moved religiously by one of them. He caused her to be invited to his house; and I have thought that the Christian hope in which he soon afterward died was referable to her example, conversation, and prayers. Her religious life was devout, sincere, consistent, and added great beauty and almost sublimity to the natural excellencies for which she was distinguished."

The early religious experience to which Dr. Lord refers is illustrated by the following extract from one of her letters, written soon after her conversion:

* * * "For a whole month I sought and agonized. I would have parted with a right hand or right eye. Still, it only remained for me to say, 'What can be the reason?' for, instead of relief, I was plunged deeper and deeper in embarrassment and acute distress. I read, 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.' 'Oh scourge me!' I cried, 'so Thou but heal me with Thy love.' I thought this was what my soul required, and now the difficulty was explained. I waited a whole day under this reflection, with meekness and patience; but the night found me—oh, I hardly dare recur to what I did and suffered. Often I was persuaded that life or reason must inevitably leave me. I believe not all the exhortations and persuasions in the world can make a sinner believe: it is the gift of God. No sooner did I feel, through faith, that

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Christ is able, ready, and willing to save, than, had I a thousand souls, I would freely surrender them all to Him.

"I thought it must be a delusion that I should find mercy and acceptance. Had it been audibly declared to me, 'Daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee!' I could have felt no higher joy and fullness of pleasure. But words are only mocking my feelings and emotions.

"The perfection of God—the love of Christ seemed to pour in upon me. I was overwhelmed. I wonder I was not annihilated. What was it? I had attained a happiness of glory, immortality, eternal life, the free gift of the inconceivable grace of God, and was not doomed to wait; it is a present salvation.

"I feel that I am cleansed by the efficacy of the blood of Christ. My soul doth magnify the Lord, my spirit rejoices in God my Savior. It seemed to me I had found something of inestimable value, of which, if I lost sight, it would be wrested from me. I was afraid to sleep, lest in the morning I should not find it. 'I will leave Thee,' at last I said, 'but Thou wilt not leave me.'

"And now this is the third day, and it is renewed every morning and increased every evening. Never was any creature so blessed, so filled with joy and consolation. 'Come, all ye that fear the Lord, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul.' This is the language of my heart. Such freedom and perfect liberty, as though emancipated from the most goading and oppressive shackles. I rejoice, yet with excessive trembling. To support such elevation is impossible. Corruption must return; it is not yet extinguished; but it is written, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'

"I dread the recurrence of temptation, for I have no strength, no power of resistance; yet I know where my strength lies; but I am an infant in Christ."

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After Dr. Beecher's return to Litchfield, the following correspondence took place:

Catharine to Miss Harriet Porter.

"DEAR MADAM,—The prospect of the connection to take place between my father and yourself, and the tender alliance so soon to subsist between you and this family, give me the liberty and pleasure of addressing you, though I have never enjoyed the satisfaction of personal acquaintance.

"As the oldest child and daughter, I feel it my duty to express to you my feelings on this occasion, as I can not but suppose that you feel some anxiety to know my sentiments and those of the other children upon a subject so nearly concerned with your happiness and our own.

"It pleased God to deprive me of a kind and tender mother at an age when I had just begun to realize her uncommon worth, and at a time when I particularly felt the need of the watchful care and kind advice of a mother. It was at an age when I knew my character was forming in the eyes of the world—when I was expected to throw off the character of a girl and assume that of a woman—when every action of my life would be regarded, not as the impulse of an uninformed child, but as springing from the fixed principles of an established character.

"With these feelings, dear madam, imagine how terrible was the stroke that deprived me of my guide, my adviser, and my best earthly friend; that left me comparatively alone to grope my own way through the dangers and vicissitudes of early life; for who can fill a *mother's* place but *a mother*. But this was not my only misfortune. It was not for my own loss alone that I mourned; the stroke fell heavily upon my dear remaining parent. It left him solitary, comfortless, and afflicted, and it was a loss which I felt it utterly out of

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my power to repair or alleviate. I also felt bitterly for my dear brothers and sisters, thus with myself deprived of a tender and affectionate parent; and, above all, I realized the heavy care and responsibility which rested upon me, as their eldest sister, to supply my mother's place to them.

"I have at times, though naturally of a cheerful disposition, felt almost wretched when reflecting upon my father's, my brothers' and sisters', and my own unhappy situation. Think, then, dear madam, how great must be my joy and relief, and how unbounded ought to be my gratitude to God, our heavenly Father, for His sudden and unforeseen mercy in thus providing one so competent, and who, I doubt not, will so kindly fill all the tender relations of my dear departed parent—one who will prove a kind and affectionate companion to my father, and relieve his mind from heavy domestic cares — a tender and watchful mother to my dear brothers and sisters, and who will be to me a guide, a pattern, and friend, to whom I may look up for assistance and advice, so necessary and desirable.

"I speak for myself, and for all my brothers and sisters who are capable of considering the extent of their obligation to you, when we promise to make it our constant study to render you the affection, obedience, and all the kind offices which we should wish to pay our own mother were she now restored to us from the grave. The sacred name of *mother*, so bound up in our hearts, would alone entitle you to the most undeviating affection and respect.

"My brothers and sisters desire to be remembered to her who, they trust, will soon be their dear protector and friend, and join their affectionate salutations with those of one who hopes ere long to be truly your dutiful and affectionate daughter."

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Miss Harriet Porter to Catharine.

"Boston, September 18, 1817.

"My dear Catharine,—How sweetly have you anticipated my feelings and wishes in thus early communicating your own. This is an expression of kindness which finds a ready passage to my heart; especially does my gratitude ascend to God, whose hand I desire to be able to recognize in this so great a favor.

"You have judged rightly in supposing that a knowledge of your sentiments at this time is truly desirable to me. I have thought of it again and again with increasing solicitude, though I now assure you that you have afforded me much satisfaction, and removed no inconsiderable burden from a mind at times almost overwhelmed.

"In view of so high and responsible a station as that to which, in Providence, I seem to be called, I need such alleviations, though my dependence, I trust, is in the wisdom and mercy of the unerring Hand which, I humbly hope, has hitherto directed my steps.

"I can sympathize with you, my dear (and I believe the time will never come that I shall not), in the deep affliction you have so early experienced. In your sentiments and feelings in this respect I find the best security of consolation and happiness in the prospect of so intimate a connection with you. Had you loved, or lamented less, one so much and so deservedly endeared to you, I should have feared for your principles, and for the affections of your heart. If you would please me, then, always continue to consider your affliction great, your loss irreparable. I am not to take the place of that mother. Oh no. She must still live in your memory and affections; but have you not room for me also? I know experimentally that a friend thus removed from us,

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in a very important sense still remains with us. They influence our conduct; they are ministering spirits, maintaining a right and power over our feelings and actions.

"I will appeal to yourself. Are you not frequently urged to the performance of many things, and likewise restrained from others, by the reflection, 'This would please or displease my mother?' And your dwelling will, I doubt not, be sanctified in my sight by the thought that here was the residence of one moving in the path of Christian love and benevolence, diffusing comfort and blessings around her, and here especially—a saint departed to glory!

"To succeed such a woman is, indeed, a momentous concern. I feel it to be such, and that it involves a great sum of earthly happiness, and has consequences fastened upon it of incalculable weight and importance. In my view, a minister of the Gospel fills a most honorable station. He is to be considered a messenger from the court of Heaven. His happiness is to be regarded, his comfort to be promoted in every possible way. To be an instrument of good to such is also honorable; it is a preferment, I think, far above the distinctions which usually give pre-eminence in this life. That God is able to make me such an instrument I do not doubt, but that He will do it I have no security, nor any certain means of calculating; yet my daily prayer to Him is that, if I can not be made a blessing to every one of you, His interposing hand may blast an alliance which otherwise would only bring with it pain and wretchedness.

"Still, I should be ungrateful not to say that, even in view of the peculiarity of the situation, I have much good hope and confidence; and need I add how very much all this springs from a disclosure of the disposition and feelings in yourself, your brothers and sisters?

"Give my love to each of them. I have already given to

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you all a shape and feature. It seems as though you must resemble nieces and nephews of mine who are so dear to me.

"May I be so happy as to obtain favor in your sight, and find my own heart warmed with the most lively and tender sentiments of kindness and affection. I hope you will be able to prevent any unpleasant or painful impressions upon the minds of your brothers and sisters. Tell them that a friend is coming a great way on purpose to love them, and take care of them, and do them good; and when you teach them their evening prayers, can not you associate my name, and lead them already to raise their hands and voices in my behalf? We can never lightly esteem one for whom we habitually pray.

"Will you not write again, my dear Catharine, thereby anticipating a part of the work before us by getting acquainted even before we meet?"

The wedding tour is thus described by Dr. Beecher:

"In the fall I went to Portland, and we were married at Grandpa Porter's. Dr. Payson performed the ceremony. From Portland we went round visiting among her cousins and friends where they were within reach. We spent a week or more in Boston, and then set out for home. The whole journey was made in the old family chaise.

"Her things were put up in an immense great trunk covered with yellow leather, and sent round by water to New Haven. Aunt Homes fitted her out. But winter came on, and the vessel was frozen up, so that we did not get the trunk till spring. She had to patch up for winter."

The advent of the new mother is thus described by Mrs. Stowe:

"I was about six years old, and slept in the nursery with my two younger brothers. We knew that father was gone

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away somewhere on a journey, and was expected home, and therefore the sound of a bustle or disturbance in the house more easily awoke us. We heard father's voice in the entry, and started up in our little beds, crying out as he entered our room, 'Why, here's pa!' A cheerful voice called out from behind him, 'And here's ma!'

"A beautiful lady, very fair, with bright blue eyes, and soft auburn hair bound round with a black velvet bandeau, came into the room smiling, eager, and happy-looking, and, coming up to our beds, kissed us, and told us that she loved little children, and that she would be our mother. We wanted forthwith to get up and be dressed, but she pacified us with the promise that we should find her in the morning.

"Never did mother-in-law make a prettier or sweeter impression. The next morning, I remember, we looked at her with awe. She seemed to us so fair, so delicate, so elegant, that we were almost afraid to go near her. We must have been rough, red-cheeked, hearty country children, honest, obedient, and bashful. She was peculiarly dainty and neat in all her ways and arrangements; and I remember I used to feel breezy, and rough, and rude in her presence. We felt a little in awe of her, as if she were a strange princess rather than our own mamma; but her voice was very sweet, her ways of moving and speaking very graceful, and she took us up in her lap and let us play with her beautiful hands, which seemed wonderful things, made of pearl, and ornamented with strange rings."

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CHAPTER LIV.

CORRESPONDENCE, 1817–18.

Mrs. Beecher to Miss Lucy Porter.

"Litchfield, Nov. 17, 1817.

"My dear Sister,—And so I am dating a letter *Litchfield;* and in several respects it certainly is the climacteric of my experience, for it is the *highest* place I ever was upon. I never saw such hills as we had to climb to get up here from Hartford; though I did not mean to mention it, lest it might seem an obstacle to any of my friends who might contemplate a similar expedition; yet I can tell them that I suppose the place finally will answer the pleasant descriptions we hav heard.

"Our journey was highly favorable. We met with no disaster of any sort; had but one unpleasant day, and that only damp, with a little rain. It was a very pleasant journey. The visits we made, both in Massachusetts and Connecticut, were among the best of people, and those who are, for the most part, very agreeable. We did not pass but one night at a tavern. We did not go to New Haven, but took the shortest route from Boston to Hartford. I felt unwilling myself in any way to protract the journey, because the weather was so good; therefore, on Friday evening, we ascended the last height, which landed us on the plain of Litchfield.

"I came up with mingled emotions of pleasure, solicitude, and impatience, yet feeling my confidence in God unshaken, and that in obedience to His will my feet should be planted

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on this mountain. Here I hoped to live, fill up the remnant of my days in usefulness, and be made meet for that heaven, the end and aim of all my hopes.

"We surprised the family here almost as much as Mr. Beecher did us. They did not expect us till the following evening; but it was a joyful surprise to them. I never saw so many rosy cheeks and laughing eyes. Catharine, however, felt too much, and was most overcome; the little ones were all joy and gladness. They began all, the first thing, to tell their dreams, for it seems they have dreamed of nothing else but father's coming home; and some dreamed he came without me, and some that he brought two mothers.

"They all became immediately very free and social except the youngest, and he is quite shy; calls me 'lady,' and sometimes 'dear lady;' but he loves his aunt much the best. I have never seen a finer family of children, or a more agreeable; but I will tell you more hereafter when I am better informed, and only mean now to say I am here, and well, and getting acquainted as fast as I suspect any person ever did. It has stormed ever since we arrived except the Sabbath, and I am glad of it, for I was greatly fatigued, and therefore heartily glad not to see any company immediately, though Mr. Beecher wished me not to write home till I had seen some of his dear friends.

"I went to meeting, however, and so satisfied, I suppose, the unbounded curiosity of this people to see Mr. Beecher's new wife. I felt some agitation, on entering the door, to see every body seated, and, had I known all, I don't know but I should have fallen down in the way, for William says the people all turned round, and the scholars and all in the galleries rose up. The children are greatly amused about it as well as the rest of us.

"I am delighted with the great familiarity and great re-

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spect subsisting between parent and children. It is a house of great cheerfulness and comfort, and I am beginning to feel at home. I expect in this situation a great increase of happiness; but God knows what is best for me, and I am willing the government should be in His hands.

"Harriet and Henry are very desirous for me to send their love. Harriet just said to me, 'Because you have come and married my pa, when I am big enough I mean to go and marry your pa.'" * * *

Catharine to ——.

"November 21, 1817.

"Papa returned from Portland last week, and I intended to have written immediately, but the constant round of company prevented. * * *

"Our new mother is every thing we could wish, and we already love her dearly. At first, the sight of her, and the name she bore, served to renew our sorrow at the recollection of our own dear mother, and for a short time it was a trial for me to see her place filled by a stranger; but that stranger has now become a mother in our affections, and, we trust, will ever continue so. She is very kind to us all, and appears desirous to do all in her power for our happiness and comfort. All our friends are very much pleased with her, and I doubt not that she will prove a great blessing to us all. * * *

"Aunt Esther and Grandma Beecher are with us still. They will stay a fortnight or so, that mother may become initiated in household matters.

"The children are all well. Harriet is a very good girl. She has been to school all this summer, and has learned to read very fluently. She has committed to memory twenty-seven hymns and two long chapters in the Bible. She has

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a remarkably retentive memory, and will make a good scholar. She says she has got a new mother, and loves her very much, and means to be a very good child."

Mrs. Beecher to ——.

"December 4, 1817.

"* * * I am beginning to have something like a home feeling. It is a very lovely family, and, with heartfelt gratitude, I observed how cheerful and healthy they were; and the sentiment is greatly increased since I perceive them to be of agreeable habits, and some of them of uncommon intellect. They are larger than I imagined, and take more care of themselves.

"I am preparing to add my testimony to that of others that the society of Litchfield is singularly good; not so large as to be oppressive, but large enough. I think I have not seen in any place so much piety, intelligence, and refinement united. Judge Reeve is a distinguished man in the world and a valuable Christian. Mrs. Reeve is a superior woman. I shall find in her a most tender and faithful friend.

"Colonel Tallmadge is a man of wealth and influence, and is also foremost in conference meetings. The first people here are decidedly the most religious. I can name a number of females with high admiration. Miss Pierce's school has acquired great celebrity, and, together with the law-school, gives society a very pleasing aspect—so much youth, health, and beauty.

"The situation of the place is highly advantageous for health. It is high; the air salubrious. The town is laid out in four broad streets meeting at the centre, where is a large green on which the meeting-house stands.

"At the corner of these streets are some handsome buildings, a neat Episcopal church, court-house, bank, etc. But

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the beauty of the place is the wide streets, thickly planted on either hand with fine trees. It surpasses in pleasantness any thing I have seen except Boston Mall. The houses are white and neat, and there is no appearance of poverty. I think it must be one of the most beautiful summer towns in the world. Our dwelling is pleasantly situated and uncommonly convenient, and looks full well enough for a minister's family.

"I like the Russian stove wonderfully; it almost annihilates the winter within doors. It warms three rooms below and three above, and mitigates the air all over the house. I am now sitting in my chamber; it is a cold day, but I should suppose it agreeable summer weather. We have no shivering about in the morning, and the work of a family is done with greater ease. We are all up at break of day, and have prayers before sunrise. The two boys are going away soon; but we shall miss them much, they are so pleasant and lively.

"We have not worldly distinctions, but the favor we receive from the wise and good is most gratifying. The interest of this family seems to be the interest of the whole town.

"Our Thanksgiving was very pleasant. Colonel Tallmadge gave a dinner to the poor of the Church. The poor are not very poor. He wished Mr. Beecher and myself to be there; but, as we wished to dine with the children, we only went in the afternoon, when I was introduced to this class of good people, and we had a prayer-meeting.

"The governor resides here (Wolcott). He has honored me with a call. He is a Toleration man. Comes half a day to meeting, and no more. * * *

"Catharine and Mary take all the care of the children morning and night. They go to school, except the youngest, and he is most of the time over at his grandma's.

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"Shall I tell you how much I admire Mr. Beecher's preaching? From his great study and experience, I think he is led into heights and depths unreached by any I have heard. When I think what he is, and what he is doing in his study above, it helps in the discharge of duty below."

The Same.

"Litchfield, December 8, 1817.

"DEAR SISTER,—I do not know that in my last I said much about the society here. I am exceedingly gratified in this respect. I shall find the tenderest friends and most agreeable intellectual associates. Judge Reeve is a man of distinction in the world, and a most active Christian. In the time of the revival here, Mr. Beecher committed a class of inquirers entirely to him, without visiting them at all himself, and he managed them admirably. Mrs. Reeve is a very superior woman. She is the mother of this family—of us all. Mrs. Gould is another fine woman, on habits of great intimacy with us. Mrs. Tallmadge is another I must speak of with affection. Her daughter, Mrs. Cushman, is an intimate friend of Mrs. Payson. She passes the winter here. She is a fine woman, I think, and interesting.

"Colonel Tallmadge is a man of wealth and influence, and he is active in conference meetings. It is an immense advantage that the first people here are decidedly the most religious. Our religious privileges are very great. Church meetings are interesting, and our domestic worship very delightful. We sing a good deal, and have reading aloud as much as we can.

"It seems the highest happiness of the children (the larger ones especially) to have a reading circle. They have all, I think, fine capacities, and good taste for learning. Edward, probably, will be a great scholar. He and William

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are soon to be absent, and never very much more be under parental instruction; but I trust they will carry principles with them which shall remain always, and the fruit of them bear testimony to the benefit of early education. Catharine is a fine-looking girl, and in her mind I find all that I expected. She is not handsome, yet there is hardly any one who appears better. Mary will make a fine woman, I think; will be rather handsome than otherwise. She is twelve now, large of her age, and is almost the most useful member of the family. The four youngest are very pretty. George comes next to Mary. He is quite a large boy; takes care of the cow, etc.; goes to school, though his father expects to educate him. He learns well.

"Harriet and Henry come next, and they are always hand-in-hand. They are as lovely children as I ever saw, amiable, affectionate, and very bright. Charles, the youngest, we can hardly tell what he will be, but he promises well. Catharine and Mary take all the care of the children morning and night, etc. They go to school, except Charles, and stay all day, so that we have not much noise. The boys are up before it is quite day, and make fires, and we are all down and have prayers before sunrise.

"I like the Russian stove wonderfully; it, in fact, annihilates the winter within doors. It warms three rooms below and three above. I am now sitting in my chamber (and it is cold weather), but I should think it agreeable summer. We have no shivering about in the morning. They remain warm through the night. The children having such a room is a great convenience, where they are dressed, etc., and the air of the whole house is mitigated. I wish all my friends had the same comfort. The work of a family can be done with much more ease, having every part warm, and plenty of water in the kitchen. Our dwelling is pleasantly situated,

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and *looks full well enough.* It was originally an old-fashioned house of four rather small rooms. It has now an addition, upon one end, of a large parlor, and entry and stairs, making a new front, and a kitchen built out behind. The room next the kitchen we call the dining-room, where the fire is made in the great stove. Here we sit and eat, and it does not look very nice, but is in good repair; it is lighted by one of those very large windows (such as they so often have in back rooms in Boston), with a curtain to it. Here are chairs, and table, and canvas carpet; but the little front room is also warm, and all company sit down there. This room looks considerably better. The large parlor is a pleasant room, and prettily furnished. The north room and chamber over it have been occupied by a law student in each. They are not wanted at all, and that front door is not used for any thing else.

"The house is white; has a pleasant yard round it, and beautiful trees. The garden yields plenty of vegetables for the year, plenty of cherries; and the orchard furnishes cider and apples enough. A barrel of apple-sauce is made in the fall, which the children use instead of butter. Mr. Beecher's and my nine o'clock supper is always sweet apples and milk. I wish father would join us. Now, if you do not think all this particular enough, I sha'n't know what to write in my next."

The Same.

"Litchfield, Jan. 22, 1818.

"DEAR FRIENDS,—I did not mean it should be so long before I wrote again, but a multitude of concerns has made it quite impracticable. I am usually pretty busy through the day, and for the three last weeks we have been out to tea every evening, I think, save one. We have still a number

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of visits to make, especially as we are now extending our acquaintance among the farmers. Mr. Beecher takes me with him out of the village. We make a number of calls, visit a school, take tea with some good Christian family, and then preach or lecture in the evening. Some of these meetings have been very interesting, the hearts of many evidently melted, and we have reason to hope this place may again be made glad with the presence of the Lord. We are endeavoring to effect our purpose of bringing the females of the Church together and establishing a general meeting. I trust it will succeed, and effect much good, though there is yet much backwardness among those who ought to be leaders. I find some of the very best people in the world and most agreeable, and they are very kind toward me. I doubt not, if I were in trials and afflictions, I should find the tenderest sympathy and affection.

"Mrs. Edwards and her daughters (who are President Edwards's progeny) are very valuable friends, truly eminent for their piety. Mrs. Gould is one of the very first of female intellect. I hope, when my general visiting is over, to have much delightful intercourse with her. At present I have to treat all pretty much alike. My health continues very good, though I drive about so. I do not have such frequent colds as last winter.

"Litchfield, though proverbially cold, has not yet felt the severity I have usually experienced in the district of Maine; but I suspect every where the winter thus far has been very mild. Our meeting-house has a stove in it, which mitigates the air very much, and our Russian stove at home is one of the greatest comforts I ever enjoyed, though I don't like the looks of it.

"They have one singular custom here. The meeting-house is owned by the parish. No one has a pew of his

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own. A committee is appointed every year, called *the seaters;* and they seat the people as they think proper, without distinction, two or more families in a pew, and change them every year, so that none may take offense.

"We heard the governor was going to invite us to his house, but, at a party where we met, he did not like our management of closing the evening with prayer and singing, and so has given it up.

"Mr. Beecher's labors are greater than any minister's I know. He preaches more than Mr. Payson, and his people are so scattered that his parochial duties are much more fatiguing and difficult. If any thing would induce him to change his residence, it would be a more compact society. The attachment of his people to him is very gratifying; I witness it myself with great delight.

"I like Mr. Beecher's preaching as well as ever. His sermons are chiefly extemporaneous. They are animated, and have much effect. He is preparing another sermon for the press, and shortly some tracts. We usually have a good deal of company: calling ministers, young men come for advice, etc. On Wednesday evenings the law students come here, and are lectured upon theology. On Saturdays Mr. Beecher gives lectures also to the school of young ladies upon the questions of the Assembly's Catechism." * * *

Dr. Beecher to Mr. Cornelius.

"Litchfield, June 1, 1818.

"Dear Brother,—I am like a bottleful of new wine, all in a ferment. What will come of it I can not tell yet. My thoughts are multitudinous, and I have not yet been able to find the common centre, and to cause them to gravitate, assuming their order according to specific gravity. Yea, they are so vagrant and headstrong, and I am so weak, that at

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times I have almost despaired of ever reducing them to useful subjection, and never more than this very day.

"At last, however, I have fixed down a single stake, and lashed myself to it with firm resolution that all my thoughts which will not concentrate around it may fly off into chaos. And now I begin to rest a little and gain resolution. But still, one thing I must ask, and that is, give me as much time as you can, and, Providence permitting, I shall pay you for it; for the subject is one which demands study, and will repay it, I am sure, if well managed; and it kills me, where mature deliberation is requisite, to feel in haste. I *can* shoot flying at as little warning as most men, but when I take sight to fire, few men require more time. Remember, then, and let your installation be as late as will consist with your necessary arrangements. I have still confidence in my subject, not the less that I am in trouble about it, for I have never yet brought forth any thing without seasons of antecedent solicitude and trouble. * * *

"P.S.—Oh dear! what if there should be a word spelt wrong in this epistle! I can not look back to see, and as I have written upon the canter, I think it is likely to be so; and now, being a D.D., how it must look! Well, I did not make myself D.D.; and as to spelling, if I have not spelt right, I *can*, and so it must go on credit."

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CHAPTER LV.

CORRESPONDENCE, 1818–19.

Mrs. Beecher to Edward at Yale.

"November 1, 1818.

"We have had a great breaking-up since you left, so much so that Catharine and myself were at the table alone; but we are filling up again by the addition of three young ladies who have unexpectedly come, and our circle is enlarging to nearly its usual size.

"Your father and Catharine had a pleasant visit at Northampton, and returned safe, having passed the Sabbath at Hartford. Little babe is better, cries less, and begins, we think, to show signs of intellect.

"Edward, I hope we do not presume too largely upon your good habits and principles, but our hearts are greatly at rest, in confidence that you will be preserved blameless. We commit you to the care of the providence of God, with earnest desires that you may also be the subject of His special grace. We think and talk about you a great deal, and I feel the parting from you very much."

Dr. Beecher to the Same.

"Dear Son,—I perceive you feel, not home-sick—oh no, but dreadfully desirous of hearing about home, even down to the cow and pigs, and the 'apple by the gate.' But this is all very well, and shows that you love home, and feel, when absent, an increase of sensibility and interest in persons you love, and in every domestic circumstance and association. If you get puzzled with your lesson, and 'feel

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queer,' you must avoid two things: first, not to pass over the difficulty. Make thorough work, and dig up science by the roots. Second, not to puzzle too long before you ask assistance, if you need it, as to confound your mind. There is nothing which can not be learned in the whole course of your study, and if you can not find the end of the rope, the tutor's lips must keep knowledge, and you must not be afraid or ashamed to go to his room and ask his assistance. It is much better than to flounder in the mire, or leave behind you a post in the land of Nod (a dark unexplored place nobody knows where) untaken.

"As to your mode of pursuing your studies: if you have any spare time, I think it best to explore the same subject you are studying, taking a wider range. Let your knowledge be accurate and your ideas definite, so that you will know what you do know, and be able, at a moment's warning, to put in requisition your resources. Accustom yourself, also, to a careful method; think methodically on all subjects; lay every idea in its place, on the right shelf, and tie it up, and label it with others in the right bundle, so that you can go to it in the dark and lay your hand on it. Every subject, like a tree, has a root. If you find the root and follow it up, you will find, by an easy and natural process, all the branches, and will be able to pursue a subject in all its ramifications; whereas, if you lay hold and pull by the branches first, it will be like pitching into the top of a tree, and cutting your way through brush and thorns to the root. * * *

"Let me repeat a caution before given. Never be concerned in any disorderly frolic, or witty, waggish trick. Never be afraid to say no to any solicitation to do a wicked or improper thing. Never be governed by the sneer of fools instead of your Bible and your conscience.

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"One thing more I must say. There are often in the freshman class, as well as other classes, many sage opinions broached as to the utility of this or that study. One thinks languages useless, and becomes a poor lazy dog in the languages. Another despises algebra, and can see no use in mathematics. Now let no such vain imaginations enter your head. The system of study is relatively good. It has for its object mental vigor as well as practical utility, and all parts are necessary and wise in the prescribed course; and the sciences also, bound up, as Cicero says, by such common bonds that the possession of one aids in the attainment of the others, and he is most perfect in each who is versed in all. May God preserve your health, and sanctify your heart, and fulfill all our hopes, and answer all our prayers in your usefulness and happiness.

"P.S.—I suspect you do not exercise enough. Take care of that."

The Same.

"Litchfield, Nov. 26, 1818.

"DEAR SON,—I heard of the fracas between the students and the young men of the town, and should have dispatched a letter immediately, warning you to have nothing to do with it; 'but'—I thought to myself—'I have charged my son so often to have nothing to do with college scrapes, and he is so steady and conscientious, and has so often promised to keep out of them, and has so much decision of character to resist popular temptation, that it is superfluous to write; I may safely venture him.' And so I dismissed all solicitude, from the full conviction that, whatever might happen, you would be in your room and about your proper business. I was awakened from this delightful confidence and security by learning that you had procured yourself a club and

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stones, and was seen with others parading the college ground; and I heard of some expressions from your lips which seemed to show that you had entered with zeal into the spirit of the conflict, and had given yourself up, though a child, to the violent feelings which attend such a crisis. I am willing to hope that the account admits of mitigating explanation; but if it does not, and if your reliance should be placed on justification, or on the stress of temptation, then I must say, my son, that no justification can ever be made for disobeying the laws and the authority of college; and as to the plea of temptation, I shall be alarmed, and disappointed, and mortified extremely, in finding you so soon pleading temptation as an excuse for following a multitude to do evil. * * *

"*My son, there is no living in this world, and doing right, if you can not meet public opinion and resist it, when arrayed on the side of evil.* * * *

"I wish you, my son, daily to remember that there is a public opinion more worthy to be regarded than the opinions of sinful men. The opinion of God, and angels, and the spirits of the just, among whom is your dear departed mother, whose soul, if now in the body, would sympathize with me in my sorrow for you, as your present mother does. * * *

"We have had a pleasant Thanksgiving, a good dinner, and, they say, a good sermon. It would have added to our happiness to have had William and you sit down with us. We had presents piled in upon us yesterday at a great rate. Mr. Henry Wadsworth sent 6 lbs. butter, 6 lbs. lard, 2 lbs. hyson tea, 5 dozen eggs, 8 lbs. sugar, a large pig, a large turkey, and four cheeses. The governor sent a turkey; Mrs. Thompson do.; and, to cap all, Mr. Rogers sent us a turkey. That is *Toleration!*"

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The Same.

"Litchfield, November 30, 1818.

"My dear Son,—Though I expect to see you so soon, yet, as I have made you sorry by a letter, I shall not defer a moment to answer yours, which I have just read. And it gives me great pleasure to be able to say that, according to your statement, in which also I put entire confidence, I do not perceive any thing to disapprove. You will not, however, be grieved that I should have written, when you consider that it was prompted by the solicitude of great affection, and high hopes of your future usefulness.

"And, considering that even he that standeth is exhorted by inspiration to take heed lest he fall, I hope you will not regret an occasion which has put into your hands exhortations and instructions which, in some evil hour of temptation, may be blessed to fortify you with strength to resist and overcome." * * *

Dr. Beecher to Rev. Thomas Davies, Editor of Christian Spectator.

"Litchfield, December, 1818.

"I have driven the quill with all my might to get ready the two pieces which I send you. The one on Conscience and Grace I have not punctuated, nor made it as perfect as another revision would. Words you may alter, sentiments not. I shall give you as much and as well-executed matter as I can produce from time to time. The Magazine must and shall be well supported, so far as the Theological Department is concerned, if there be talents enough in the state, or influence enough in love or money to command them.

"I intend to push the business of getting subscribers—*i. e.*,

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seeing that they are got—myself. Have laid the business before my Church, and all were in favor. Shall obtain from twelve to twenty subscribers, I should imagine.

"Don't let my pieces go in without trimming them where they need it."

The following reminiscences of Dr. Beecher as a patron of the Christian Spectator are furnished by the individual to whom the preceding letter is addressed:

"Rev. Charles Beecher:

"Dear Sir,—* * * Your father was among the earliest, most ardent, and most efficient patrons of the Christian Spectator.* I was editor of the Christian Spectator for the

* "I have been surprised to find that my memorandum of the contributors is imperfect, but I think that you will find the following, so far as it goes, a correct account of the contributions made by your father in the volumes noted. Vol. I. The article entitled Opposition to Sin by Grace, distinguished from that made by Natural Conscience, p. 13. An Exposition of the First Commandment of the Law, p. 53. (Your father's first communication was over the signature B. L. He said, 'I might as well say Lyman Beecher, and done with it.' As he had lately received a doctorate, I placed D.D. at the end of a communication which I have considered among the most valuable of those made. In a list of the authors of communications for the Christian Spectator, made I know not by whom, this article is attributed to Professor Fitch.) On Recording Religious Conversations, p. 61. Exposition of Ecclesiastes, xi., 1–6, p. 119. On Dancing, p. 185. Conversation between a Clergyman and his Parishioner, p. 292. On Gratitude to God, p. 557. Vol. II. On the Motives to the Study of the Scriptures, p. 169. On the Mode of Studying the Scriptures, p. 169. Review of a Discourse delivered before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, on the opening of their Session in 1820, by John H. Rice, in the Nos. for October and November. Vol. III. A Sermon on John, vii., 17, p. 13. An Allegory, p. 19. A Sermon on 2 Corinthians, vii., 10, p. 115.

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first three years, and was subsequently connected with it for a short period.

"It was in 1814 or 1815 that I first saw your father. I attended an evening service in the old blue meeting-house, which stood at the corner of Church and Elm Streets, New Haven, on the ground now occupied by St. John's Block. I think that the sermon was preached by Dr. M'Ewen, from the text, '*Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines.*' The directors of the Domestic Mission of Connecticut had met for consultation, and I suppose our Methodist and Baptist friends were the little foxes. The concluding prayer was offered by your father. I was impressed by the beauty, appropriateness, and fervor of his expressions; and when I inquired respecting his name, surprise was expressed that I did not know that it was Mr. Beecher.

"The next time I saw your father was in 1817, soon after the death of President Dwight. The ministers' meeting of Litchfield South was held at Roxbury. The question 'who should be president of Yale College' was discussed. The Rev. Mr. Eliot, of New Milford, warmly advocated, and your father as warmly opposed the election of Hon. Roger Minot Sherman. I was subsequently, and for a long time familiarly, acquainted with them both, and on no other occasion did I see either of them speak with so much animation. Your father, when called on for his opinion, took a paper from his pocket and read it. Its concluding sentence was something like this: 'The election of Roger Griswold as governor was the first blow which the institutions of Connecticut has received, and the election of Roger Minot Sherman would be the last.'

"In the summer of 1819 I saw your father at Litchfield.

A Sermon on 2 Corinthians, vii., 10, p. 179. On Hardness of Heart, p. 617."

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I went from the hotel to the conference-room. There was the venerable Judge Reeve, leaning on the top of his staff, and manifesting in his countenance his veneration and love both for the speaker and the truth. I recollect nothing which your father said in his remarks except this: that if a glass were before the heart of each individual man, so that we could see exactly the motives which influence him, that *then* we could, without mistake, learn his character.

"While at Litchfield I had a pleasant walk and much interesting conversation with him. He spoke of Dr. Taylor—of the 'great pleasure it gave to see him coming up;' and then, as subsequently I observed, that his controlling desire was to promote the cause of human happiness and salvation, and thus advance the Divine glory. In no man did I ever see this characteristic more prominent. In conversation—in discussion—in action, it was continually presenting itself.

"In his study he spoke of the methods of mental culture. He said that it was not until he had been three years a preacher that he acquired the power of properly examining, discussing, and presenting important subjects in a sermon; and showed me, in folio form, a volume in which he wrote plans, arguments, and illustrations of discourses which he had preached, and said that, if the sermons should be burned or lost, that from the notes these contained he could reproduce them.

"Your father sometimes met with those more immediately engaged in the conduct of the 'Spectator,' when his perspicacity, his frankness, his kindness, and his wit gave animation and pleasure to our consultations. Playful remarks, in one or two instances, occur to me, but there are sufficient reasons why they should not be printed.

"Of all his New Haven brethren, to Dr. Taylor your fa-

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ther was the most attached, and was with him the most intimate. He seemed unwilling to be elsewhere than at Dr. Taylor's. I remember meeting him, at an early morning hour, with a string of blackfish, with which he was returning from Long Wharf to the doctor's, in sufficient season to enjoy them at breakfast.

"It was in the front parlor of Dr. Taylor's house, and perhaps some twelve years since, that I last saw your father. He spoke of his past life, and said that he early made the sacred engagement that he would never permit his own business or interests to take precedence of those of God. He spoke of his first wife, and said that in her he 'never saw an exhibition of selfishness,' a remark which I can truly make respecting himself. I never saw a person who on all occasions manifested greater disinterestedness. He ever regarded the Divine interests, and in all events saw the hand of God. To an individual who conferred a favor on him he said, 'I thank you for it, and thank God that He put it in your heart to do it.'

"The kindness and kind expressions of your father are among my treasured remembrances; and if, through the mercy of God in Christ, I shall be permitted to enter on the never-ending happiness of heaven, our intercourse will doubtless be again renewed."

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CHAPTER LVI.

CORRESPONDENCE, 1819.

Dr. Taylor to Dr. Beecher.

"January 14, 1819.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I am sorry that you are not here. I came from Woodbury to see you and to talk about Edwards. I expect, however, to leave your house before you will be here, and think I may as well tell you some of my thoughts, hoping to obtain some of yours in return.

"I think, in the first place, it will be impossible for us to write what we wish to write, and shall write if we write at all, and give entire satisfaction to our brethren. I am well satisfied that something should and may be done toward settling points which Edwards did not aim to settle, and which will, to some extent, change the current of theological sentiment. The dissatisfaction which might be occasioned by speaking out would, I think, render it expedient that we should communicate as correspondents what we write, and exempt the 'Spectator' from responsibility for our opinions. We may continue our communications in several numbers, the plan of which may be as follows:

"I. The object of the author, viz., to demolish Arminianism, all its pillars resting on the self-determining power.

"II. That he accomplished his object: show *that* he did, and *how* he did it. This will open a field for discussion that will press hard in our days.

"III. The great utility of the work; the chief cornerstone of New England orthodoxy, and an impregnable wall

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to all its enemies. Here the various minute influences of the work may be traced.

"IV. The imperfections of the work: these consisting generally in the fact that the writer went no farther into the nature of moral agency; that he left some points—not, indeed, those directly connected with his object, but those which are highly important — unsettled, and almost untouched.

"V. The effects of these imperfections. The reader feels that Edwards has prostrated his antagonists, but still at a loss what is truth. Perhaps Edwards was wiser than we should be. He evidently felt himself obliged to go no farther than he has done. For example, he thought it to be enough to show that certainty of conduct and moral agency did coexist in fact, without venturing any hypothesis concerning the *quo modo*. Leaving this untouched, he left the loophole for Emmonsism. Emmons goes farther than Edwards by attempting to show what causes certainty of action. And so the *tasters*.

"Having traced the defects of Edwards, and shown the effects on theological sentiment, we may peradventure,

"VI. Attempt to supply his defects, and to give to the world that desideratum which shall show that good sound Calvinism, or, if you please, Beecherism and Taylorism, is but another name for the truth and reality of things as they exist in the nature of God and man, and the relations arising therefrom.

"Such is the outline I have thought of. I am at a loss whether it will furnish you any just idea of what I intend for the filling up of the sketch.

"I will now give what I think are some of Edwards's defects, that you may keep them in your eye as you read.

"The first defect is his definition of moral agency and

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free will. Now I can not but think this defect even a gross one. If language has any meaning, a free will is a will which is free, and to say that free will is a power to do as we please or as we will is saying nothing to the purpose. One great reason why Edwards did not do more, if not toward convincing, at least toward silencing his opponents, is probably to be found in this imperfection. They had some floating ideas about this point which they never fully grasped and exhibited, which, after all, were attended in their own minds with an impression of their truth and reality. Had Edwards, therefore, instead of being satisfied with merely exposing their absurdities of self-determination, entered more fully into the nature of moral agency, showing wherein it consisted, and that in its nature it was perfectly consistent with the connection between motives and volition, he had contributed much more to the conviction of his adversaries. That he designedly omitted to do this will appear from another defect.

"In the second place, he says the will is as the greatest apparent good, and also admits that the appearing most agreeable to the mind is not distinct from choice or volition. He considers the act subsequent to volition as determined by the volition rather than that the choice itself is, and that the act of volition is determined by what causes an object to appear most agreeable.

"Now, if this be true, it follows that every thing, so far as the freedom of voluntary action is concerned, depends on that which *causes* an object to appear most agreeable, or, in other words, how it comes to appear thus. Does it appear thus as a matter of instinct and physical necessity, or does it appear so in a way perfectly consistent with and essential to accountable agency?

"To answer the inquiry how it comes to appear thus, he

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says, is not necessary to his purpose. True, if that purpose be merely to demolish the hypothesis of his opponents. Nor is it necessary, if it was his purpose to show that it is enough to constitute an accountable agent, that he has power to do as he pleases, come by his choice or pleasure as he may. This can not be true if there is a difference between instinct and moral agency. It is easy to see that an object may become most agreeable in a way absolutely inconsistent with moral agency. If the nature of moral agency is to be unfolded, it is necessary to show how an object comes to appear most agreeable.

"Another defect is, the author does not abide by his own distinctions. Throughout his treatise he speaks of the act of choice as being the greatest apparent good, whereas he says that, in strict propriety of speech, they are one and the same thing. But, surely, to talk of one as the antecedent and cause of the other, if they are one and the same thing, is not sound philosophy.

"According to Edwards, the volition or the agreeable appearance is determined by what causes the agreeable appearance, or, volition is determined by the cause of volition. But here we are all in the dark; for what causes this appearance, *i. e.*, what causes volition? He has not told us. Indeed, I question whether he has told us any thing which goes to show what the nature of moral agency is, any farther than that it does not consist in self-determination.

"It ought here to be mentioned that he has specified several things which may cause the agreeable appearance, but, having done this, he makes no account of this in unfolding the nature of moral agency.

"Another defect is, that the necessity between motive and volition does not prove the necessity of volition; for, although this connection be inseparable, yet the necessity of

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the motive, as it is the necessity of that which causes the agreeable appearance, on which all depends, must also be proved. Emmons supplies this defect.

"But I have no time to write more. If you should take hold of the subject, let me hear from you. I am sorry, very sorry, that you are not here, that we might talk it out. But I am obliged to go to New Milford to-day, so farewell."

Dr. Beecher to Mr. Cornelius.

"Litchfield, August 12, 1819.

"* * * Arrived on Thursday, and found all well except poor Charles, who had fallen a few days before and broken his leg. The pain is past, and he is doing well. * * * I found a new state of feeling had broken out in the Church, which had prompted numerous associations for prayer, with raised hopes and expectations for a speedy revival.

"My hopes are somewhat raised of seeing the horrible spirit of worldliness in the Church exchanged for weeping and supplication before God. * * * But I am not sanguine; am rather waiting to see what God will say, and attempting, by His aid, to prepare my heart for whatever work He may have for me to do.

"I long to hear how you and your other self are. Hope all is well, and that you are both joyful parents of a lovely child. The birth of a first-born is a trying moment. I have it still in remembrance in respect to her, much esteemed and beloved, the wife now no more.

"I am still blessed in a beloved wife. But I rejoice that affection for the living does not obliterate the memory, the precious memory of the dead, or supersede a love stronger than death for the companion of my early years, and that this tenderness is one also that practices no fraud upon the

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rights of the living whom God has most mercifully given me.

"I wish to hear, also, whether the fire kindles in your own heart and in your Church. Oh, my brother, we are weak without the Spirit, and I am terrified at the shaking of a leaf when the presence of God is withdrawn from his churches. The world, in that case, is mighty, irritable, impatient of truth, rebuke, or restraint, and malignant in its opposition to the Gospel. Unitarians will gain the victory if we are left without revivals, but they will perish by the breath of His mouth and the brightness of His coming if revivals prevail.

"The sermon I did all to prepare for the press that was possible in so short time. The last day at Andover I broke down almost. Was obliged to omit, as you will perceive, several points on which I intended to have touched, and turned my fire from Cambridge to another point *only* on condition that, if *they* do not blow themselves up, a regular and powerful assault will be made in due time to rouse the slumbering community, and withdraw totally the support of the Church."

Dr. Beecher to William.

"Litchfield, February 6, 1819.

"My dear Son,—I write to assure you that, though silent for a long time, I have not ceased to remember you daily with paternal affection, and I rejoice that I am not compelled to add, as some parents might be, with distressing solicitude.

"Your moral conduct, I hope and trust, is exemplary, and your professional ability and fidelity such as will render you acceptable to your friend the deacon. You will not forget that *continuance* in well-doing is quite as indispensable to

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your success as a good beginning. Having gained a good place by carefulness and attention, you must not grow remiss in dependence upon your past good conduct. If I have preached to the past acceptance of my people, *that* only makes it the more necessary that I study and continue to preach well; and if I should grow remiss and run down, the contrast with my former labors would render my poor services more intolerable. So in your case. * * *

"But remember, also, that the most perfect honesty and the most correct morality are nothing, and will profit you nothing, in God's account without love, repentance, and faith. Though, on account of your moral conduct, I feel a confidence in you which exempts me from distressing solicitude, I can not say that I feel none with regard to your future and eternal well-being. On that subject I do feel a daily solicitude, and the more so now as I see others who are young attending to the things that belong to their peace, and am made the happy instrument of accomplishing their salvation.

"But while I am as successful as most ministers in bringing the sons and daughters of others to Christ, my heart sinks within me at the thought that every one of my own dear children are without God in the world, and without Christ, and without hope. I have no child prepared to die; and however cheering their prospects for time may be, how can I but weep in secret places when I realize that their whole eternal existence is every moment liable to become an existence of unchangeable sinfulness and woe.

"The revival at Bradleysville is progressing, and there is a prospect that the work will extend through the congregation. My son, do not delay the work of preparation. Awake to the care of your soul. Time flies; sin hardens; procrastination deceives. You occupy that period of life in which

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there is more hope than in any other. Do not put off the subject. * * * I talked and prayed with Edward before he left home, and shall attend to Catharine, and Mary, and George, and Harriet, with the hope that God will bless them with salvation. A family so numerous as ours is a broad mark for the arrows of Death. I feel afraid that one or more of you may die suddenly, and I be called to mourn over you without hope. I do not know how I can bear it. To commit a child to the grave is trying, but to do it without one ray of hope concerning their future state, it seems to me, would overwhelm me beyond the power of endurance. None but God could support me in such an hour. But, oh my son, save me from such an hour on your account. Let me not, if you should be prematurely cut down, be called to stand in despair by your dying bed, to weep without hope over your untimely grave. Awake, I beseech you, my dear son, and fly to Christ. So your affectionate father prays with weeping."

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CHAPTER LVII.

THE TOLERATION DREAM.

THE political excitement in Connecticut still continued to run high. Politics formed the staple of conversation at home and abroad, with old and young. Dr. Beecher was too thorough-going a Federalist, and too stanch a defender of the standing order, to refrain wholly from mixing in the strife. More than one effusion from his pen found its way into print. Among these he was fond of referring to the following dream, a production characteristic at once of the times and of the man.

TOLERATION.

"This famed little word hath four syllables in it,
And a fal-de-ral *Tol* is the first to begin it;
Little *e* is put next—as a link it was done,
For those who cry TOL to tack to it RA-TION.

"There are tolerant freemen and tolerant slaves,
There are tolerant dunces and tolerant knaves,
There are tolerant bigots who constantly run,
And seek through *In*-tolerance TOLERATION.

"Some tolerate virtue, some tolerate vice,
Some tolerate truth, some tolerate lies,
Some tolerate religion, some tolerate none,
And the test of all faith is their TOLERATION.

"If any should be curious to know whence we derived our materials for the illustration of this most renowned of words, be it known to them they were not borrowed from Old England, but are entirely of domestic origin. Indeed,

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no example can be more in point to illustrate the change of meaning to which the same word is incident than the meaning of the word *Toleration* as used in England and in Connecticut. In England it means the permission granted to the minor sects there to build meeting-houses, support their own clergy, and worship God in their own way, when they shall have paid their due proportion with the Episcopalians for the support of the national Episcopal Church as by law established, provided always that no one of a minor sect shall be eligible to a seat in Parliament, or liable to hold any office of honor or profit whatever in the gift of the government, civil, military, or naval. After paying tithes, and being stripped of all the rights of freemen but that of legal protection and the privilege of voting for Episcopalians to rule over them, the Baptists, and Methodists, and Congregationalists are *tolerated* in worshiping God according to the dictates of their own consciences.

"Should the curiosity of any still stand on tiptoe to learn by what authorities we substantiate the diversified modern meanings of the word, and how we have obtained them, they will doubtless smile when we make known to them that it was all accomplished in a dream.

"In my dream I heard a trumpet more hoarse and loud than that which battles words from ship to ship in spite of whistling winds or roaring waves. I listened, and the syllables of TOL-E-RA-TION came with such thundering accentuation upon my ears that I could scarcely hear them or hold my head still while they beat upon it. I looked, and behold a banner, high raised and unfurled, disclosing on its broad surface, in capitals as big as the voice of the trumpet, the syllables

'TOLERATION.'

I had not time to wonder before a noise like the multitudin-

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ous waves of the ocean rolled on my ear, and a procession opened on my eyes, which tapered off in distant perspective to a point. Onward it came; and ever and anon the trumpet from the standard-top rolled down *Toleration* upon the throng; and the throng, electrified, rolled back *Toleration* to the trumpet. Who bore the standard, and who blew the trumpet, why should I tell? Let that matter rest.

"As the van of this endless procession drew nigh, my heart throbbed hard against my breast, and made many attempts to leap out from my mouth, and for a moment I knew not whether to fight or fly, or to clap my hands and cry 'TOLERATION!' I finally concluded to do neither, but to reconnoitre. Then, approaching the standard-bearer and making a profound bow, I humbly asked him to tell me the meaning of that great word upon his banner, in the mouth of the trumpet, and in the mouths of all who followed.

"'The meaning!' said he; 'it means any thing that any mortal can desire or hope. It embodies the treasures of creation, and showers universal munificence upon the hitherto wretched State of Connecticut.' I told him I belonged to the Congregational order, and desired its preservation and prosperity. He shook his head, and said 'he could not say *Toleration* meant that.' I told him that I had hoped to see the laws against Sabbath-breaking, adultery, and drunkenness more strictly executed. He reddened at the sound, and told me, with a flashing eye, 'that *Toleration* meant no such thing.' I became still more alarmed, and begged him to tell me at once what it did mean. 'It means,' said he, hastily, 'any thing which any man in this procession most desires. As for us who blow the trumpet and bear the standard, it means what we have long intended and will now accomplish, though "we march through the sacramental table."

"'What is that?' I asked. 'To put down the clergy,'

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he replied. 'Does it mean persecution, then?' 'It means whatever is necessary to put down the clergy.' 'Why should you put the clergy down? what evil have they done?' With a look of vengeance, he demanded, 'Has a Deist, or a drunkard, or an adulterer ever been able to rise with the same facility as professing Christians and moral men?' I felt a glow of secret pride while I answered 'NO.'

"'No,' he responded, red with indignation, 'nor will they while the clergy live in the state; and they shall not live in it; we will drive them out,' said he, with a stamp of the foot that shook the ground, and had like to have put an end to my dream. 'We have,' he continued, 'done sufficient penance in this priest-ridden state. To save our credit we have been obliged to assume the Christian name, and have skulked about from one denomination to another, making bows to the clergy, paying taxes, and giving gifts. If we would take a little pleasure out of the common way (as King Charles would say), we have been compelled to surrender all hopes of preferment. We could not swear louder than a mouse could squeak without looking round to see if no priest or deacon were near. We have never had sufficient elbow-room in this holy state. From the beginning, no man could hold an office and occupy one half the broad road. We have been hemmed in by *laws* and *steady habits*, and been compelled to go to hell in a road not much wider than the narrow path to life.

"'But we have gained a victory which has put an end to the reign of priests and deacons, and which will make the road to office as broad and as easy as the road to hell —a victory which shall stop the tide of emigration to the West, and bring back some choice spirits whom the intolerant laws of this state have compelled to flee. Our friend from Farmington may now return, repurchase his land, and

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dwell at ease in this once holy state.' 'Pray, sir,' said I, 'since you have gotten the victory in spite of priests and deacons, why not now let them peaceably live in Connecticut?' 'Because we can not maintain the victory if *they* continue. Religion must be disgraced before infidels can bear rule.' 'But are you quite certain that you can expel the clergy? They have many friends, and most societies feel that the destruction of the house of God and ordinances of religion would depreciate their property to four times the amount it requires to maintain religion.'

"'It is half accomplished already,' said he. 'We have cut off the young men by the Constitution from any relation to Christianity, in any form at all, more than if they were born in Turkey. We have thrown them back into a state of nature, where, by argument and ridicule, and their own covetousness and indifference to religion, we shall be able to keep them till their bigoted fathers are dead, and the clergy left to emigrate or starve. But we have other help. Do you see that endless procession? They will all help us.'

"My indignation rose. 'Thou child of the devil!' I exclaimed, 'dost thou accuse half of the freemen of Connecticut of being Deists, and the patrons of irreligion and immorality?' 'Oh no,' said he; 'we turn you Christians to the best possible account. It is by your contentions with one another that we have gotten the victory, and it is by your contentions that we shall keep it. We bear with you in our ranks because you serve to conceal our designs, and as a decoy to our standard. We labored in vain twenty years, and were at the point of death, till we succeeded to bring the religionists of the state to war upon one another. Then religion kicked the beam, and "Reason and Philosophy" began their reign.'

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"'Then,' replied I, 'you are at the point of death still, for, as the Lord liveth, Christians will contend with Christians no more. Too long have we been puppets in the hands of demagogues. We will now conciliate, explain, concede, and unite to serve our Lord. He that died for us shall no more be wounded in the house of his friends. Our party shall be the party of our Savior; our side, the side of the Lord. Our standard, the cross; our motto, "the love of Christ constraineth, and charity, that bond of perfection, unites us." Our point of concert shall be the table of our Lord, and our work the salvation of the world.'

"'You can not do it,' says he. 'You are too selfish and irritable, too petulant and violent. You all want all; and by your proselyting zeal and bitterness, we can make you do our work better than ourselves. It never prospers more than when Christians revile Christians, and bite and devour one another.'

"'We will stop,' replied I, 'and repair the seamless garment torn by our unhappy feuds.' 'You will not stop,' said he, 'until it is torn to fragments and scattered to the winds. Oh Philosophy, what a triumph hast thou gained in Connecticut over the Nazarene!' I told him I would proclaim what he had said, and blow the trumpet of alarm.

"'It is too late,' he replied. 'Religious prejudices are up; political feelings are awake, and the lines are drawn. We control all the papers our party are suffered to read, and for twenty years have assailed, through the medium of party spirit, the shield of faith, without alarming their fears, and with entire impunity. They will not believe proof strong as holy writ. Our contradictions in our papers will quiet every fear and allay every suspicion. Under the guise of helping minor sects, and putting down intolerance, we can render religion contemptible. And as to

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your striving to save the world, let me tell you, you have seen your best days. Your Bible societies, and your missionary societies, and education societies, and moral societies, and tract societies, we shall put them down. By the dropping of your papers, we shall array against them the public sentiment, and when that is done we shall put them down by law; and soon after we shall put down Calvinism, and conference meetings, and revivals.'

"'I hope,' said I, 'that, when the Congregationalists are gone, you will tolerate the Baptists. They are embarked in foreign and domestic missions; they are united in the same doctrinal views with the Congregationalists; they love conference meetings and revivals, and, according to their numbers, are equally favored with the blessing of God as ourselves. It will be some consolation, when we are gone, to see them strong in the Lord, contending for the faith once delivered to the saints, and for which our fathers once bled and died.' 'One at a time,' he replied. 'We shall tolerate the Baptists until the Congregationalists are down. It will be an easy matter then to dispose of them. We intend they shall help us to dig your grave deep enough to hold you both.'

"At this moment my soul was troubled. 'Sir,' said I, 'I beseech you, let the Methodists live. They do not indeed preach what your friend Joshua has styled the "cursed doctrine of election," but they do preach the necessity of a change of heart, and have conference meetings, and revivals of religion, and preach against Sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, and adultery, and include in their churches numbers of the ardent friends of Jesus; and as to missions, they are one great missionary society. To India, to Africa, the West Indies, and to the destitute settlements in our own land, they have sent the Word of Life, and have been indefatiga-

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ble pioneers of the cross. If the Congregationalists must be dishonored, let favor be shown, I beseech you, sir, to the Methodists.' 'They shall be favored,' said he, 'till you are both under ground, and then, if they do not give up their night meetings, and camp meetings, and leave off preaching hell and damnation, we shall soon put them in the pit with their fanatical brethren.'

"'Oh, sir,' said I, 'let thy servant speak this once. I beseech you let the Episcopalians live. The government can not stand without religion in some form. If Christianity be exiled, superstition will reign; if God be not worshiped, demons will be, and impurity and blood will be in their worship. The Thirty-nine Articles are strictly orthodox, and the Liturgy and Homilies breathe the pure spirit of the Articles and of the Bible. In England, the Episcopalians are among the most efficient friends of the great Bible Society; and in this land many of their bishops and most distinguished laymen are among the patrons of the National Bible Society. They have commenced, also—"too late" their good bishops say—the work of missions to the new settlements; have established a seminary for the education of poor and pious youth for the ministry, to be sustained by donations and auxiliary associations, male and female. And in this State of Connecticut they have established Sunday-schools, also a Bible and Common Prayer-book Society, to be sustained by contributions in their churches; and there are in their communion very many worthy men and excellent Christians. Let Episcopacy, then, become the established religion of the state.'

"'We intend it shall be the state religion,' said he, 'until our views are more fully consummated. In the mean while we have no great objection to being nominal Christians ourselves, or, as one of my friends has elegantly expressed it,

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to go through the manual exercise once in seven days (for a few Sabbaths before election, at least, provided also we may go to Presbyterian meetings occasionally, should there be any) to secure votes, and for the more full accomplishment of our designs. And when we have got things in a sure train, we shall permit this or that sect to have the ascendency, as will best promote our own power and their mutual jealousies. In this way we intend to make them destroy each other, and the way will then be prepared for the universal reign of reason and philosophy.'

"'But what will you do with the laws, sir?' I demanded. 'They are full of puritanic precision, and will forever make irreligion and profligacy a bar to office.' He laughed in my face. 'What are laws,' said he, 'unexecuted, and who will execute your puritanic laws, when we have turned out your *deacon*-justices and grand jurors? It was always as much as they could do to maintain their efficacy; but when we shall have filled their places with men who can swear a little, and drink a little, and travel a little on the puritanic day of rest, and wink at crimes a little for fear of losing votes, what shall we have to fear? Your religionists may pray and fast if they please, but we shall reign, and the laws shall sleep, until, in ten years, by the death of bigots, and the increase of philosophy, we can blot them from our statute-books.'

"I was humbled in spirit at these words, and wept. 'Oh my beloved native state,' I exclaimed, 'how art thou fallen! Thy narrow limits forbid thee to be powerful, and thy hard surface precludes the spontaneous munificence of Heaven, and forbids the accession of great commercial wealth. Thy *moral power* has been thy glory. Thy religion, thy science, and thy schools, sacred to virtue—thy Sabbaths of unbroken silence—thy sanctuaries illuminated by

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the Gospel, and thy towns and villages of temperance and industry, of contentment and competence, have made thee great and happy. But thou art divided against thyself. Thy *little* sons could not hope to rise but by thy degradation; thy *irreligious* sons without pouring contempt upon thy religion; and thy *profligate* sons but by enticing thee to burst the bands of Christ, and cast his cords from thee.'

* * * *

"I next approached a good-natured, smiling gentleman, whose countenance bespoke an uncommon fund of self-complacency, and begged him to tell me the whole meaning of that great word, that so filled the eye, and ear, and air. 'Oh nothing, nothing,' said he; 'it means just nothing at all. But then, as friend Jefferson used to say, there are but two ways of governing men: one by the sword, as they do in Europe, which is indeed the best way; and the other by deception, which, as we are not quite ripe enough for a military despotism, we must practice until we are.' I told him that the people of Connecticut were a peculiarly sagacious and enlightened people, and that I did not believe they could be governed by deception.

"'Oh,' said he, smiling, 'you know nothing about human nature. Connecticut people are like all other people; they were made to be deceived, and they love to be deceived, and, until we can govern them in a more summary manner, *they shall be deceived.* And nothing is more easy. Look at that procession,' he continued. 'You do not see a hundredth part of it. It contains nearly half of the freemen of the state, all fierce for *toleration*, and no two of them, perhaps, understanding the term alike. We give it that meaning which suits every man best, and by the deceptive influence of a name have embodied this numerous multitude. Do but take your tablet and sit down, and ask

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of the passing multitude what they expect, and what they understand by *toleration*, and my words will be verified.'

"As I opened my tablet, a sudden illumination broke upon it, and a warmer vein of atmosphere seemed to inclose me. I looked, and beheld a little tenement upon wheels moving slowly toward the place where I stood. Within and without, on every side, was a company of men with such blazing noses and burning breath that they seemed to add both to the light and heat of the sun. They were armed with jugs, and bottles, and tumblers, and wine-glasses, which they brandished with fearless courage and constancy, projecting, as they passed, the waving line of beauty, and drowning, as they shouted 'TOLERATION,' even the voice of the trumpet.

"I approached the door of the tenement, and, with a look of surprise, demanded of the man who dealt out the *inspiration*, 'Friend, are you not aware that you violate the laws of the state?' 'Laws of the state!' he replied; 'what have I to do with the laws of the state? Has not *toleration* gained the victory?' The falling tear answered 'yes.' 'Well,' said he, '*you* may whine, but I shall sell rum. I have news from head-quarters, and have nothing to fear. Besides, the laws on this subject are soon to be repealed.'

"I turned to the unhappy crowd around me, and inquired, 'My dear fellow-men, what do you want?' '*Toleration*,' they all bawled in my ear at once. 'What is that?' said I. 'Down with the laws against selling *rum*—down with the penalties against being merry,' they all responded. 'Alas!' I exclaimed, 'have you not liberty enough now? What harm do the laws do when nobody executes them?' 'Ay,' said they, as they reeled along, 'but the *principle;* we can not bear laws in the statute-book wrong in principle. We can not—in conscience we can not—for, though *we* drink without fear or restraint, who knows whether our children may

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be allowed to do so when we are dead. We contend for the right of unborn generations to drink when they please, and as much as they please.'

"As I stepped back from this atmosphere of rum, I perceived a number of fishermen in a wagon, mending their nets. 'Where are you going?' I asked. 'To Connecticut River. It is the Sabbath to-morrow, and we are getting ready.' 'For what?' I eagerly interrupted them. 'To make money,' they replied; 'for, now that we have gained *toleration*, we have seven days to work in instead of six.' I said, 'My friends, God has commanded you to keep the Sabbath holy, and He will punish you if you break it.' 'We will risk that,' they replied. 'But it is against the law of the state.' 'Law of the state!' said they, sneeringly; 'who will execute it? Besides, we have been told from ahead that it shall soon be repealed.'

"While I was yet speaking, 'crack!' went a whip, and a stage full of people passed, shouting, 'Down with the Sabbath! down with *deacon*-justices! We are going to Hartford, by the way of Farmington,' said they. 'If the new bridge is done, we will go over it; and if not, we will stay and help them, if they will give us wages.' * * *

"As they passed on, a most miserable sight met mine eye—a procession, borne on wagons, consumptive, paralytic, asthmatic, and squalid. 'Whence are you?' demanded I, as they drew near. 'From the poor-house.' 'And whither do you go?' 'To town-meeting, to lay an *eight cent tax*. We live too poor, but it is Toleration now; and, since *we* too can vote, we shall have better times.' As they passed, I perceived they had in the head wagon a banner floating, with this motto: '*Let the farmers earn the money, and the worthless spend it.*' A long procession of lawyers, mechanics, and merchants next passed me, with a standard inscribed

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with this motto: '*The new Tax-bill; or, let* US *dance, and make the farmers pay the fiddler; Yankee Doodle, huzzah!*' As I was thinking how the farmers would like '*to pay the fiddler*' for a Toleration dance, I perceived a standard approaching with this motto: '*We can not wait; now or never.*' I approached the bearer, and inquired what was the meaning of that great word *Toleration*.

"'It has pleased the God of heaven,' said he, 'to ordain, without our consent, a vast inequality of intellect among men, which in many other states, to be sure, has been no impediment to office; but in this holy state it has been so constantly thundered from the pulpit in the ears of the people that they must seek able men to rule over them, that we have always been kept in the background.'

"'Now we claim, may it please your worship,' said another, 'that all men are entitled to equal privileges; and since it has pleased the Most High "for to" bestow upon us less intellect, it would be unjust to make up the inequality by money and honor; and as some religionists hold that the decrees of God can be broken, we are going to make the experiment whether the *tail* may not become the *head*, and the affairs of the government be made hereafter to *advance backward*.'

"While thinking how an animal would look *advancing backward*, and following the tail instead of the head, my attention was diverted by a company of men with crow-bars, pick-axe, and shovel, moving hastily, their eyes flashing fire. 'Where are you going?' I asked. 'To pull down the platform,' said one of them. 'Sir,' said I, 'that platform contains the doctrines, discipline, and worship of the Protestant Congregational Church of Connecticut—that large, ancient, and most respectable denomination. I have long apprehended that a conspiracy was formed against our plain,

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primitive mode of worship, together with our truly apostolic doctrines and ministry; and now, sir, if you proceed another step, I shall call for help, and make opposition.'

"'If you open your lips,' said he, 'I shall cry "PERSECUTION!"' Not deterred by this, however, I raised my voice for aid; and instantly from a thousand mouths burst the cry of PERSECUTION! PERSECUTION!! and on they went with flashing eye, crying Persecution! Persecution! and ever and anon, 'each dreary pause between,' I heard the song of exultation,

"'Down goes the platform, round roundy;
Down goes the platform, down downy.'

"In this moment of dejection my heart was cheered by the sight of the good old ship CONNECTICUT—her hull and rigging all the same, but oh how changed! With the exception of some few of her old officers, she was commanded by midshipmen and common sailors, cooks and cabin-boys, and navigated by raw hands. Her broad pennant, which had floated at masthead for almost two centuries, and whose motto was, '*Talents and virtue shall guide us through*,' was trodden under foot, and in its place was a new pennant, on which was inscribed in capitals, '*Toleration; or reason and philosophy shall guide us.*' Her sails were tattered, and she was only moving under the influence of former gales.

"I went on board, and found her *lockers empty;* should have staid longer, but the project was ripe, as I heard, *for turning her bottom upward.* Her balance was suddenly shifted, and she was thrown on her beam-ends; and all the crew stood with tackles hitched, waiting the word of command to capsize her. I heard the shout, and leaped from her side; when lo! after reiterated shouts, and long pulls, and strong pulls, she would not go over; and, wonderful to

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relate, while all were straining every nerve and every rope, and adding to exertion the whole energy of sound, in a moment the tackles broke, and she righted, and dashed from her sides the puny hands that thought to overthrow her; the *toleration* pennant fell; and from the dust, white and clean, the broad pennant of the good old ship CONNECTICUT rose majestic in its place, proclaiming, with renovated lustre, to every eye, '*Talents and virtue shall guide us safely through.*'

"At this moment the voice of the trumpet ceased; the great standard fell; the shouting died away, and even the procession vanished. The sudden silence was so great as to arouse me from my slumbers."

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CHAPTER LVIII.

CORRESPONDENCE, 1819.

—— *to Edward.*

"Litchfield, February 4, 1819.

"* * * Papa had his wood-spell yesterday; we had only twelve loads, for it was so terribly cold. We have now had twenty-two loads in all.

"Papa is well, and still writing that piece with a hard name—I can't remember what.

"Mamma is well, and don't laugh any more than she used to. Catharine goes on just as she always did, making fun for every body. George is as usual. Harriet makes just as many wry faces, is just as odd, and loves to be laughed at as much as ever. Henry does not improve much in talking, but speaks very thick. Charles is the most mischievous little fellow I ever knew. He seems to do it for the very love of it; is punished and punished again, but it has no effect. He is the same honest little boy, and I love him dearly. Poor little Fred has been quite unwell, but has got better now; he grows more and more interesting every day. Now for the boarders. Miss M—— is just as amiable and lovely as when you was here. Miss B—— loves fun still. Miss W—— and L—— same as usual. Miss C—— the most obliging and useful of the family. To conclude, the old cat has got the consumption."

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Mrs. Beecher to ——.

"May 23, 1819.

"We are contemplating a journey to the eastward. It is quite unexpected to us to visit our friends so early, but Mr. Cornelius has been here, and very urgent for Mr. Beecher to preach his ordination sermon at Salem, and this is finally concluded upon. We have not yet decided whether to take the little boy with us or leave him at home.

"Our visit at Boston will be short. We can not be gone so long as to see Portland and my parents, but I hope they will not feel too much disappointed."

Dr. Beecher to Catharine (*at Boston*).

"May 26, 1819.

"I perceive, on writing your name, that I have never written a letter to you. This, then, is the beginning of a long correspondence. * * * When I received your second letter at Hartford election evening, I said to your mother, 'She is a good girl to write so soon. I must sit up to-night and write;' but Brothers Taylor and Fitch came in, and so I concluded to write *early* in the morning. But, alas! I slept into breakfast, and immediately after was dragged away to attend the Domestic Mission Society; and as soon as done there, hastened to get my horse and come home, which we did Thursday night. * * *

" * * * My soul is moved within me that so many of the temples in Boston and around should be only splendid sepulchres, where the spiritually dead sleep, never to awake till they meet at the judgment seat that Savior whose divinity and atonement they deny.

"I am glad, my child, that you feel the difference between the Gospel preached plainly and that despicable, pitiable

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stuff called, or meant to be called, fine writing, as much at war with common sense as it is with fidelity and simplicity of real revival preaching.

" * * * We shall soon attempt a journey, though whether Frederick can come is doubtful. If possible I would bring him, that they may see down East what children they have in Old Connecticut.

"Edward has just returned to college, with every prospect of making a first-rate scholar."

The Same.

"June 8, 1819.

"DEAR CATHARINE,—Charles fell against the bedstead the other day, and cut a gash over one eye, which is healed. But before it was well he fell and cut a gash over the other eye, in precisely the same relative position, which had been well ere this had he not a few days ago fallen again, and renewed the cut in the same place.

"In the mean time he stood before the vent of a gun, from which the flash and powder flew into his face and burned it, and blew it full of powder."

Dr. Beecher to Edward.

"July 3, 1819.

"DEAR SON,—We are not gone to Salem yet, and still your letters have gone unanswered for about forty reasons. I had no money to send you. Could not find time to go to the collector and get some. Could not get any when I did go. Have had so many things to do, and have worked so hard, that I have had no time to write. For example, George and I have weeded the parsnips and beets, which have come up badly, and kept the north and south garden clean. Then I helped Mr. Taylor plant potatoes up in the orchard. Then

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two days plowing yard, and carrying out the stones which paved the bottom. Clearing off the fence by the well, and burying the well itself four feet deep. Four of us, with a team, got out a pile of stones in two days as big as the salt mountain in Louisiana.

"And now the yard waves with corn, cabbage, cantelopes, and pumpkins. Was there ever such a yard! You would not know where you were if you could not see the house. Then next I attacked the barn, the east end, which included the horse-stable, and in about two hours sawed it in two, and let it down on old Culver's head. He was taking up the stable-floor, and would not get out of the way, from the persuasion that it would fall over into the garden. I asked him if he had lived long enough. He said yes, unless he behaved better.

"After which, half a dozen strokes of the saw cut off the plate, and down roof and all fell instantly, and buried him beneath the ruins. We lifted up the roof, and he crept out bleeding, with his head cut to the bone about three inches. He is, however, now recovered. But the greatest thing is yet to come. Yesterday the barn itself, having acquired an unusual understanding, moved off obliquely to Mr. Wolcott's corner, cracking and racking as it went with the noise of twenty teams and their drivers.

"It commenced its movement precisely at eight o'clock in the morning, and in two hours went six rods, and stopped to move no more till it tumbles down with age, it being, as I learn, about eighty years old now.

"The peas have, some of them, been big enough to eat for a week past, but they are politely waiting for their younger brethren round them to come to maturity, that they may have the pleasure of all being eaten together. The beets self planted are large enough to eat, but there is not enough

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for a mess, and they, too, are waiting for the young brood coming on. The cucumbers are set and out of blossom, some of them the largest that I have seen in town. The potatoes about the elm-tree, knee-high. The squashes doing well. The pole-beans, a little too many chips at bottom to look quite so green as if more earth and less wood. Raspberries set so thick you can not see between them, nor even stick between them a sharp-pointed penknife. Can you not find out by algebra how many there will be? The lettuce superlatively good, but daily growing better. Radishes fine, first quality, and in great quantities for ten days past. Peppergrass gone, and its place stocked with cabbage, as also the turnip-bed. The carrots, poor things! just peeping out of ground.

"The gates shut as regularly as they open, and no creature has been in since you left but Carrington's hens, which now are about tired of coming, as they are sure to be saluted, quite unexpectedly, with a charge of powder, 'speaking terror to them from the gun muzzle.' Do you know from whom the quotation is made? Some poet, you perceive.

"The horse grows fat daily; eats much, and does little, waiting for his journey. The cow is fat as a moose, and almost as big, but keeps her calf to herself yet. We have had to buy milk to nearly the price of a cow. Tomcat enjoys '*otium cum dignitate*.' The rats abundant, as usual; rattle over our heads o' nights in troops.

"My health was never better; and, in the midst of all above stated, I have been deeply pondering on the subject of the ordination sermon, which perchance may be a good one.

"We shall not set out for Boston before Wednesday next, and shall go to Portland. I expect to be gone three Sabbaths. I wish you were old enough, and learned enough,

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and pious enough to come and supply my pulpit while I am gone. You ask me to advise you what to read in leisure hours. I am of opinion that you had better study history and chronology.

"* * * As to history, if I were to go over life again, I would study history more extensively and thoroughly, chiefly as it furnishes a public speaker with illustrations and matter-of-fact argument, which is the most knocking-down argument in the world. Get me the book Mr. Gibbs has lately translated from the German in opposition to Eichorn's Accommodation of Scripture." * * *

To the Same.

"July 11, 1819.

"We set out for Boston early to-morrow morning. The weather has been excessively hot, but have just had a copious shower."

Aunt Esther to Edward.

"July 24.

"* * * Your father and mother have been gone for a fortnight, and the crew at home are beginning to grow somewhat mutinous, and I am not sure but I shall be obliged to condemn and hang half a score of them before the return of your father. * * * George and Harriet go to school to Mr. Brace and Miss Pierce; Henry and Charles to Miss Osborne at the new school-house. Charles learns quite fast, and will overtake Henry, who has no great love for his books. Frederick makes such wonderful progress under the tuition of Aunt Sarah Chandler that I think it probable he will be fit to enter college next September. He can already walk three steps alone. He has also learned to knock with his hand on the wall, and then say 'Hark!'

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"Mary, I believe, styles herself commander-in-chief in and over the household at the Parsonage; but, as I before said, there is a great want of subordination among the troops."

William to Edward.

"July 30, 1819.

"Young Frederick has never been known to laugh since he was born. This I think a curious circumstance; what he will make in the world we can not tell. I think father's marriage with our present mother is as blessed an event as ever happened to our family. She is a dear woman. I can but love her, she is so kind and so careful, and appears to take as much care of the children as if they were her own."

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CHAPTER LIX.

THE LOCAL CHURCH.

The Unitarian controversy involved, in its progress, a discussion, not only of the principal doctrines of theology, but also of the principles of Congregational Church organization, which are but the outgrowth of that theology. According to the primitive Puritan faith, a local Church is not a voluntary association on purely human principles, but a divine family, a household of children spiritually born of God, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren," is the organic law of the local Church. God creates the Church by creating the spiritual children who are *ipso facto* its members. True sonship to God constitutes membership in the visible Church, as really as natural birth in the natural family. All that the local Church can do, according to this view, is to recognize as members, on suitable evidence, those who are such by birth divine. All she can require of candidates she must require in the form of evidence of present spiritual sonship to God.

Now, in proportion as a system of theology is adopted which extenuates human guilt, explains away regeneration, and divests the Christian character of its distinctive supernatural peculiarity, in that proportion it tends to destroy that form of organization which avowedly depends on such peculiarity as its fundamental organic law.

This, however, was precisely what the system of Unitarianism did, and, as a natural consequence, the whole system of the local Church was shaken. By the inevitable opera-

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tion of the laws of logical consistency, attempts were made to efface the distinction between the regenerate and the unregenerate, and enlarge the circle of Church fellowship to include the whole congregation. In progress of controversy, the endeavor was pushed in various ways, beyond the bounds of argument and moral influence, until the churches felt themselves invaded, robbed of their rights, and in peril of utter destruction.

It was the object of the sermon on "the Design, Rights, and Duties of Local Churches," to meet the onset, and sound a note of defensive war so loud and clear that "all the churches of the land might feel the assault made upon their Christian liberty, and stand together upon the defensive."

Extracts from Sermon.

"Wherever, therefore, a number of individuals, possessing the required qualifications, associate to maintain the ordinances of the Gospel, they become *a society incorporated by the God of heaven with specific chartered privileges.*

"The requisite qualifications for membership in a Church of Christ are *personal holiness in the sight of God, and a credible profession of holiness before men.* * * * The commission given by our Savior to His apostles at His ascension directs them first to make disciples and then to baptize them, inculcating universal obedience. The qualifications for discipleship Jesus has before disclosed. They were love to Christ above father or mother; daily self-denial; real religion. * * *

"A regularly ordained ministry, an orthodox creed, and devout forms of worship, can not constitute a Church of Christ without personal holiness in the members. * * * The attempt which is making to confound the scriptural distinction between the regenerate and the unregenerate blots

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out practically, as has been long done in theory, the doctrine of regeneration by the special influence of the Holy Ghost. To abolish the revealed terms of membership in the Church of God, and to form churches without reference to doctrinal opinion or experimental religion, and only by location within certain parish limits, and by certain civil qualifications, is the most pernicious infidelity that was ever broached. It breaks the spring of motion in the centre of God's system of good will to men, and stops the work of salvation. * * *

"That system of aggression which would break down the sacred inclosures about the Church, and throw the Church and the world together in one common field, and which, to accomplish its purpose, would bring into competition the rights of churches and of congregations, and, by designed invidious excitement, arouse and direct the stream of popular indignation against the Church, is a system of practical infidelity armed with the principles of the most efficient persecution. * * * All the churches of our Lord, and all ecclesiastical societies, and all men who wish well to the civil as promoted by the religious order of our fathers, have more cause to fear and to execrate such a system of aggression than all the infidel books that ever were printed. * * *

"Local churches have the right to require a confession of faith and a satisfactory account of Christian experience as the condition of membership in their communion. A belief of the truth, attended by corresponding affection of heart, is a part of the evidence which is indispensable to constitute a profession of religion credible. If, then, churches have no right to interrogate a candidate for admission concerning the articles of his belief and the exercises of his heart, they are deprived of the only means of preserving the Church as a society of faithful men; for external actions,

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without any reference to belief or experience, do not furnish credible evidence of piety. * * *

"Notwithstanding the current of invective poured out against creeds, after the most deliberate attention to the subject I have not been able to perceive any rational ground of objection against them. * * * It is not the object of creeds to supplant the Bible, but to ascertain, for purposes of concentrated effort in the propagation of truth, how pastors and churches understand the Bible. * * *

"If men attached invariably the same ideas to the language of the Bible, creeds would be superfluous, and the profession of a general belief in the Bible would suffice. But as men differ indefinitely as to the import of scripture language, a profession of a belief in the Bible, as a means of informing those who have a right to know in what particular sense the Bible is understood, has now become an unintelligible profession of no one truth which it contains. And to profess that *Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God*—a phrase which in the apostolic age had a known and definite meaning—does not now, when different circumstances exist, and opposite meanings are attached to it, communicate any intelligible profession of our belief on that point; and all pretension of giving an account of our faith in that manner is an artifice for concealment unworthy of honest men, and an indignity offered to the understandings of those who desire to know in what manner we understand the doctrines of the Bible. * * *

"In the nature of the case, I have been able to perceive no adequate cause for the virulent invective employed against creeds; but when I have compared the creeds of the Reformation with the Bible,* and have perceived their

* The idea that a minister at his ordination surrenders the right of comparing creeds with the Bible, and judging them in its light, had never

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general coincidence with the unperverted dictates of revelation, and their efficacy in uniting the churches and preserving the truth, I have not been surprised at the torrent of declamation that has been poured forth against them. * * * Creeds and associated churches create a rugged warfare to the innovator, and reward him with slow gains and victories of doubtful continuance."

occurred to the author of this sermon. It is remarkable that, although the tendency of the times was to make creeds a test, the author remains true to the fundamental principle of the Congregational polity that they are simply declaratory. They are "a means of informing those who have a right to know in what particular sense the Bible is understood." They are to "communicate an intelligible profession of our belief," to "give an account of our faith."

"A belief of the truth" he regards as "a part of the evidence" of piety, provided it is "attended by corresponding affections of the heart." The sole qualification or test he declares to be "personal holiness in the sight of God, and a credible profession of holiness before men."

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CHAPTER LX.

CORRESPONDENCE, 1819.

Dr. Beecher to Edward.

"August 16, 1819.

"We returned from our journey Thursday last. Left Catharine at Portland, fat, contented, and happy, to return in September. Had a pleasant journey, and found friends well. Received a donation of fifty dollars from the young men of Salem as a compliment, and to defray the expenses of my journey to preach the ordination sermon of Mr. Cornelius, their pastor. The sermon is out of press, and will be in New Haven soon. All well at home except Charles, who broke his leg a week ago, but is doing well."

Dr. Beecher to William.

"August 18, 1819.

"My dear Son,—We rejoice that you think sometimes that you will alter your course of life and become a new creature; but we mourn that, with such explicit instruction as the Bible contains, you should not know where to begin. 'My son, give me thy heart;' 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God;' these and many other precepts direct you where to begin—with your heart.

"'You will tell me to repent; but can a man feel sorrow for sins of which he does not feel guilty?'

"No, he can not.

"'And how is a man to be brought to a sense of his sins—can he convince himself?'

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"Yes, undoubtedly. His ignorance of himself is voluntary and inexcusable, and his stupidity and insensibility are his crime. Where is the difficulty of convincing yourself of sin? Can not you read the law of God? Do you not understand it? Can you not perceive you are constantly transgressing it—yea, that, as your heart is concerned, you have not obeyed it at all, but have sinned constantly, ever since you have been capable by age of knowing and loving God? Can not you understand the command of the Gospel to repent and believe, and can not you see that you have not done these things? Where, then, is the difficulty of convincing yourself of sin? * * * The real difficulty is that you do not feel it to be a crime to have a heart thus at variance with God's requirements. But what fearful evidence of most aggravated guilt does this very insensibility to guilt imply! * * *

"You say, 'I would not drive a sinner into a corner where he can not get out.'

"But I find, my son, many sinners who have voluntarily gone into a corner from which I can not persuade them to come out, though God has opened the way, and eternal death awaits them if they stay.

"'And make every thing he does sin.'

"No, my dear son, I do not make the law of God or the Gospel of Christ; and if I explain their requisitions upon your heart, and it appears that you do in nothing truly obey God, then it is not I that make all you do sin, but you yourself by refusing. I only hold up the rule that discovers your sin.

"'He can not pray while in an unregenerate state.'

"That is, he can not pray so long as he is in a state of mind which does not and will not pray, though constantly commanded to do it. It is just like saying a man can not

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be honest as long as he continues to cheat and defraud, or be a man of veracity so long as he is an habitual liar, or be industrious as long as he refuses to labor. A man is not obliged to be unregenerate and unable to pray. A very little affection for God would enable him to pray acceptably. And if he will not love God enough to worship Him acceptably, it is his crime, not his excuse.

"'And yet he must pray that God would renew his heart?'

"I feel myself called on to exhort and entreat sinners to love God, to repent, to believe, and to pray with the temper of heart which God has required; but I have not been able to find as yet that passage in the Bible which directs sinners to pray, while as yet unholy, that God would give them a new heart. * * * I have no doubt a sinner who has felt the sinfulness of his heart *will* cry to God to change it; but God's direction to him is to make to himself a new heart, to love Him instantly. In short, God commands us to obey Him heart first, and accepts nothing as obedience which is not done in that order. * * *

"Do you ask me, then, what you shall do? The Scriptures leave the sinner who can, and will not love God and repent, in the hands of God, to dispose of him as seems good in His sight."

The Same.

"September 18, 1819.

"One of the prominent traits of character in young men, I know both by observation and experience, is insensibility to danger. I can perceive scenes of temptation in which I was placed when young, without the least fear, which were full of danger, and into which were my sons to go I should feel as if they would probably be ruined; and probably they would, for it was of the Lord's mercies that I was not.

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"I have to regret especially my excessive attachment, when quite young, to company, and the indulgence which those who should have restrained me gave in that respect. The hours squandered by myself would, devoted to reading, have produced a fund of knowledge, and aided me essentially in the whole course of my life. I should have been impatient of restraint, and have thought it unreasonable and needless. I was glad that my guardians did let me go; but it was a momentary gladness, succeeded by lasting and unavailing regret. Could I recall the days of my youth with my present experience, I would consecrate them, I think, to better purposes. But they are gone, and I can retrieve the loss only by giving to my children the instructive results of my experience, without the perils and sacrifices by which I have acquired it.

"The views of Deacon M—— and my own on the subject of going into company are alike. I would by no means have you or Edward become fascinated with female society and promiscuous associations of youth. It would do you no good, but much evil. He and you must live to be useful, and not merely to please yourselves. I can only add a few short maxims of advice.

"Be respectful in your treatment of equals, and much more so of superiors.

"Be not wise in your own conceit, or confident in your own manner of advancing your opinions.

"Be not too open-hearted in your communications. All men are not to be trusted with the secrets of your heart.

* * * *

"I am not a business man, but I know what is necessary to make one. * * * Do you remember the answer which old Mr. Kinney gave to me in reply to the question by what means he had been able on a small salary to rear a large

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family? He said it was by taking very great care of very little things."

Dr. Beecher to Edward.

"November 21, 1819.

"Your letter was a welcome messenger. I rejoice in your restoration as much as I was alarmed and overwhelmed at the prospect of your being suddenly cut down. It was to me a dark moment and full of agony. God only knows the many tears and strong cryings which were poured out before Him by your father for your preservation or your preparation, should it be His will to blast my hopes in you by your untimely removal.

"Perhaps I ought to feel that God has heard my prayers, and will yet answer those that have been offered by your departed mother and me for your conversion and consecration to God in the Gospel of His Son. I trust you will not be inattentive to the goodness of God toward you, and that your reconciliation of heart to Him may not be delayed.

"A free communication of your thoughts and feelings to me on the subject will always be interesting and grateful to your father. * * *

"I have no money, and no watch but one which I have given to your mother, and which I bought with money earned by myself after I was out of college. I have no objection to your wearing a watch when you have earned and paid for one, though at present, if you had one, it would be indicative of more foppery to wear it than I should have suspected of you from any indications of that kind of folly which I have ever perceived in you."

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Catharine to Edward.

"November 29, 1819.

"Apropos — last week was interred Tom, junior, with funeral honors, by the side of old Tom of happy memory. What a fatal mortality there is among the cats of the Parsonage! Our Harriet is chief mourner always at their funerals. She asked for what she called an *epithet* for the grave-stone of Tom, junior, which I gave as follows:

"'Here died our kit,
Who had a fit,
And acted queer.
Shot with a gun,
Her race is run,
And she lies here.'"

P.S. by Dr. Beecher.—"The proverb is, 'Every one must eat his pound of dirt.' It might be a maxim, every one must write his quire of nonsense. I remember that I wrote mine out, if not more, while in college, and I judge, by the hopeful specimens of my children, Catharine, William, Edward, and Mary, that you will be soon through with all of this kind which you are fated to write, and that soon none but letters so solid and weighty as to earn their postage will be passing to and fro."

P.S. 2d by Catharine.—"Never mind this, Ned, for papa loves to laugh as well as any of us, and is quite as much *tickled* at nonsense as we are!"

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CHAPTER LXI.

CORRESPONDENCE, 1820.

Dr. Beecher to Esther.

"March 26, 1820.

"VERY DEAR SISTER,—It is grateful to fraternal affection that you should be so acceptable to our friends abroad; but the same affection which is made glad would be made sorry too, should their partialities prevail over our expectations and wishes. I shall descend to New Haven with my horse and chaise, with the expectation that Edward and you will return in the same vehicle, if it shall seem best to you. I shall myself go on to the Bible Society at New York, and return afterward as soon as possible. My health, after the tonic of cutting wood four or five half days, is pretty good, though I have some of those Dr. Trotter complaints."

Dr. Beecher to Catharine.

"New York, May 9, 1820.

"Just arrived at Brother Spring's, and shall make it our home. Your mother caught a severe cold riding over to Guilford. Saturday rode to Fairfield, and spent the Sabbath with Mr. Hewitt. Monday set out for New York, in company with Messrs. Hewitt and Sherman. Your mother's cough, produced by tobacco-smoke in which we spent the Sabbath, was severe. *Mem.* to tell Edward never to use tobacco nor tipple.

"I have talked myself tired many times over. To-day I

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am solicited to address 2000 children of the Sunday-schools. Next day after to-morrow is the meeting of the Bible Society; I make the second address, followed by Mr. Sherman."

Mrs. Beecher to Harriet Foote.

"June 7, 1820.

"When I reached New Haven on our way to New York, I could not hold myself up, but Mary Hillhouse nursed me in the best and kindest manner. I wished Mr. Beecher to go on without me, but he would not hear a word of it, but preferred spending the Sabbath in New Haven rather than give up our journey to New York, which we had calculated would be so recruiting to my health. We reached the city on a beautiful morning, when every thing looked fair and bright. We put up at Dr. Spring's, where we were expected, and every thing was very agreeable.

"The meeting of the Bible Society was very interesting; the addresses were thought superior to any former anniversary, notwithstanding my husband made one of them; and, let me add, his was a good one, his wife being judge. * * * We saw Mrs. Tomlinson, and dined there. She thought I resembled Mary Hubbard very much.

"We reached home just before the storm commenced, which has lasted for better than three weeks, almost as cold as winter.

"Edward has returned to college. Catharine is devoted to music. George has commenced Latin. Little Fred knew us, but looked very sober for a while, then very glad. He clings to me more than ever. He talks very fast, part in English, part in a tongue of his own."

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Dr. Beecher to Edward.

"June 22, 1820.

"Your learned (Latin) letter, with much deterioration of chirography, came safe to hand. As money was the most urgent point of concern, and I had none, and can get none, I was in no haste to reply.

"The books for which you subscribed you must decline to take, if they will let you off. I can not buy even the most necessary books for my own use; and our economy must be absolutely close and constant, or I shall be obliged to take you from college. I say this, not because you are prodigal, but because it is literally true, as you must know from knowing what my resources are, and what my expenses. The books you need you may get at H——'s; second-hand books, if you can find them in good preservation.

"The money necessary to your present use I shall send as soon as I can get any; until which, those you owe must do as I do, *wait*, and you must do as I do, endure the mortification of telling them so. Your clothes you will please tie up in a pocket-handkerchief and send home to be washed, and returned the same week. Send them on Monday, and they will be returned on Friday. I have contracted with Parks, the stage-driver, to bring and return them. This arrangement will save four dollars and more.

"William has been greatly afflicted by the death of his fellow-clerk, Andrew Burr, and is much awakened and alarmed concerning his own condition as a sinner. He wrote me a letter entreating me to pray for him. I exchanged with Mr. Elliott, and saw him. I believe the Holy Spirit is striving with him, and that he has some conviction of sin; but he fears, as I do, that it may pass off without a saving change, which may God avert by the merciful interposition of His

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saving grace. One child out of danger would give me joy to which I am yet a stranger, and relieve the sickness of heart occasioned by hope deferred.

"I hope your ambition as a scholar, or your love of study for its own sake, does not so engross your mind as to prevent the devout reading of the Scriptures, and daily supplication to God. Yours is the forming age. You, as respects both understanding and heart, are coming to a condition which is likely to be permanent; and, though more time and expense is bestowed to improve your understanding, it is not because the improvement of the heart is not, at the same time, infinitely the most important, but because, alas! we have no colleges to which we can send our children to be regenerated as we do to be instructed in science, and we can not with money purchase the Holy Ghost, as we can purchase intellectual improvement.

"I shall not cease to pray, my dear son, for your conversion, nor to deplore the mighty ruin which all your capacities and improvement will constitute in another world, should they continue under the dominion of a heart unsanctified and unreconciled to God. With all your gettings, get wisdom. So expects, and entreats, and prays your affectionate father. I think you have never spoken to me of your feelings on the subject of religion in any of your letters. I hope you do not feel reluctant to do it, that I may both know how to pray and counsel, and may also find excitement to pray for you."

The Same to William.

"June 20.

"Frederick is very sick with the black canker, or scarlet fever, as some call it. We have repeatedly despaired of his life. I walked with him the last two nights in succession, and, but for my aid last night, when he coughed and choked,

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I think he could not have breathed again. Last night Harriet was violently attacked with the same disorder."

Catharine to Edward.

"June 20, 1820.

"We are all anxious and troubled at home. Frederick has had the canker, or scarlet fever, very badly. For two or three days we have despaired of his life. Last night he nearly suffocated with the phlegm; but this morning he is much better, and we hope his greatest danger is over.

"Last night Harriet was seized violently with the same disease, and we know not how it will terminate. * * * Dr. Sheldon is a most excellent physician, and we hope his care and the mercy of God will save our dear Harriet and Frederick, and we use all the precautions we can to prevent the other children from taking the infection."

Dr. Beecher to Edward.

"June 22, 1820.

"I hope that your health may be preserved, and your life, for usefulness in the Church of God. Most earnestly do I pray that I may never have the trial of weeping over you, on a dying bed, without hope. What shall it profit you though you should gain all knowledge and lose your own soul? Awake, my dear son, to righteousness! I must entreat you no longer to presume on the continuance of a vapor to reject the mercy of the Gospel.

"It has seemed for a while here as if God was about to sweep us away with a stroke. Causes of alarm came clustering around me: Frederick hopeless; Harriet violently seized; William more unwell; Charles stuck a pitchfork into his foot; the other children exposed to a terrible and contagious disorder; your eyes threatened; your mother

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feeble and greatly afflicted. My cup seemed to admit no more of feeling or of fear. But God has pitied and reprieved."

Catharine to Mrs. Foote.

"June 28.

"Disease and death have visited our house. The scarlet fever has prevailed here, and little Freddy was seized, and * * * this morning, without much struggling, breathed his last. Were it not for the support of religion, I think mamma would sink; but she is a most eminent Christian, and feels resignation and comfort from above.

"I wish you could see how beautiful he looks even in death. I think I never beheld any thing earthly so perfect and lovely as his little corpse. His hair curls in beautiful ringlets all over his head, and he looks so natural and unaltered, one would think him in a peaceful slumber. I can not bear to think he must be laid in the grave.

"Yesterday Harriet was seized violently with the same disease, and last night we were almost distracted for fear we should lose them both.

"Our friends here are very kind, and do every thing for our assistance and comfort. It recalls every moment the heavy day when my dearest mother died. Oh, may the repeated admonitions not be lost upon her children!

"Sad dawned the morning of the day
That saw our sweetest flower laid low;
The weeping heavens were hung with clouds,
And Nature seemed to feel our woe.

"We laid him in his infant grave,
The fairest form of earthly mould;
Death ne'er could choose a sweeter flower
To deck his bosom cold.

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"Yet oft kind mem'ry's gentle hand
Shall lead him smiling to our view;
Recall his pretty prattling ways,
To wring our hearts, yet soothe them too.

"Dear cherished child, though few the days
To cheer our hearts thou here wast given,
When earth is past, thy cherub smiles
Shall sweetly welcome us to heaven."

Dr. Beecher to Edward.

"August 25, 1820.

"My dear Son,—Is not the present your time? I can not endure the thought that, amid such excitements to seriousness, you should continue unawakened and unconverted to God. Should the revival prevail in college, your obligations to piety and the aggravations of unbelief will be greatly enhanced. To whom much is given, of the same much will be required. Surely knowledge can be no impediment to holiness—no hinderance to repentance and faith; and should you, with your intellect, religious education, and public advantages, continue in sin, it must be sin of crimson dye.

"If you ask why you continue stupid, I must reply because you willingly prefer other interests to the interests of your soul, and give your thoughts and affections so much to things of time that no place is found for God in your heart or thoughts.

"If you ask why God passes you by, and does not by His grace counteract your voluntary stupidity, I can not tell—oh, my son, I can not tell. But my heart is pained, is terrified at the thought that *you* should be left. Think not, Edward, that *mind* can be a substitute for moral excellence, for love to God, and faith in the Redeemer, or that learning and human estimation can balance one hour of that miserable eternity in which all is lost!

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"My heart overflows with grief and fear, and my eyes with tears while I write to you. *You must not continue stupid. Now* pre-eminently is with you the accepted time and the day of salvation. Trust not to my prayers; that would be to hinder their efficacy by making them the occasion of a deadly security. Let nothing interfere now with the care of your soul. Balance not between study and reputation and an interest in Christ.

"Study, if it is no impediment to seriousness, as usually it may not be; but if it is, give all up till you feel you are raised from the horrid pit, and your mouth is filled with a new song; and fail not to let me meet you and greet you as a child of the Redeemer when I come down.

"Quench not the Spirit; pray without ceasing; believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved!"

Dr. Beecher to Mrs. Beecher.

"New Haven, September 2, 1820.

"My dear Wife,—I have just read your note, and understand and feel all it speaks, and all which is true which it does not say. I know how ineffectual earthly affection is to sustain your spirit, and yet with what accumulating weight sorrow in my absence may bear upon you in your hours of solitude. But, while I would have you assured that every affection of my heart which it is lawful to give is yours, I would not that the vain experiment of deriving consolation from a creature should detain you from the full fountain of divine consolation.

"The first evening after my arrival, the regular conference, which had been before in a lecture-room, was, by ringing of the bell, only without previous notice, convened in the meeting-house, and the house was full to overflowing. Brother Nettleton preached powerfully, and some were

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awakened. Friday morning, at five o'clock, attended a prayer-meeting at the lecture-room, which was full, and many were in tears. Yesterday, at two o'clock, attended in college a meeting of the young men, who were so far anxious as to be willing to meet, with acknowledged reference to the salvation of their souls. There have heretofore been about fifty, including those who have hope, which now amounts to twenty-two. Now these were absent, and there were upward of sixty present without hope, and in various degrees affected—some deeply.

"The work is moving on, I think, pretty rapidly in the college, and with power and great glory in the city. But in all, it is a still small voice by which the kingdom of God comes without observation. Last evening I preached to a crowded assembly; to-day I am to examine and address those in college who have hope, and this evening to attend a general meeting of the students, and preach or address them. I have not as yet been around in the private meetings, in which only the revival can be seen to the best effect and felt with the most power.

"Edward called upon me soon after I arrived, and I took him immediately aside to weep and pray over him. He told me that he had no feeling; but it was evident that he did feel much. His solicitude and distress are, I think, increasing. When I addressed the students yesterday he was present, and was among those who seemed to be the most overpowered. I have seldom seen more anguish of soul expressed in any countenance than appeared in his. His convictions, however, seem to be as yet a sense of his want of conformity to God's law, and selfishness, rather than any pungent sense of the evil of sin, attended by acute and agitating distress. I have some hopes that it is a work of the Spirit; but I rejoice with trembling.

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"Let all our prayers lay him at the footstool, in which Esther will unite with us. He told me this morning that his feelings remained much as yesterday, and that he did not know what to do—that the subject occupied all his thoughts. I walked with him to Mr. Taylor's, and left him there for Mr. Taylor to converse with him.

"My brethren Goodrich and Taylor had often talked with him, and had been affectionately solicitous for him on his own and on my account. Oh, may the Lord make his way prosperous in his heart, that I may see at least one child out of danger and in the ark. For the children at home I am distressed. Oh, what knowledge and stupidity coexist in our family! Oh Lord, I have heard thy voice and am afraid. Oh Lord, revive thy work."

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CHAPTER LXII.

CORRESPONDENCE, 1820–21.

Dr. Beecher to Mr. Davies.

"October 12, 1820.

"BROTHER,—I have drove myself half to death to get this Review* ready. You must not, however, print it this time 'with all its sins upon its head.'

"I insist that Taylor, Goodrich, and Fitch do hear it read with a careful reference to sentiment and expediency of speech, subtracting or supplying *ad libitum* to make it what it ought to be. Only I must insist that they act with more decision than they seem willing to own they did in voting to publish Spaulding's animadversions on my sermon.

"In short, after the fund of discretion which I have exhausted on the subject, I can not consent to any alterations which the associates may guess would be better while they are smoking or nodding.

"To all which their awakened, concentrated intellect may decide, I will bow with humble deference. As to the strokes of the *t*, and dots of the *i*, and every thing of verbal improvement, only make improvement, and no matter how much; the fewer sins the better.

"N. B. — Too much Cowper's letters for one number. Too long extracts, hitched together by short sentences, that are neither one thing nor another in a review.

"Rather than that the work should flag, I hereby pledge

* Review of a Discourse before the General Assembly in 1820: by John H. Rice.—*Christian Spectator*, October and November, 1820.

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myself to write, at four weeks' notice, on any subject on which you may think I can produce any thing better than you are likely to have, provided that it is so poor you do not wish to publish it only as matter of necessity. Call upon me when you wish, only call in season, and I will not fail, health permitting."

Dr. Beecher to Dr. Woods.

"November 12, 1820.

" * * * I must say I have been troubled at the complaints which have been made at the want of animation of the Andover students, and of the impression beginning to be made in favor of Princeton at the expense of Andover, whose funds, library, and the learning and talents of whose professors, as well as the solid instruction and sound divinity there obtained, place that institution in all respects, except mere *ad captandum* glitter, far above any institution of the kind in this nation, and, as I conceive, all things considered, in the world.

"The alleged deficiency in point of animation, or popular eloquence, is in part real and positive, but, to a considerable extent, only relative or comparative. I believe there is a false taste prevailing about eloquence at the South, and threatening to make irruption into New England, or to decoy away our inexperienced young men.

"This makes it necessary absolutely that the positive deficiency at Andover should be remedied; for, much as I am disgusted with artificial eloquence, I am still more disgusted with learned dullness. If a man has no feeling, let him not attempt to preach. If he have feeling, let him show it.

"Since animated noise will accomplish so much without ideas, piety, or learning, it is a shame that good sense, piety, and learning should be set at naught and rivaled by superficial flippancy.

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"I say, therefore, that you must remedy the defect, so far as it is positive. Your preachers must wake up, and lift up their voice. They must get their mouths open, and their lungs in vehement action, *there* in your little chapel, and, if need be, start the glass, and heave the swelling sides, and tear passion to a tatters.

"For it is easy to subdue too much feeling or violence; but what will become of him and his hearers, who, in the morning of his days and fire of youth, needs a mustard-paste all over his body to stimulate him to animation? I am the more earnest on this subject, because, if we do not, in New England and at Andover, wake up to true apostolic eloquence, we shall be overwhelmed by the theatric, artificial, declamatory flash, and start, and stare eloquence of the South, from which, good Lord, deliver us.

"I can not tell you how much I value the plain, simple, energetic, argumentative style of New England preaching. It admits of becoming the best pulpit style in the world, and may be improved indefinitely, but must never be given up. Still, for the sake of maintaining our ground, and of stopping the running of the tide the wrong way, I would go, in the election of a professor, as far as I could go to satisfy by popular oratory those who would be formed on a worse model, and reared with less solid learning elsewhere.

"I think, however, that in the election of Mr. Spring no such compromise will be demanded.

"He is a New England man, and his style is New England style; and if he has borrowed any thing from the South contrary to what is common in such cases, he has borrowed excellencies, not defects.

"I could wish his delivery more animated; but, considering the strength, pungency, and clearness of his style, and his uncommon solemnity, I know of no man who includes in

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his sermons and delivery so much popular eloquence in matter and manner. I had rather rest the cause of New England eloquence and style in his hands, associated with the present professors of Andover, than in the hands of any man I know." * * *

Dr. Beecher to Mr. Cornelius.

"January 23, 1821.

"In addition to what the brethren said to you at New Haven, I wish to say a few things in my own way, both because, you know, a man is strangely apt to like his own way best, and also because, being sorely disappointed in not seeing you, I wish to soothe the pain by a long letter from you, half as long as you used to write to Mary in this very study where I am now sitting, and in the sight of these eyes that now watch the movements of my pen.

"I write, then, to say that more must be done to extend the patronage of the Christian Spectator, or it will fail, and the enemy, roused by our movement, will assail us without sword or shield, or a trumpet even to sound the alarm—a thing that must not be allowed to come to pass.

"A number have looked this danger in the face, and have sold ourselves to the Lord Jesus Christ and the Christian Spectator during the war, and you, though not present, are included in the contract. * * *

"Should the work now fail, I fear it may be the last attempt to sustain a work of this kind in my day, and we shall be given over to Christian Examiners and North American Reviews—a calamity which, if we do permit, the blood of souls will be required at our hands. The Unitarians have now three periodical publications, through which they pour out their floods of heresy upon the community, while we have but one of limited circulation and doubtful continuance.

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The enemy, driven from the field by the immortal Edwards, have returned to the charge, and now the battle is to be fought over again, to retain the ground which was freely given to us.

"It is concluded that the time has at length fully come to take hold of the Unitarian controversy by the horns. A review of Channing, Stewart, and the Christian Examiner is in a state of forward preparation, and will be, if I do not mistake, eminently able and satisfactory. It will be followed by a review of Drs. Woods and Ware; and when we have settled up our arrearages, we propose to pay orders at sight.

"We feel the danger of allowing the Unitarian heresy too much popular headway, lest the stream, like Toleration, once running, should defy obstruction, and sweep foundations and superstructures in promiscuous ruin. An early and decided check followed up will turn back this flood, and save the land from inundation. But to accomplish this, as Voltaire said to the abbé, 'We *must* be read.'

"There is one point of great importance not mentioned in the printed circular. It is the danger of running down orthodoxy by the mental relaxation of reading religious intelligence only; for the same relaxation which renders doctrinal discussions dry and irksome, will at length beget a disrelish of hearing them from the pulpit.

"And when the mass of minds exercised by discrimination have passed off the stage, we shall have remaining for armor-bearers only these effeminate, religious-novel-reading Christians, who at first will hear with vacant eye our proofs of Holy Writ, then, with a sigh of weariness, wishing we would not dwell so much on disputed points, and next, with a scowl of discontent, and the toss of the nose at our metaphysical subtleties instead of plain preaching, till at last

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enough may be found to unbar the gates of Zion, and let in the Socinian shepherd before we are cold in the grave. * *

"And now, what will you do for the Christian Spectator? Will you call around you a circle of your most intelligent Christians, and read this communication to them—such parts as you think proper—or talk the subject up yourself, or both? Will you exhibit the views I have communicated to such brethren in the ministry as may be trusted, and attempt to stir them up to take the work, and introduce it among their people?

"As for myself, I am willing to do all that dust and ashes can do. In my own mind, I have set apart four days in each week to be devoted to close and constant labor for the Christian Spectator." * * *

Mr. Cornelius to Dr. Beecher.

"Salem, February 5, 1821.

"Dear Father and Friend,—With a heart overflowing with affection and gratitude, I sit down to answer your long and invaluable letter. * * * I feel to my fingers' ends every sentiment of your letter. My eyes have wept, my heart has bled over the desolations of Zion in this part of the country. * * * I am as certain as that I breathe that Unitarianism has been on the steady advance ever since the controversy of 1815.

"This is not the fault of Dr. Worcester and his brethren, who made such a noble onset upon them, and threw their ranks into such utter confusion. But, sir, they found themselves stripped of their disguise by that effort, and were obliged to take the open field.

"From that time, collecting and concentrating their forces, proud of the ascendency they know they have gained in the metropolis, and prouder still of the University,

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which was all on their side, * * * they have been constantly rising, and acquiring more and more confidence. * *

"Need I say, my father and friend, that when I heard the echo of your trumpet at New Haven as you leaped upon the battlements of Zion and sounded the alarm, every feeling of hope and joy of which my soul is capable thrilled through my heart?

"I read the circular you had written in behalf of the Spectator, and almost wished myself dismissed from my people that I might go and read it to every Christian minister and soldier of the Lord Jesus in the country. I had seen nothing—nothing before it that looked at all like resuscitation or life. * * *

"I agree with you in all you have said in the circular and in your letter about the *quo modo* of conducting the work. It must have your old, and, I trust, never-to-be-forgotten character of a good sermon; it must, first, be HEAVY, and, second, HOT. Make it heavy and hot, and it will go and do execution. Your son in the Gospel."

Extract from Circular.

"To illustrate the necessity of united effort, we need only remark that the enemies of the doctrines of the Reformation are collecting their energies and meditating a comprehensive system of attack, which demands on our part a corresponding concert of action.

"In addition to this organized system of attack, there are individuals in every part of our country who are filling the land with cavils against the doctrines of grace, calculated to unsettle the minds of multitudes, and, if it were possible, to deceive the very elect.

"This ubiquity of indefatigable assault seems to require a like ubiquity of indefatigable defense. Is it not time, then,

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to lift up an ensign which may be seen from east to west, and from north to south, and to sound a trumpet of alarm which shall draw around the standard of our Captain the defenders of his faith? For our part, we can not meditate on the preparations of the enemy without solicitude, or endure the thought that the battle-axe should ring on the gates of Zion before a sentinel awakes, or a note of preparation is heard within.

"* * * We feel ourselves called upon, in common with the friends of vital religion in every part of our country, under a sense of common danger and duty, taking into view the religious interests of this great and growing nation for centuries to come, to lay aside all prejudices, if we have any, to forego in part the demands of local avocation, and even to lay upon ourselves additional burdens, that we may at once meet the enemy which is coming in like a flood, and fight on the threshold the battle of the Lord."

Dr. Beecher to Mrs. Beecher.

"Hartford, February 18, 1821.

"This morning I did expect to set out for home; but the revival comes in so like a flood that I was constrained to feel it my duty to stay till Saturday.

"I have never in my life before been placed in a situation in which such demands for labor have been laid upon me with such prospects of extensive usefulness. The particulars I can not state; only, if I may believe what is on almost every tongue, the city is greatly moved, and the doctrines of the Cross are rolling back the aspersions which have been cast upon them, and are becoming the power of God to salvation.

"The onset in this region upon the churches has been systematic, keen, and persevering, and the stream here, and

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in Windsor and Wethersfield, had begun to veer the wrong way, and, had a practicable breach been made in the mounds here, in the heart of the state, no one can foresee how extensive the desolation had been.

"At present the Spirit of the Lord is lifting up a standard, and the stream is beginning to flow in favor of those truths which have been every where spoken against. But its course is not as yet so settled and decided as that constant effort a little longer is not necessary to prevent a sudden and inauspicious change. Good may be now done by a few sermons more than a volume could accomplish, and evil may come from a little neglect which half a century may not retrieve.

"The first inquiry meeting about one hundred and thirty remained, and the second, last evening, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred; and among those who staid were some gentlemen who stand high in character and influence in the city. Names can not be mentioned, but Brother Hawes says that the revival is remarkable for its indiscriminate power upon old and young, high and low.

"There are searchings of heart and trembling in high places. My presence at the missionary meeting can by no means be so important as here at this time; and I am told that the universal opinion here is, among the judicious pious, and even among those gentlemen who are not pious, but respect religion, that my assistance at the present crisis is very much demanded.

"So I commend you, and the family, and the meeting, and my people to God, praying that I may have grace to be faithful and successful both here and at home."

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Mr. Cornelius to Dr. Beecher.

"Salem, February 25, 1821.

"* * * We have had another tug with Unitarian influence, and, by the help of God, have come off victorious.

"Soon after Brother Wisner gave his affirmative answer to the Old South, a council of ministers was summoned to assist in his ordination, all of whom were professedly orthodox except *one*, Rev. ———, of Boston, who is a decided Unitarian. Two others, Dr. ———, of Medford, and Dr. ———, of ———, were not to be depended upon in the event of an extremity. From twelve to fifteen other clergymen were invited, all of whom, with their delegates, were of the orthodox stamp.

"Having taken this step, the Church appointed a committee of four or five to make arrangements, who, among other things, took it upon them to assign the parts. Two of this committee were Unitarians, if I am rightly informed; one of them, Mr. ———, certainly was—a Church member, a decided enemy to orthodoxy, and of very considerable influence in the Church.

"The parts were assigned by this committee in their order and without controversy till they came to the right hand of fellowship, when ——— said he should make no contention about any other part, but as to this, he had promised Mr. ——— he should use all his influence to have it assigned to him; he therefore hoped, as he had given up all his wishes before, the brethren would now have the liberality to yield to him and his friends.

"The orthodox brethren, not reflecting upon the *nature* of the right hand of fellowship, and wishing to preserve harmony, reluctantly consented. Mr. ——— was notified of his appointment. It was just such a movement as Uni-

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tarians could wish. If executed, it would be worth all the argument for *separation* for years. All parties would understand it as a virtual relinquishment of the principle. * *

"The question at issue was a question of fellowship on the part of Trinitarians with Unitarians. Having never been determined, it was possible that the time had arrived for separation openly to be avowed, or the idea of it to be abandoned. I can not describe to you my feelings. I first made up my mind what was my duty in the case, and then devoted myself night and day to the information of brethren and laymen, that they might be ready for the conflict. Brother Dwight, of Boston, and Mr. Evarts were no less industrious.

"On the evening before ordination a few of us got together, and, after prayer, voted 'that we can not conscientiously appoint a visible and reputed Unitarian to deliver the fellowship of ourselves and churches to Brother Wisner; that we have ground to consider Mr. ——— as such a Unitarian, and, therefore, that we will refuse to ratify his nomination at any and every hazard.'

"This last opinion was made up in full view of the greatest bugbear that I ever beheld. The thing had got out, and was matter of conversation in the Church. We were told by the orthodox part of the Church, and by its commanding members, that we must yield, or Old South was ruined. Several orthodox men gave up the point, and others of high character shook in the wind. The rest of us determined to do our duty, let the consequences be what they might. * *

"The morning came. Wisner appeared, and, in the presence of a crowd of Unitarians, read as orthodox and as good a creed as ever I heard; and gave an account of his religious experience, though Dr. ——— opposed it with all his might.

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"The council then proceeded to appoint the parts; and as the battle was now to be fought, the council requested to be *alone*, which was done, much to the grief of Socinian spectators. We all marched on in order, and had no difficulty till we came to the right hand, when Brother Walker, of Danvers, rose and nominated Mr. Huntington, of Bridgewater, and now the action commenced.

"We had, however, the advantage of the first nomination, and, of course, our motion must be first put. Mr. ———'s friends earnestly contended for the nomination of the Church or committee. Dr. ———, and Dr. ———, and ———, * * * * * joined them, the grand argument being the nomination of the Church.

"I undertook its refutation by a direct appeal to the usages of the Church as laid down in Mather's Ratio Disciplinæ, and in a sermon, most providentially preached by ——— himself not three weeks before, giving a history of his own Church and the settlement of his predecessors, from which it appeared that the assignment of this part * * * was always claimed as belonging to the ordaining council alone. * * *

"At this very moment, ———, who had hitherto been absent, came in, and, hearing such a sermon from a text of his own making, was, to appearance, not a little moved by it.

"He rose and acknowledged what had been said to be agreeable to the ancient usage; * * and he intended to have stated the rule of order to the committee who waited on him, but that it slipped his mind at the time to mention it.

"The dispute continuing, and the hour for the ordination services having arrived, we were on the point of saying plainly and openly that we should make it matter of conscience to oppose Mr. ———, when he himself, understanding, I suppose, why he was opposed, and well satisfied that

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the orthodox party would prove too strong for him, came forward, and declined absolutely being a candidate. * * * The question was put, and Brother Huntington elected by a large majority. * * * And the determination was understood, not to hold fellowship with Unitarians. * * *

"Brother Huntington, always excellent, fairly outdid himself. * * * Dr. Woods preached a flaming sermon on the doctrine of the Cross, in which he came out most boldly, and openly denounced Unitarianism as a fatal error. Oh, my dear sir, God made it a most auspicious day to the cause of truth in Boston. Considering Wisner's decided stand, his high orthodox creed, the tone of Dr. Woods's sermon, the supplanting of ———, and the triumph of sound principles, I can not but feel that orthodoxy has risen fifty degrees in Boston by these events. * * * The orthodox will hereafter better understand their strength, and be, I doubt not, better prepared for the general conflict which is fast approaching." * * *

Dr. Beecher to Mr. Cornelius.

"February 27, 1821.

"My dear Son,—Yours of February 5th came to me from Litchfield, while at Hartford, engaged in the hottest of the battle, preaching, as I trust, in demonstration of the Spirit.

"The revival was approaching, but needed, Brother Hawes said, more impulse than his feeble health enabled him to give. I went, feeling that for four years the doctrines of the Reformation had been trodden down of the Gentiles in Connecticut. * * *

"I felt as if I was called upon by God to raise his standard, wipe off the blots cast upon it, unfurl and expose to every eye its beauty, and defend it, laying down in the dust,

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with no gentle hand, the absurd objections which are arrayed at this day against the truth.

"I am sure I never in my life, in any thing, felt more willing to obey God with all my mind, and heart, and soul, and strength. My feelings, in attempting to explain and defend the truth, were those expressed in the motto from Edwards on the title-page of my Park Street sermon, and those which carried me through the writing and delivery of that discourse; and from my feelings, as well as from the effects of my preaching, I am persuaded God was with me.

"I returned on Saturday, after being there two weeks except one Sabbath, and on Monday went to Salisbury to attend a council, which detained me all the week.

"When I got home on Saturday, your letter of February 25 greeted my eye and cheered my heart. * * * The alacrity and vigor with which you have entered into my feelings have comforted me immeasurably.

"I saw the wolf coming, and thought surely some one will lift up his voice; but on he came, and all was silent. I grew restless, distressed, agonized. I wrote to Brother Taylor such a letter as I wrote to you, and his heart responded. I went to New Haven to get up that circular, and, though all seemed willing and engaged, it took me nearly a fortnight to get it done.

"And, after all, until I wrote to you, I began to fear that all would evaporate in favorable words and good resolutions, with which the Spectator establishment is already glutted. Yes, I began to fear that it was to be with the churches as it had been with the state, listless, falsely secure, vainly confident, jealous, envious, divided, till the banners of destruction should wave over them.

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"You are right in thinking the Unitarians are gaining. Their power of corrupting the youth of the commonwealth by means of Cambridge is silently putting sentinels in all the churches, legislators in the hall, and judges on the bench, and scattering every where physicians, lawyers, and merchants.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

"It is also true that their concentration and mon[redacted] sources give them great advantages, which we can balance only by arousing and concentrating the energies of the orthodox churches. *This, this* must be our *first, second,* and *third* work, for when it is fairly done the victory is won.

"The Unitarians can not be killed by the pen, for they do not live by the pen. They depend upon action, and by action only can they be effectually met. Hitherto they have had easy work while mingled with the orthodox, coaxing some, threatening others, and hampering all.

"They have sowed tares while men slept, and grafted heretical churches on orthodox stumps, and this is still their favorite plan. Every where, when the minister dies, some society's committee will be cut and dried, ready to call in a Cambridge student, split the Church, get a majority of the society, and take house, funds, and all.

"And there is no remedy while the orthodox sleep, and Socinians are allowed to lodge in the same fold with us. You are right in saying that the apathy of the orthodox is more ominous than the activity of the Unitarians. It is time, high time to awake out of sleep, and to call things by their right names.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

"In view of such opinions and feelings, which have been

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long boiling in my heart *you* know, while the orthodox at the East have slept, how cheering was your last letter! My dear, good son, I read it with tears of thanksgiving to God that at length that *infamous, deadly, temporizing expediency, cowardice policy*, had found a rock to strike upon and experience shipwreck, and, as I trust, once for all.

"Let the stand taken be had in universal and everlasting remembrance, and we shall soon get the enemy out of the camp.

* * * * * *

"For all your successful labors at Salem, Boston, and Andover for the Christian Spectator, I do most profoundly thank you.

* * * * * * *

"You know probably that the Presbyterian Church have concluded to establish a periodical of their own, and if they do it with vigor I shall not be sorry, for New England is able to support and to make a Magazine of her own.

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"Revivals are breaking in upon us in Connecticut most gloriously. I can not particularize, but I weep for joy to behold so dark and dreary a night ending in so glorious a morning.

* * * * * *

"I am worked almost to death, but am now recruiting. A few drops have just fallen upon us here, but whether they presage a shower I can not tell. I have more expectation than at any time before this three years. I am going out this afternoon to explore.

* * * * * *

"And now, friend, son, and brother, go on. Wake up

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ministers, form conspiracies against error, and scatter firebrands in the enemy's camp. The greater your havoc, and the return of curses on your head, the more I shall love you, and give thanks to God on your behalf."

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CHAPTER LXIII.

OVERWORK.

Autobiography.

It was not very long after my return from Salem when the tide began to turn. For years we of the standing order had been the scoff and by-word of politicians, sectarians, and infidels, and had held our tongues; but now the Lord began to pour out his Spirit.

Brother Hawes, then recently settled at Hartford, sent two of his deacons to ask me to come and help him in a revival. I remember, when I saw them and heard their errand, I turned round and said, "Now, wife, it is my turn. Now I will speak." I went to Hartford, and the Spirit of God was there. I spent about three weeks in the work. Preached all the while; it was a powerful revival. I was gone two Sabbaths, getting home on Saturday.

Revivals now began to pervade the state. The ministers were united, and had been consulting and praying. Political revolution had cut them off from former sources of support, and caused them to look to God. Then there came such a time of revival as never before in the state.

I remember how we all used to feel before the revolution happened. Our people thought they should be destroyed if the law should be taken away from under them. They did not think any thing about God—did not seem to. And the fact is, we all felt that our children would scatter like partridges if the tax law was lost. We saw it coming. In

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Goshen they raised a fund. In Litchfield the people bid off the pews, and so it has been ever since.

But the effect, when it did come, was just the reverse of the expectation. When the storm burst upon us, indeed, we thought we were dead for a while. But we found we were not dead. Our fears had magnified the danger. We were thrown on God and on ourselves, and this created that moral coercion which makes men work. Before we had been standing on what our fathers had done, but now we were obliged to develop all our energy.

"On the other hand, the other denominations lost all the advantage they had had before, so that the very thing in which the enemy said, "Raze it—raze it to the foundations," laid the corner-stone of our prosperity to all generations. The law compelling every man to pay somewhere was repealed. The consequence unexpectedly was, first, that the occasion of animosity between us and the minor sects was removed, and infidels could no more make capital with them against us, and they then began themselves to feel the dangers of infidelity, and to react against it, and this laid the basis of co-operation and union of spirit.

And, besides, that tax law had for more than twenty years really worked to weaken us and strengthen them. All the stones that shelled off and rolled down from our eminence lodged in their swamp. Whenever a man grew disaffected, he went off and paid his rates with the minor sects; but on the repeal of the law there was no such temptation.

Take this revolution through, it was one of the most desperate battles ever fought in the United States. It was the last struggle of the separation of Church and State.

About this time my health began to fail. I overworked somewhat in that revival at Hartford. Then I went to a council at Salisbury, still running down, but not knowing

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what the matter was. I had begun to feel this debility some time before that, in a council at which Roger Minot Sherman was against me.

There was a man by the name of P—— settled at Sharon who went into every thing but the work of the ministry—speculated, borrowed money at bank, and got aground. He was brought before Consociation. Father Mills, and an old minister, Father Starr, were to prosecute, and asked me to assist. It was a large Association, and P—— was a ticklish fellow, and employed Roger Minot Sherman to defend him.

I went without preparation, supposing Father Starr prepared. Charges were made. Starr called on the witnesses, and they evaded. That filled the first forenoon. They slipped through his fingers. Sherman saw how it was going, and whispered to P—— that he need not trouble himself. The tavern-keeper where I stopped knew every thing about the matter. I just took my pen in the evening, and asked him to give me the witnesses' names, and what they knew on the several points.

Next session I rose very meekly and quietly, and said that I believed there were a few things that had escaped Father Starr, which he had probably forgotten. I called up a witness; he dodged—I boxed his ears; another; he dodged—I boxed his ears; and, finally, got out the evidence. Sherman said, "Now we shall take it." I made the plea clear through, knocked up his defense, and they suspended him.

There were some dozen or fifteen councils in which I had to manage cases while I was in Litchfield, and I became quite a lawyer. Never succeeded better any where than in ecclesiastical courts. If I had staid in Connecticut I should have been occupied in such business half my time.

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I remember one case where I had a severe conflict, defending a young minister whose wife was jealous of him.

Edwards, the keenest lawyer in Hartford, was against him, and Judge Perkins was moderator.

When I came the judge shook me cordially by the hand, and said, smiling, that he pitied me that I had such an opponent as Edwards. The evidence against him looked very bad at first; but I cross-examined the witnesses carefully, and nailed them down.

One witness, I remember, was a schoolmaster, who had testified to defendant's having received visits from a certain young lady at night. He said he had heard them talk, and it actually made him quake with horror.

"How were the rooms situated?" I asked.

"One at the southwest, the other at the northwest corner of the house," he said.

"Did you hear what they said?"

"No."

"Did you see her go?"

"No."

"Did you know her voice?"

"No."

"Did you hear any thing more than a buzz?"

"No."

Well, we came to plead. Edwards made his plea and I mine. As to this witness that heard them talk, I told them it reminded me of the story old Mr. Dominie used to tell me in East Hampton.

He was a great hunter, and used to hunt wild geese. One evening, he said, he went down to the great pond, where there were great flocks of geese feeding. By day they kept out of reach, but at evening they came in and fed by the shore. "I had put up a little breastwork on the

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sand," said he, "and lay behind waiting. By-and-by I began to hear them talk, talk, talk—conkle, conkle, conkle. I trembled. Heard 'em, but couldn't see any thing. At last I drew up, took sight with my ears, and fired at the sound, and killed three!"

Such a burst of laughing as there was in the council I never heard. "Now," said I, "it might do to take sight with your ears in hunting geese, but not men." The keenest part of it was, that when I came to a certain point in the testimony that had been taken when Edwards happened to be out, he jumped up and said that it was not so. I appealed to the judge, who decided that it was. He just picked up his hat, turned on his heel, and left the house.

That settled it. The man was cleared. I saved his ecclesiastical life. His wife was convinced of his innocence, and thanked me with tears in her eyes.

But all these things—political excitement, revival effort, the Christian Spectator, and my parish—run me down so low that I lost my conversational voice and my susceptibilities.

Before that I had been as eager to converse with the awakened as a dog after game, now I could not converse.

Whenever it was so that I had to drive myself to it from a sense of duty, I let it alone, and waited for the "*mollia tempora fandi.*"

I gave up study, and tried hunting and fishing. That would not do. Was in despair almost. Tried a journey to Niagara, but in vain. The night I reached the falls was about as doleful as ever I passed. The roar, the trembling, the creaking of the door, kept me awake all night. At Geneva, on my way home, had my tonsils clipped, the beginning of my convalescence.

Afterward I took a trip to Maine, but grew worse. In

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Boston I consulted Dr. Jackson, and told him I must die soon if something was not done.

He told me it was dyspepsia. Before it was an unknown disease. I thought it was consumption; but he told me it was the result of overwork and false methods, and his prescriptions helped me. From that time I understood better how to treat my case.

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CHAPTER LXIV.

CORRESPONDENCE, 1821.

Dr. Beecher to Mr. Davies.

"March 23, 1821.

"I hope my solicitude for the prosperity of the Christian Spectator will not make me troublesome to you. * * * No number ought to be made up of Hobson's choice, 'that or none;' and you should not, my friend, so trust Providence in the neglect of means as to get into a corner every number. * * *

"Poor or mediocre pieces must not go in, especially general, unenergetic, surface writing. The select readers for whom we must write will dip into such pieces just as I do, and see and feel that there is nothing but feeble commonplace ideas polished a little, and be disgusted, and go on grumbling in quest of something which bears the marks of thought and intellectual vigor.

"You can not cheat your readers. Many have been vexed that the first part and last part of the volume should be so good, and the middle, both years, like a cheating load of wood, made up of looser, lighter stuff. Nor will one good piece on either side of a poor one in a single number be able to atone for the sins and infirmities of the piece between. The limping thing may cry ever so piteously to its neighbors, 'Give me of your oil, for my lamp is gone out;' but none will have any light to spare; and the space between, though printed ever so accurately, will be a space of darkness and intellectual barrenness.

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"The Christian Spectator can and must be made to be, every page of every month of every year, clear as crystal, pure as gold, strong as iron, comely as Tirzah, beautiful as Jerusalem, and terrible as an army with banners.

"I have another sermon done on Godly Sorrow; and an answer to the question, 'What is the precise meaning of the Arminian Self-determining Power?'

"These, and more if you need, are at your service; but I love and need to be pushed, though I think it rather hard to have to beg you to push me. But if you think that I am not lazy because I have done a little, I tell you I *am* lazy, and can do as much again for hard pushing as for any thing else.

"You have received from Cornelius an account of operations for the Spectator that way. Have you done any thing to follow up his brave onset? Such an opening must not be neglected.

"I inclose Dr. Porter's letter. I agree with him that we must go to the *sleepy men*."

The Same to Edward.

"April 7, 1821.

"Your letter awakens great solicitude. It discloses the two prominent points in which conviction of sin consists—the consciousness of criminality and helplessness caused by sin, and at the same time, I fear, a kind of orthodox insensibility, which is a presage of evil in the work of the Spirit, as the loss of excitability in a sick patient is an omen of death.

"I trust by this time you know, what I have always known, that my prayers can not save you, having never reached to such fervent efficacy as led me to feel I could claim the promise; but have constrained me, when I have

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done all, to waive the claim of promise, and rely only on the sovereign mercy of God, and saying to Him that if He passes you by He will do you and me no injustice.

"But, while I say this, I feel how dreadful to my soul is the thought that you shall never serve God in the Gospel of his Son; and how still more dreadful that your powers should be forever perverted, and the perversion followed with suffering self-inflicted, and also divinely inflicted forever.

"Oh, my dear son, *agonize* to enter in. You *must* go to heaven; you *must not* go to hell! * * * Do not, then, measure over the intervening ways between us and you laden with sins unrepented and unforgiven. Come to us when you return in the fullness of the Gospel. Oh come to help your father stir up the slumbering youth around him, and help him pray for other members of the family without hope. Come, begin to fulfill those hopes of your parents which awoke with your existence, and cheered us while we rocked your cradle and traveled together, our pilgrimage leading your thoughts and your feet in the right way.

"Catharine is in the same condition with yourself, except that she feels so strongly her inability that she can not feel her guilt; and I have had much and assiduous labor with her on that point, and hope she is quiet. Her anxiety is great at times, and I fear she will follow your footsteps, and that you will both lay your bones at the very threshold of heaven. M—— is apparently careless and unawakened, as is George, excepting occasional tenderness of conscience when particularly addressed on the subject.

"William is gone on trial to live a month with Mr. W——; a good place, but a particular, critical man."

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Aunt Esther to Catharine.

"June 21, 1821.

"All things at the Parsonage are much as usual. Poor Charlie, who is the scapegoat of the family, and on whose head, or rather on whose legs, all the misfortunes of the house seem to fall, is now quite lame.

"About a week since he stepped barefooted upon a nail, and in withdrawing his foot fell and thrust the same nail into his knee.

"Your father goes to New Haven with Edward on Monday, and from thence to Guilford to get your Aunt Jane's piano."

Dr. Beecher to Catharine.

"July 10, 1821.

"I spent the last week at New Haven and Guilford. I took our piano to Psalter, who on Thursday and Friday put it in as perfect tune as the nature of the instrument admits, and made it speak greatly to his and my satisfaction. He said were it his he would not sell it for $300.

"Arrived at home with it on Saturday in a state of entire suspense whether the tuning had stood, or every note would clash discord. Set it up in breathless expectation, bid Mary to touch the chords, when, lo! they vibrate harmonious from end to end, with two or three exceptions of low bass, which I have this day put in perfect tune. * *

"We are all exceedingly pleased with the instrument; it is very much the best toned I ever heard. So you perceive the goodness of God ceases not to visit us with mercies here as well as you at New London."

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The Same to William.

"July 23, 1821.

"I would have you dress as Mr. W—— thinks proper for his business, always economical, and never coxcombical; the first of which leads to wealth, the second to prodigality and contempt.

"If I had the money I had as lief give you twenty dollars as twenty apples. I never begrudge to do any thing for the welfare or happiness of my children. But, as things now are, I can not advance to you or Edward, who also wants a watch to hang his Phi Beta Kappa watch-key on, any money for that purpose. * * *

"Through the liberality of my friends in college, who, Mr. Goodrich taking the lead, have raised sixty dollars for my journey, and provided a supply for my pulpit five Sabbaths, I set out on Friday, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Silliman, and Miss Gilbert, from New Haven for Niagara Falls—a pleasant tour, which I have always hoped, but never expected to take.

"*July* 26. I start to-morrow at four. H. Wadsworth gave me to-day twenty-five dollars with all his heart. I set out with a hundred. My hopes are of receiving benefit. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all my days."

The Same to Edward.

"August 26, 1821.

"The day I left you was dark and dreary, and I arrived much fatigued, but glad, with all the feeling of which I was capable, to get home. Saturday not well, and part of the day went down to the sides of the pit. To-day, beyond expectation, have preached two sermons, and performed all the services but one of the prayers. Have had a regular

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appetite, and am comfortable this evening. Dr. Sheldon says that my voice indicated to-day that my lungs are not affected.

"I preached in the morning upon the Omnipotence of God, and brought in the description of the falls, with reflections and an application; the first time, I presume, that any one has *preached* the Falls of Niagara.

"I spoke with ease and animation, and it was a luxury to find myself emerging from a cipher into a preacher. Still, I am not well, and Dr. Sheldon says I had better make my arrangements to take the eastern voyage."

Edward to Mrs. Foote.

"September 29, 1821.

"Father and mother are absent on a visit to Machias, Maine. I am commander-in-chief out of doors, and Aunt Esther in doors. We can not board the young lady you mention, as Mr. and Mrs. Brace occupy one part of our house, and other boarders as much of the rest as can be spared.

"Aunt Esther discharges the duties of her station with her usual fidelity and discretion. Mary is qualifying herself to take Catharine's place in the school at New London, in music and drawing. George is qualifying himself to take my place in college, which he will never do unless he studies more than he does now. Harriet reads every thing she can lay hands on, and sews and knits diligently. Henry and Charles go to school—Henry as sprightly and active, and Charles as honest and clumsy as ever.

"And what shall I say more? Shall I speak of our orchard, from which the gale blew off apples enough for twenty barrels of cider, and wherein are yet cider and winter apples without number?

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"Or of our cellar, wherein are barrels small and great, moreover bins, boxes, and cupboards, which I have arranged, having cleansed the cellar with besom, rake, and wheelbarrow?

"Or of our garden, in which are weeds of divers kinds, particularly pig; yea, also beets, carrots, parsnips, and potatoes, the like whereof was never seen?

"Hear, now, the conclusion of the whole matter. The family at Litchfield to the family at Guilford sendeth greeting, hoping we may meet again in this world, and rejoice together in the next."

Dr. Beecher to Catharine.

"Boston, October 20, 1821.

"Your mother leaves for Hartford by stage to-morrow. Dr. Jackson wishes me to stay a little longer. I shall return in the New Haven packet with Captain Collis by water, which suits me best. * * * My complaints are caused by debility of stomach, producing indigestion, acidity, depression, and a multitude of aches and pains. Nevertheless, my friends keep saying, 'Why, how well you look!' and urge me past endurance to preach.

"Depression is an invariable symptom of the disorder, and mine at times exceeds any thing I ever experienced. It is *flesh and heart failing.* It is desolation like a flood, and extinguishes at times all hope that I shall recover my health and usefulness. * * * I requested Dr. Jackson to tell me plainly and honestly his opinion. He said he did not regard my case as dangerous. Felt persuaded I should recover, though it would be the ascent of a long hill, with occasional descents. * * *

"The revival in Litchfield is great and rapid. How good is the Lord! Some have suggested to me, perhaps God

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has granted this success in my absence to humble me, as if my *pride* were likely to be touched by such a thing.

"That the event will humble me I earnestly hope, but it will be by such a sense of his undeserved goodness in sending me away when I could not endure the labor of bringing forward a revival, and in sending to be the instrument one whom of all others I should have chosen to leave my people with at such a time."

Dr. Beecher to Edward.

"November 6, 1821.

"We arrived at Litchfield the same day before seven, and I felt better, and less weary than when I left New Haven. Next day a day of trial in meeting friends, and shaking hands, and of quaking nerves. Sabbath better. Went to meeting, and administered sacrament in the morning; and after Mr. Nettleton's sermon, talked and exhorted thirty minutes, and felt better. Yesterday better still—the best day for two months. To-day not as well, though I have been able to saw four sticks of quartered wood, and think I shall be able to get up to the capability of such exercise, which will be a great thing, you know.

"The revival was more powerful last week than at any time before; and the Sabbath was blessed, I think, still to advance it greatly. Nettleton's preaching and my exhortation seemed to have great effect.

"Drs. Sheldon and Abby examined to-day Charles's knee. It is swelled, and there is the appearance of matter of some kind, and danger of a white swelling, unless by incision or blisters it can be extracted; the latter course will be tried first. Mr. Nettleton will continue for the present, but I had hard work to keep him on the Sabbath."

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The Same.

"November 18, 1821.

"My health mends slowly, but I am still under the rod of dyspepsia, and, with utmost care, can not escape much pain, and fear, and fog, and depression.

"I preached Sabbath evening an extempore sermon of half an hour at a moment's warning, Brother Nettleton failing from sore throat and hoarseness during the singing immediately preceding.

"It was about as good as I wished. The impression for the time never greater when I have spoken; no injury sustained. Monday attended inquiry meeting, and gave a short exhortation. Between fifty and sixty have hope; but few new cases, and but little done to extend the work. *Inter nos*, Brother Nettleton has relaxed all exertions as to visiting and efforts to push and extend the work except on the Sabbath and in lectures, and is becoming unwell, in part from loss of stimulus and inaction. He is gathering in the awakened and banding the converts, and seems indisposed to make any more work for himself. I am troubled, but can not say or do any thing.

"There is, however, a growing pressure of truth on the mind of the congregation, which, if attended to, might, and I hope will, break out in a new edition of the revival."

Catharine to Mrs. Foote.

"November 23, 1821.

"* * * Papa is still much out of health. Charles is confined with blisters on his knee to remove a white-swelling. Mamma's health is pretty good.

"Aunt Esther will live here this winter; but her health is feeble, so that we are a pretty miserable company; and one

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while I was the only grown person in the whole family, servants and all, that was really well.

"I have been very much prospered this summer; and, after paying all my expenses at New London and journey, I had a hundred dollars, all of my own earnings, left. We have four boarders besides our own sick folks, so that, if you are lonesome for want of children, we could easily spare Henry or Harriet."

Dr. Beecher to Edward.

"December 6, 1821.

"DEAR SON,—* * * This is the first moment for several weeks I have felt as if I could sit down and write to you, for either the state of the family has been so distressing, or I have personally felt so bad as to preclude writing.

"But now, for two days past, the cloud has lifted up, and some light has broken in upon my heart. The spasms in Charles's limb have ceased. The limb has become straight, and the swelling is greatly reduced; whether cured or not we can not yet rightly determine. For three days past my own health, held in check by a cold and by family distress, has risen, so that few Thanksgivings have been to me more pleasant than this.

"I could not but regret that you were absent, when all the children, from Catharine to Charles, sat down at the same table, and had not extra expenses incurred forbid, I should have sent for you to come home in the stage. * * Mr. Nettleton has returned, after an absence of ten days, in better health, and, as near as I can conjecture, intends to stay some time longer, perhaps till spring; but this, you know, is uncertain, as all things are. The revival is not as rapid as in the beginning, but is going on."

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Dr. Beecher to Mr. Davies.

"December 21, 1821.

"It is important that short paragraphs be written in every number respecting the signs and duties of this time in connection with a record of passing events, constituting, or, rather, creating and guiding in the public mind a train of proper thinking on important subjects, keeping them in mind by repetition, and moulding the public mind to be as it ought to be.

"By such means Voltaire and his coadjutors eradicated the superstitions of popery, and planted and reaped the whirlwind of the French Revolution, which was Atheism sweeping with the besom of destruction.

"By the same constant dropping the federal administration was undermined, and the nation ingulfed in the follies and miseries of democracy. By the same means the Register in your little city is attempting to poison and pervert the public mind. And if by such means they who are wise to do evil have accomplished so much,

"'Mutemur clypeos, fas est ab hoste doceri.'

"Let me add, also, that in the year to come the work should become more discriminating and powerful in doctrine, and more practical and experimental also; more irksome to the carnal heart, more pungent in its applications to the conscience, and more Baxterian and Edwardean in spirit, though conducted still with reference to purity of style and classical correctness."

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CHAPTER LXV.

CORRESPONDENCE, 1822.

Prof. Goodrich to Dr. Beecher.

"Yale College, January 6, 1822.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I thank you for the frankness and warmth with which you have spoken in your last letter; it is the strongest testimony of friendship. At the same time, I am rejoiced to find from your letter itself (as I had always understood before) that you differ from me in nothing on this point unless it be in phraseology.

"The opinions advanced in my theological lecture were, *totidem verbis*, the exact opinions of Edwards at the conclusion of his treatise on Original Sin; the statements which I condemned as unguarded are the very statements which Edwards complains of Taylor for attributing to Calvinists, and which, he says, 'do not belong to the doctrine, nor follow from it;' and the solution which I gave of the fact that all men sin from the first moments of moral agency is the exact solution given by Edwards in the passage referred to.

"I have only to add that my own opinions were formed long before I read Edwards on this subject, and that I expressed them many years ago to Brother Taylor, whom I found to accord with me entirely, as the necessary result of the immovable principles established in the treatise on 'Freedom of Will.'

"What, then, have I maintained? That, previous to the *first* act of moral agency, there is nothing in the mind which can *strictly* and *properly* be called sin—nothing for which the being is accountable to God. This you affirm in direct

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terms. 'That they (infants) have accountable dispositions or exercises neither you nor I believe.'

"But can that for which a being is not accountable be *strictly* and *properly* denominated sinfulness? Then the *brute* creation are sinful in all the injuries they inflict; then there is transgression 'where there is *no* law,' and no possibility of understanding a law; where there is no moral sense, and no capacity of distinguishing or choosing between right and wrong.

"Both you and Dr. Woods will agree with us in maintaining that there is no sin previous to moral agency. This he expressly declares, and you likewise.

"But there is in the human constitution some *permanent* and *adequate* cause of the great fact that every individual of our race sins from the moment that he *can* sin; *i. e.*, from the moment of moral agency. This fact can not be accounted for by the force of example, education, etc.; there must be a *reason* or *cause* in the structure of our constitution.

"Having reached this point in my statement, and having enlarged on the absolute necessity of supposing such a cause of *great intensity and universal prevalence*, I stated to the class that this cause was frequently said to be *sinful;* that such language, in my view, meant only that it terminated in sin from the moment that sin was possible in a human being. * * *

"When I began to write it was my intention to confine myself to a single sheet, but I was impelled forward, and had no time to condense and transcribe. If you do not already accord with me in the views which have now been taken, I am perfectly convinced you will on investigation, for there are great principles respecting the accountable character of man which must conduct you to these conclusions.

"As to the expediency of disclosing these sentiments I

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am wholly satisfied. Truth can never suffer by discussion. When Edwards yielded to the Arminians that man has the natural ability to do his duty, the universal cry among Calvinists was, 'He has abandoned the doctrine of election and regeneration.' Such will always be the case with those who consider a doctrine as inseparably connected with the theory or solution which they have attached to it. But the doctrine of total depravity stands unmoved when the theory of a distinct principle of depravity before moral agency is taken away, just as the doctrine of regeneration was unshaken by the removal of the pernicious notion of natural inability. Yes; and the same advantages arise from the rejection of the former theory which resulted from the abandonment of the latter.

"On my statement of the subject, the complaint is taken away from the enemies of truth that we make God the author of sin in our constitution previous to voluntary agency; and the whole guilt of our total apostacy is brought to press on the conscience of the man himself, who is the sole author of his rebellion."

Dr.——— to Dr. Nettleton (then laboring in a Revival at L——).

"January 17, 1822.

"My dear Brother,—But the day before I received your letter I had been meditating an essay on the doctrine of Original Sin, which was to have been exhibited before our ministers' meeting which was held here on Tuesday.

"But in attempting to arrange my thoughts on the subject, I perceived that many parts needed a closer examination and a more protracted discussion than I had yet given them. I therefore deferred the matter, with the intention of soon taking it up, and forming my opinion respecting it.

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I confess I was not a little glad that I did not commit my thoughts to paper and exhibit them to my brethren, after having received your letter, for I found that, had I done this, I should have taken ground which to you seems untenable and fraught with mischief.

"For some time past I have noticed a leaning of my mind to *heresy* on this long-disputed and very difficult topic. With you I fully agree that the grand dispute with the liberals should be, not respecting innate, but total depravity. We meet the enemy on very disadvantageous ground when we attempt to determine *when* man becomes a moral agent, or what he is before he becomes a proper subject of moral government. Could this point be settled, nothing important would be gained. The Bible contemplates man as a *moral agent*, placed under law, and capable of obeying or disobeying. Viewing him in this light, his character is clearly defined; and the preacher who looks not at man in this light, sees nothing that is tangible—nothing upon which he can bring the truth of God to bear.

"Grant that the infant mind, or the mind anterior to its acting as a moral agent (if, indeed, it ever does so exist), is innocent and pure, this does not determine its character when acting under law. The whole inquiry, so far as controversy is concerned, should be, What is the character of man as a subject of God's government? Settle this, and I care not how the other inquiry is disposed of.

"Should Brother Taylor, or any one else, say publicly that there is no innate depravity in man—that there is no bias, propensity, or disposition toward sin, the Unitarians will just send out a boat to tow him in. They will shout victory. I hope, therefore, that nothing of this kind will be advanced in the Spectator. In reviewing Dr. Woods, Brother Taylor *must* be guarded.

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"At the same time, I must confess I can not accede to the common views of the doctrine of original sin. Voluntary agency seems to me indispensable to accountability. Without voluntary exercises or affection, there can be neither holiness nor sin.

"Nor is this all. There must be a knowledge of duty, or the power of distinguishing between right and wrong. Without such perception of rule, I do not see how blame can exist. The child does, it is admitted, very early show signs of anger and selfishness; but if it has no knowledge of duty, no sense of moral obligation, wherein do these feelings differ from like exercises in brutes?

"But I can not proceed. You see I am in *difficulty*, and should be much obliged to any one to help me out.

"I am happy to hear so good news from Litchfield. Give my most affectionate regards to Dr. Beecher and family. Tell him my hands have been so full that I have hardly touched that review. I hope soon to enter upon it.

"I had concluded not to send this scroll; but Dr. Beecher may take it. The gentlemen at New Haven must take care. This proclaiming their hasty opinions upon the housetop will do infinite mischief."

Dr. Beecher to George Foote.

"January 24, 1822.

"DEAR BROTHER,—With this you will receive Harriet, whom we commit to mother, Harriet, and you during winter. She intends to be a good girl, and I hope will be a comfort to you all.

"We are all at home getting better. The first four weeks after my return was a scene of great family trial. It seemed at several times as if we should be obliged to give up, and call upon our neighbors to take care of us. But things are now more pleasant and encouraging.

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"We have lately had a visit from Professor Fisher, which has terminated in a settled connection, much to my satisfaction as well as of the parties. He goes to Europe in the spring, returns in a year, and then will expect to be married."

Catharine to Harriet.

"February 25, 1822.

"I suppose you will be very glad to hear you have a little sister at home. We have no name for her yet.

"We all want you home very much, but hope you are now where you will learn to stand and sit straight, and hear what people say to you, and sit still in your chair, and learn to sew and knit well, and be a good girl in every particular; and if you don't learn while you are with Aunt Harriet, I am afraid you never will.

"Old Puss is very well, and sends his respects to you, and Mr. Black Trip has come out of the barn to live, and says if you ever come into the kitchen he will jump up and lick your hand, or pull your frock, just as he serves the rest of us. Henry and Charles love to play with him very much."

——— *to Edward.*

"March 7, 1822.

" * * * Last Sunday was sacrament day, and thirty-six were admitted to the Church, and ten or twelve baptized. It was very solemn. The revival is going on still, though not powerful. I fear it will pass over like others, and none of our family feel its influence.

"I know it is what our dear father and mother most earnestly desire and pray for, but as yet their prayers remain unanswered. I feel as much as any one can the neces-

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sity of a change, and still can not feel sorrow for sin, and it sometimes seems to me I never shall."

Dr. Beecher to Edward.

"March 14, 1822.

"* * * The attention to religion increases as to the number of inquirers. * * * Your letter to ——— was pertinent and timely. I followed up the impression by preaching upon 'Many shall seek to enter in, and not be able.' The effect was powerful on the congregation, but at home as usual.

"Both are serious; neither enough so to give themselves seriously to the subject. * * * My health improves as usual, up hill and down—the up hill a little the longest. Mother rises slowly. We are, on the whole, in a better state, though not out of the furnace yet. God grant we may come out, and come out purified."

The Same.

"March, 1822.

"However unexpected and wonderful it may seem that a thing regarded so difficult as your conversion should at last become a reality, you are not the first who has felt so. It is also a feeling which no lapse of ages will obliterate from the heart. The reality of the fact will become unquestioned, but the wonder will increase forever.

"One of my parishioners at East Hampton, converted after having lived through three or four revivals to the age of fifty, and having given up hope, used to exclaim for several weeks after his change, 'Is it I! Am I the same man who used to think it so hard to be converted, and my case so hopeless? Is it I—is it I? Oh wonderful, wonderful!'"

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The Same.

"March 28, 1822.

"· * * * The revival has at no time been so promising since my return as now—eighty or ninety at the inquiry meeting last night. * * * The children at home all stupid. I know not what to do.

"I hope, when you come home, you may be the occasion of good. * * * As to your practical course, it is my advice and wish that you take your stand early at the post of duty, for no inconsiderable part of your evidence is to arise from action, or the effect of it.

"I would have you, as you are able, put your hand to the work; and I the more desire it, because it will prepare you to consummate one of my most delightful earthly anticipations, that of having you lead at times in the devotions of your father's family, and of aiding him in conference meeting and other ways, for which there will be ample opportunity if the work goes on according to promise."

The Same.

"April 1, 1822.

"Catharine has been sick three days, the first in acute distress. I had been addressing her conscience not twenty minutes before. She was seized with most agonizing pain. I hope it will be sanctified.

"I wish you to write an affectionate letter to William, inviting him to come to Christ. We must not sleep, but try now to have our family converted."

Dr. Beecher thus describes his recovery of health by means of working on his farm:

"In the spring of this year I bought eight acres of land

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east of the house. Hired a man, bought a yoke of oxen, plow, horse-cart, and went to work every day. I wanted something to do. I needed to breathe the fresh air. I did not hold the plow myself. I had to experiment to find how much exercise I could bear. Thus I went up.

"I had the alders down at the bottom of the east lot cut up, broke it up, and planted corn and potatoes. Henry and Charles began to help hoe a little. I didn't study a sermon all that summer. There is some advantage in being an extempore speaker. 'Squire Langdon used to say that when he saw me out digging potatoes late Saturday night, he expected a good sermon Sunday morning. Slowly but surely I got up. Not one in a hundred would have done it."

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CHAPTER LXVI.

CORRESPONDENCE, 1822.*

Dr. Beecher to Catharine.

"New Haven, May 30, 1822.

"MY DEAR CHILD,—On entering the city last evening, the first intelligence I met filled my heart with pain. It is all but certain that Professor Fisher is no more. * * * *

"Thus have perished our earthly hopes, plans, and prospects. Thus the hopes of Yale College, and of our country, and, I may say, of Europe, which had begun to know his promise, are dashed. The waves of the Atlantic, commissioned by Heaven, have buried them all.

"And now, my child, I must say that, though my heart in the beginning was set upon this connection, I have been kept from ever enjoying it by anticipation, even for an hour. The suspense in which my life has been held, the threatening of your life, with the impression of uncertainty about all things earthly taught me by the lesson of the last six years, have kept my anticipations in check, and prepared me, with less surprise and severity of disappointment, to meet this new scene of sorrow.

"On that which will force itself on your pained heart with respect to the condition of his present existence in the

* The letters of Dr. Beecher contained in the present and two following chapters were, some of them, published in their time, and were considered as affording one of the best presentations of New England theology which had then appeared. In order that they may be fully appreciated, the letters to which they refer have also been inserted.

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eternal state, I can only say that many did and will indulge the hope that he was pious, though without such evidence as caused him to indulge hope.

"This is not, in minds of his cast, an uncommon fact. Besides, during the war of elements, there was given a protracted period of warning, increasing in pressure and certainty of issue, which afforded space for submission, and powerful means to a mind already furnished with knowledge, and not unacquainted with the strivings of the Spirit.

"But on this subject we can not remove the veil which God allows to rest upon it, and have no absolute resting-place but submission to his perfect administration.

"And now, my dear child, what will you do? Will you turn at length to God, and set your affections on things above, or cling to the shipwrecked hopes of earthly good? Will you send your thoughts to heaven and find peace, or to the cliffs, and winds, and waves of Ireland, to be afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted?

"Till I come, farewell. May God preserve you, and give me the joy of beholding life spring up from death."

Catharine to Edward.

"June 4, 1822.

"Your letter came at a time when no sympathy could soothe a grief 'that knows not consolation's name.' Yet it was not so much the ruined hopes of future life, it was dismay and apprehension for his immortal spirit. Oh, Edward, where is he now? Are the noble faculties of such a mind doomed to everlasting woe, or is he now with our dear mother in the mansions of the blessed?

"When I think of the scene of her death-bed there is a mournful pleasure. She died in peace, and the eyes that were closing on earth were to open in heaven. But when

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I think of the last sad moments of his short life—the horrors of darkness, the winds, the waves, and tempest, of his sufferings of mind when called to give up life and all its bright prospects, and be hurried alone, a disembodied spirit, into unknown, eternal scenes, oh, how dreadful, how agonizing!

"Could I but be assured that he was now forever safe, I would not repine. I ought not to repine now, for the Judge of the whole earth can not but do right.

"My dear brother, I am greatly afflicted. I know not where to look for comfort. The bright prospects that turned my thoughts away from heaven are all destroyed; and now that I have nowhere to go but to God, the heavens are closed against me, and my prayer is shut out.

"I feel that my affliction is what I justly deserve. Oh that God would take possession of the heart that He has made desolate, for this world can never comfort me. I feel to the very soul that it is He alone who hath wounded that can make whole.

"But I am discouraged, and at a loss what to do. I feel no realizing sense of my sinfulness, no love to the Redeemer, nothing but that I am unhappy and need religion; but where or how to find it I know not.

"I know you will pray for me, that you would comfort me if you knew how. But the help of man faileth. The dearest friends can only stand and look on; it is God alone that can help. In these lines I wrote last Sunday eve you will see the feelings of every hour:

"'*Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou?*'

"I weep not that the veil of night
Is spread o'er morning's brightest sky,
That Nature's beauties charm no more,
While hope no more lights up my eye.

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"I weep not that my youthful hopes
All wrecked beneath the billows rest,
Nor that the heavy hand of Death
Has stilled the heart that loved me best.

"But ah! I mourn the moral night
That shrouds my eyes in deepest gloom;
I mourn that, tempest-toss'd on earth,
I have in heaven no peaceful home.

"I mourn I have no heavenly friend
On whom my empty heart can rest;
Nor that best Father's tender love
To guide my way and make me bless'd.

"Oh Thou who hast made desolate,
Take this lone heart for thine abode;
Then father, friend, and home shall be
In Thee, my Savior and my God."

The Same.

"Litchfield, July, 1822.

"DEAR BROTHER,—When I began to write to you on the subject which now occupies my thoughts, it was with a secret feeling that you could do something to remove my difficulties. But this feeling is all gone now. I have turned to you, and to father, and to every earthly friend, and have again and again felt to my very soul that it is a case in which 'the help of man faileth.'

"It is the feeling of entire guilt, willful and inexcusable, which gives all the consistency and excellency to the Gospel. Without this the justice of God is impaired, His mercy is destroyed, the grace and condescension of Jesus Christ is veiled, and the aid of the Blessed Spirit made void.

"This feeling I can not awaken in my heart, nor is my understanding entirely convinced that it ought to exist, any farther than this, that I perceive in the Word of God

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that the guilt of man is considered as without excuse by his Maker. I give the assent which a shortsighted, fallible creature ought to give to Omniscience, but it is an assent to authority, not to conviction.

"The difficulty in my mind originates in my views of the doctrine of original sin, such views as seem to me sanctioned not only by my own experience, but by the language of the Bible.

"Suppose a man born with an ardent love of liquor, in circumstances, too, when temptations are on every side. He is withheld by parental authority in some degree, and is daily instructed in the evils of intemperance. He sees it and feels it, and resolves to abstain; but the burning thirst impels him on, and he swallows the maddening potion. Now should we not *pity* such a man as well as blame? True, he is guilty; but does not the burning thirst implanted by nature plead in extenuation? Do we not feel that he is unfortunate as well as guilty?

"Now take your sister as a parallel case. I find implanted within me a principle of selfishness, as powerful and inveterate as the love of drink in the other case, in the existence of which I am altogether involuntary. To restrain the indulgence of this, I have had the instruction of parents, the restraints of education, the commands and threatenings of God; but these have all proved vain. I have gone on indulging this propensity year after year, and time has only added new strength to it.

"Now the judgments of God have brought me to a stand. I am called to look back upon past life, and consider what I have done. It is a painful and humiliating retrospection. I see nothing but the most debasing selfishness and depravity in my heart, and this depravity equally displayed in all the actions of my past life.

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"But, alas! this extenuating feeling blunts the force of conviction. I see that I am guilty, very guilty, but I can not feel, neither can I convince my understanding, that *I am totally and utterly without excuse.* I see that I could have done otherwise, and that I had the most powerful motives that could be applied to induce me to do so, and I feel that I am guilty, but not guilty as if I had received a nature pure and uncontaminated. I can not feel this; I never shall by any mental exertion of my own; and if I ever do feel it, it will be by the interference of divine Omnipotence, and the work would seem to me miraculous.

"When I have confessed my sins to God, there has always been a lurking feeling, though I sometimes have not been aware of it, that, as God had formed me with this perverted inclination, he was, as a merciful being, obligated to grant some counteracting aid. Now I perceive how ruinous this feeling is, how contrary to the whole tenor of the Gospel. But is there not a real difficulty on the subject? Is there any satisfactory mode of explaining this doctrine, so that we can perceive its consistency while the heart is unrenewed?

"If all was consistent and right in the apprehension of my understanding, there would be no such temptation to skepticism as I feel growing within me. I feel all the time as if there was *something wrong*—something that is unreasonable. Sometimes I think the Bible is misunderstood, and that there must be promises of aid to the exertions of the unrenewed. But then I find as great difficulties on that side. There have been moments when I have been so perplexed and darkened as to feel that no one could tell what was truth from the Bible.

"But the prevailing feeling is that 'these things are so;' that I have been instructed in the truth, and that, if I ever

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see the consistency and excellency of the truth, it will be through the enlightening operation of the Holy Spirit.

"But I am most unhappy in the view which this doctrine presents of my own state and that of my fellow-creatures, except the few who are redeemed from the curse. When I look at little Isabella, it seems a pity that she ever was born, and that it would be a mercy if she was taken away. I feel as Job did, that I could curse the day in which I was born. I wonder that Christians who realize the worth of an immortal soul should be willing to give life to immortal minds, to be placed in such a dreadful world.

"I see that my feelings are at open war with the doctrines of grace. I don't know that I ever felt enmity to God, or doubted of his justice and mercy, for I can more easily doubt the truth of these doctrines than the rectitude of God.

"I feel that my case is almost a desperate one, for the use of the means of grace have a directly contrary effect on my mind from others. The more I struggle, the less guilty I feel; yet I dare not give them up.

"Thus my hours are passing away as the smoke, and my days as a tale that is told. I lie down in sorrow and awake in heaviness, and go mourning all the day long. There is no help beneath the sun, and whether God will ever grant His aid He only knows."

Dr. Beecher to Edward (accompanying the foregoing).

"August 2, 1822.

"Catharine's letter will disclose the awfully interesting state of her mind. There is more *movement* than there ever existed before, more feeling, more interest, more anxiety; and she is now, you perceive, handling edge-tools with powerful grasp.

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"Brother Hawes talked with her, and felt the difficulties and peculiarities of her case. I have at times been at my wit's end to know what to do. But I conclude nothing safe can be done but to assert ability, and obligation, and guilt upon divine authority, throwing in, at the same time, as much collateral light from reason as the case admits of, and taking down the indefensible positions which depravity, and fear, and selfishness, and reason set up. In other words, I answer objections and defend the ways of God.

"After all, we must pray. I am not without hope that the crisis approaches in which submission will end the strife. She is hard pressed, and, if not subdued, I should fear the consequences." * * *

The following was written about this time by Catharine, and left on her father's writing-table:

"I am like a helpless being placed in a frail bark, with only a slender reed to guide its way on the surface of a swift current that no mortal power could ever stem, which is ever bearing to a tremendous precipice, where is inevitable destruction and despair.

"If I attempt to turn the swift course of my skiff, it is only to feel how powerful is the stream that bears it along. If I dip my frail oar in the wave, it is only to see it bend to its resistless force.

"There is One standing upon the shore who can relieve my distress, who is all powerful to save; but He regards me not. I struggle only to learn my own weakness, and supplicate only to perceive how unavailing are my cries, and to complain that He is unmindful of my distress."

The following reply was written by Dr. Beecher on the reverse of the sheet of paper:

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"I saw that frail boat with feeble oar, and that rapid current bearing onward to destruction an immortal mind, and hastened from above to save. Traveling in the greatness of my strength, I have pressed on through tears and blood to her rescue.

"It is many days, many years, I have stood on the bank unnoticed. I have called, and she refused; I stretched out my hand, and she would not regard. At length I sunk the bark in which all her earthly treasure was contained, and, having removed the attraction that made her heedless, again I called, and still I call unheard. My rod has been stretched out and my staff offered in vain. While the stream prevails and her oar bends, within her reach is My hand, mighty to save, and she refuses its aid.

"What shall I do? Yet a little longer will I wait, and if she accept my proffered aid, then shall her feet be planted on a rock, and a new song be put into her mouth. If she refuse, the stream will roll on, and the bark, the oar, and the voyager be seen no more."

Dr. Beecher to Catharine.

"September 25, 1822.

"DEAR CATHARINE,—That your mind has found a kind of composure which prevents your repining at what is past, or wishing to change the present, and leaves alive only the desire to find happiness in God, though not religion, is a state of mind more propitious, I should hope, than that which has preceded it.

"The cessation of restless impatience, of that desperate importunity to be delivered soon, or to cast away the irksome thoughts of religion, is also a favorable change; for, though we may make haste to do our duty, we have no right to hasten God in his work of grace, or be impatient at his

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delay. The resignation of necessity or self-despair which you describe, so long as your interest and exertions are not affected by it, is not an unfavorable state of mind; and your hope that God will do something, if it do not prevent a sense of obligation to exercise right affections, and the attempt daily to give yourself away to him, is a correct state of feeling. Our expectation is from God only, when we have done all.

"The character of Christ by Newton as merciful, lovely, and compassionate, can not certainly exceed the scriptural representation or the reality; and I am glad that your vacant eye at last has fixed on these traits of his character, and your sad heart begins to feel that he does hear when you pray, and does pity. If he did not hear and pity, how could he be 'a merciful and faithful high-priest?' Read the second chapter to the Hebrews.

"You are only to remember that he hears what you say, and knows what you feel, and pities you as a lost *sinner;* and that, though the fact may encourage our supplication, we must not mistake the reaction of selfish gratitude for gracious affection.

"His entire character as holy, just, and good, as maintaining the honor and government of God, and saving from sin, is to be taken into view, and, on the ground of our necessity and his sufficiency, we are required with humble boldness to come to him.

"But if his purity and justice repel, the softer traits may come in to encourage our approach to Him who will in no wise cast out him that cometh.

"Oh that you would cast yourself affectionately into the hands of this good, merciful, pitiful Savior, who invites you, weary and heavy laden, to come to Him, and promises to your tempest-toss'd spirit *rest.*

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"Your hopes, from the providence of God toward you that he intends to do something for you, should they withdraw excitement to importunate supplication and exertion, would be pernicious; but to your mind, which has been paralyzed by despondency, hope is perhaps the medicine you need, and which the great Physician intends to bless.

"And yet I am startled at the tranquillity produced by reading Newton, and the hope that God will, in his own good time, grant you comfort, even though it does not at all abate your earnest seeking. Perhaps it is, as I have said, no greater encouragement than you may need, and the tranquillity may not be dangerous. I fear only because it is precisely the effect always produced by such directions as Dr. Dwight used to give to awakened sinners, and as the English divines still give.

"Now who are right, the Old or New England divines? As to the proper directions to be given to awakened sinners generally, even you may be certain. When you consider the character of man as entirely depraved—when you consult your own cold, selfish heart, or read the requisitions of the law and the Gospel, and their exposition by the apostles—if God does not demand immediate spiritual obedience, he does not demand any thing. If he does, what are we that we should release sinners from the requirements of God?

"And as to using the means of grace, what are the means of grace but the requirements of God, with the motives by which they are enforced? Releasing sinners from a sense of obligation to pray immediately and always, with affectionate reliance on Christ and penitence for sin, surely does not tend to make them pray in this manner of themselves, and surely it does not increase the probability that God will make them obedient.

"God's way to produce obedience in sinners is to require

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it, and make them feel their obligation to render it, until excuses and evasions are cut off, until every mouth is stopped; and then, when obligation presses hard, and distress at the violation of immediate duty rises high, when the sinner can not obey, and can not live disobedient under such a pressure of obligation and motive, then, when the means press with all their power on the conscience and heart, God makes them effectual.

"To give other directions than those of immediate spiritual obedience is to take away from the sinner, and out of the hands of the Spirit, the means of grace.

"If you reply that many have been saved under such preaching, I answer God is a sovereign, and saves by this same truth, in spite of much mingled with it that is calculated to hinder. But if he required the exact and whole truth on this point, I verily believe that not a soul would have been saved in that way.

"Besides, instruction may be right in itself, and wrong as it is apprehended by the sinner, or wrong in itself, and yet truth as it is understood. For example: your orthodox education, true in itself, may, through the effect of a depraved heart, have produced erroneous impressions, to the cutting off too much the motives to attend to the means of grace; and in this state, that which in itself is not true, and would be pernicious to a mind less indoctrinated, may, as it hits your mind, be about the real truth, and be of use.

"Which mode of exhibition is, on the whole, most evangelical and most successful, is as manifest from facts as facts can make manifest. Look at the revivals which are filling our land with salvation; they do not prevail in England. In this country they are confined almost exclusively to the New England manner of exhibiting the truth. Mr. Newton himself said, in a letter to a New England divine, 'I know

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not how it is, but we are obliged to be content with catching now and then a fish with a hook, while you in New England, like the apostles of old, drag to shore your seines full.'

"This is the difference which God makes between telling sinners to pray and wait, and telling them, in God's name, to repent and believe.

"And now, dear child, if your composure should be the result of release from the pressure of obligation to do your duty immediately, and the restlessness consequent upon seeing that you do nothing, it is a fatal composure.

"If your comparative calm results from the hope that you shall be saved, while the importunity to obedience is relaxed, it is only the ease derived from a spirit of procrastination, and is fatal in its tendency.

"Finally, the extremes to be guarded against are:

"1. A cold, sullen despondency, which prevents feeling and paralyzes effort. Nothing can be worse than this.

"2. Complacency in our own sensibilities and efforts, as good or acceptable to God; or any such confidence in their effect to move Him as relieves the conscience and the heart from the full, painful pressure of obligation and depravity, and dependence on sovereign grace.

"3. If, in any view or on any ground, our sensibilities and exertions operate as a quieting substitute for spiritual obedience, their tendency is perverted, and their effect is pernicious. But the diligent use of means, from a sense of duty, with a deep interest in the subject, conscious of our constant deficiency and constant obligation to do better, with daily attempts to give the heart to God and to come to Christ, with many tears and supplications for aid, is as near the truth, in feeling and practice, as the sinner ever gets, till God in mercy bids him live.

"On the whole, I think I perceive evidence in your letter

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that God, by His providence and Spirit, has advanced His work in your mind. Oh that your next might inform me that you can pray to Jesus, not merely because he hears and pities, but also because he is altogether lovely."

The Same.

"October 27, 1822.

"MY DEAR CATHARINE,—I shall follow you, step by step, in your comfortless way. You apprehend that your mind is differently constituted from others, and that no one was ever troubled with a heart so inconsistent and ungovernable.

"This, my dear child, is the complaint which I hear from the lip of every sinner who is awakened, and so much enlightened by the Spirit as to see and feel what God requires of the heart. *This is conviction of sin.* The commandment coming, and sin reviving, and the sinner dying.

"The Bible had told you that your heart is deceitful, is desperately wicked, but you felt it not while it wandered and was allowed to wander; but now that you hold it bound to be conformed to the law, or even to the Gospel, and begin to draw the reins, and bring it and bind it to its duty, you find it, like the bullock unaccustomed to the yoke, impatient of restraint, violent, wayward, and ungovernable.

"All who are convinced of sin make the same discoveries and utter the same complaints. I desire to be thankful that the Spirit of God has taught you, by means of your own efforts, what a heart you have to deal with and to account for to God.

"Why did it not always appear to you as 'a thronged highway, or a city without gates?'

"Because the whole multitude that offered were allowed to enter. But, now that you stand in the gate to exclude the unworthy, you perceive the *legion* and feel the difficulty.

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"You are 'so easily affected by external circumstances.' But who is not thus affected?

"Your 'feelings are capricious and variable.' But who, especially in your state of mind, ever did experience a uniform state of feeling?

"This is universal in religious anxiety, as it is written, 'The wicked are like the troubled sea when it can not rest.' It is the ebb and flow of the ceaseless tide of desolation, by which all are agitated and alarmed who see their condition and do not their duty.

"'The weather affects you.' This is unavoidable, and, though inconvenient, not criminal.

"'Company and books affect, and tinge the mind according to their own hue.' This is natural—has always been so in your experience, but is more felt now because it interferes with a state of mind of which you were once careless, but now careful.

"This influence of externals would continue if you should become a Christian. It is the will of God that we obtain and maintain religion in the midst of temptations and hinderances. The constitution of our nature and the regular course of providence will not be changed to render virtue so easy as to supersede vigilance, conflict, and self-denial.

"The rise and fall of hope, as you read books or hear accounts calculated to elevate or depress, is also what Christians in heaven and all on earth once experienced, while in darkness and suspense groping their way to the kingdom of God.

"It is not improbable that some portion of capricious feeling may be the vibration of nervous excitement produced by conversation, with care, anxiety, and sorrow; on this account you must attend to your bodily health, especially to daily exercise, and regular habits of body and hours of rest.

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"I would to God that you could not only almost, but altogether feel as Newton felt toward Christ; and with your knowledge of truth, if one mode of presenting it affects your heart better than another mode, let that mode be employed to which it seems most disposed to yield. Secure and cultivate the frame of mind which seems nearest right by those lawful means which experience teaches to be most effectual.

"Some need one sort of discipline, some another; one to be driven by the flaming sword of Christ, another to be drawn by the cords of love. One heart must be melted, another must be broken.

"Guard against those seasons when the clouds clear away, and present an inviting, smiling world. I dread such clearings off. Had rather you should walk in darkness and see no light till you trust in the Lord, and stay on your God. Your most abiding feeling, that you can not be happy without religion, and must seek till you find, *keep* by all means, and let nothing efface this feeling or change this resolution.

"In respect to ability, I believe you have speculated enough on that point, perhaps too much. You have, in your own experience and judgment, the substance of the truth. You believe, on divine testimony, in your obligation to love God, in the sinfulness of selfishness and idolatry, and you feel as if it is impossible to change the state of your affections. The belief is correct, and the feeling is always like yours, only some do and some do not perceive more clearly than you do the voluntary cause of dependence on God; but all feel as if it is as impossible to love as to lift a mountain. I believe you may as well waive the subject as a matter of speculation, confess your sins, and cry for mercy, remembering that it is indeed your duty to do that which you cry to God to help you to do.

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"You have not two great labors to accomplish—you have but one. God has, by his providence and Spirit, arrested your attention, and convinced you that you are an unholy, selfish, proud, worldly, poor, disconsolate, and wretched being. He now offers to receive you, through Jesus the Mediator, into his family, and, weary and heavy laden, you have only to come to Christ, to love the Savior, and rely on him for pardon, strength, guidance, and comfort. Do it, I beseech you, my child, without delay. All things are ready. Your mind is prepared. The Spirit is striving. Christ is waiting; and why should it be a long time before you exchange darkness for light, and mourning for the garments of praise?"

Dr. Beecher to Catharine (at Franklin, Mr. Fisher's home).

"November 5, 1822.

"MY DEAR AFFLICTED CHILD,—* * * Until your last sad letter, I had thought you strangely exempted from the temptation to murmur and repine; but the renewal of your sorrows by so many touching associations as you find at Franklin has brought a flood of temptation. I do not indeed wonder that you are 'tempted to murmur,' for I have felt the temptation myself, inasmuch as religion does not secure from the assault of temptation or from a severe conflict with wrong feelings, but only opposes a prayerful resistance, and, by help from on high, obtains the victory. * * *

"You, I fear, are now more than tempted; and while I behold you imparting the darkness and desolation of your pained heart to all around you, and veiling even 'the mercy, and justice, and goodness of God,' my heart bleeds, and my eyes are full.

"But I can not allow my heart to distrust or turn against my God."

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CHAPTER LXVII.

CORRESPONDENCE, 1823.

Catharine to Dr. Beecher.

"Franklin, New Year, 1823.

"The feelings of insubmission and murmuring against the dispensations of God, which you so justly deprecate, have never been of long continuance, and have *seldom* existed in my heart. But whenever I have been under the dominion of such feelings, it has never been the pressure of *temporal* evils or the loss of earthly good that have awakened them. Though my heart, at times, has almost fainted within me, and though my eyes, day after day, have been 'a fountain of tears,' yet I do not recollect that for a moment I *ever wished* that the dispensation of God's providence in the event I mourned, so far as it relates to myself, had been different.

"It has seemed to me to be just what I deserved, and just what I needed, and that nothing but sorrow and the privation of earthly good could ever withdraw my heart from this fascinating world, or call forth fervent desires and aspirations for a better and more enduring good.

"I had all along looked forward to the time of my arrival in Franklin as the period when (if I was to be brought into the kingdom by suffering and sorrow) my heart would find in God that comfort and peace which was nowhere else to be found; and if I did not then obtain religion, I felt that my heart would, almost from *necessity*, return to the world to receive its dregs of happiness for a portion; an unsatis-

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fying portion, indeed; but the heart must have *something* to rest upon, and if it is not God it will be the world.

"When I arrived here it was all as I had anticipated. Every sorrowful remembrance was recalled, every pang was renewed, and it seemed as if my heart could endure no more, and as if my sorrow was as great as I could bear.

"Day after day I went, mourning and distressed, to pour out my sorrows to God, and to beseech him to take the heart he had made desolate; and each succeeding day I felt that the act of love and submission which he required, in order that my prayers might find acceptance, was what I could never perform. I felt that I had *no strength* to do it, and then I could not but murmur that it was required; it was then I felt that my 'punishment was greater than I could bear.'

"In addition to this were the mournful contemplations awakened when I learned more of the mental exercises of him I mourned, whose destiny was forever fixed, alas! I knew not where. I learned from his letters, and in other ways, probably as much as I should have learned from his diary. I found that, even from early childhood, he had ever been uncommonly correct and conscientious, so that his parents and family could scarcely remember of his *ever* doing any thing wrong, so far as it relates to outward conduct; and year after year, with persevering and unexampled effort, he sought to yield that homage of the heart to his Maker which was required, but he could not; like the friend who followed his steps, he had no strength, and there was none given him from above.

"The peculiarities of Dr. Emmons's sentiments, which were exhibited in full almost as soon as I heard him preach, contributed also to bewilder and irritate my wounded heart. To me it seemed as if he made us mere machines, and all our

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wickedness was *put into us;* and then we were required to be *willing* to be forever miserable; and you can imagine how such views, exhibited with no great gentleness, would affect feelings so wrought up as mine were; for I could not perceive, and to this moment I can not perceive, so far as *argument* is concerned, why his reasoning on the first point (*i. e.*, God moves directly on the minds of men to produce unholy as well as holy volitions) is not unanswerable.

"It was about the time I wrote to Edward that the commotion in my mind seemed to be at its crisis. I then felt that I was created a miserable, helpless creature; that I and all my fellow-men were placed under a severe law which we were *naturally* unable to obey, and threatened with everlasting despair for violating *one* of its precepts. It seemed to me that my lost friend has done all that unassisted human strength *could* do; and often the dreadful thought came over me that all was in vain, and that he was wailing that he had ever been born, in that dark world where hope never comes, and that I was following his steps to that dreadful scene.

"It was under the influence of such feelings as these that, when retired to the same room, and in the same place where I fancied his tears and supplications were offered in vain, I have felt that I *could not* bend the knee, nor open my lips to pray to a Being whose character, to my blinded eyes, was so veiled in darkness and gloom. And for a time, with a mournful desperation, I thought I would seek religion no more; for, if these things were so, I must perish; and why should I make myself miserable in this world too? 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'

"But such dreadful feelings did not continue long. Soon the conviction that God was just and merciful, and would ever do right, which I scarcely ever before questioned, re-

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turned, and I resolved I would not *believe any thing* that obscured these perfections, and gradually my feelings were brought to be something of this kind.

"The Savior has dwelt in our nature; he knows what my weakness is; he is a good and merciful High-priest, that can be 'touched with the feeling of our infirmities,' and is appointed a Prince and a Savior to give repentance and remission of sins. I will go to him every day and ask for his aid, resolving to *strive* to regulate my thoughts, and words, and actions by his word; and that, if I can not *be* a Christian, I will try to be as near *like* one as I can; and I will take encouragement to persevere, both because he is merciful, and because I believe that in his word there *is* something written, something *promised* to encourage those who find that they are poor, and miserable, and in need of all things, to seek for the greatest blessing ever bestowed upon our wretched race, even the renewing and sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit.

"Dear father, I *must* believe this; it is the only way in which I can perceive or realize that God is merciful and good. We are born into the world under great disadvantages; possessed of a nature *inclined* to evil, and which we have received for no crime of our own. It is our misfortune, not our fault, that we are *possessed* of this nature; and when we feel our misfortune, when we struggle and supplicate for deliverance, when we groan being burdened, I must believe that there is something in the Bible to encourage us to hope for that aid of the blessed Spirit which can help our infirmities, and that in due time we shall find that he *is* a rewarder of those who diligently seek him.

"It is to the Bible we must go for our direction, encouragement, and comfort; and if there is no encouragement of this kind to be found there, there is but little to be found

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simply from the observation of the course of God's providence in blessing the use of the means of grace.

"Let me suppose the case of a man who has never enjoyed the means of grace, nor ever has had an opportunity to observe how far their use is connected with a certain end; let him, with an enlightened understanding, be placed where he has *nothing* for a guide except the Bible.

"And suppose that care and sorrow have brought him to feel that this world is an unsatisfying portion; to feel that there is no good thing beneath the sun, and to long for some better and more enduring good. He takes up the Bible for his guide, and as he reads he finds therein a law, holy, just, and good; a perfect standard, by which he can compare his past conduct, and by this comparison he finds that he is 'altogether an unclean thing;' that he is under its curse, and exposed to its heavy penalty.

"But he finds also a Savior who has died to redeem from the curse of the law, and there is *apparently* an easy condition for securing the benefit of his death, even love toward him, and trust in his righteousness alone. He finds the promise written to those who are weary and heavy laden, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.'

"He feels that he is indeed weary and heavy laden, and anxiously and eagerly he seeks to find the Savior who can give him rest. But ah! he can not find him. He goes forward, but he is not there; and backward, but he can not see him. He finds that it is as hard to obey this one simple condition as to obey the perfect law.

"What can be the matter? He reads again in the blessed Book he has taken for his guide, and there he again finds his own case portrayed. He reads that 'no man can come unto me except the Father which has sent me draw him;' that this act of faith 'is the gift of God' bestowed 'by the

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washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.'

"And here I doubt very much if he would understand that distinction between natural and moral inability which is made by theologians, and which I believe most of them *teach* more than they *feel*. But, however this may be, can he find nothing more in the Bible to encourage and comfort? When he has struggled, and toiled, and wept till he is entirely convinced he can do nothing of himself, must he cease to exert himself, and sit down in despair because there is nothing in the Bible to encourage to farther exertion? Must he lay it aside in hopeless despondency because it can guide no farther? Would it indeed lead him to this dark abyss, and there leave him in wretchedness and woe?

"Oh no, it can not be. He would read and find some comfort yet. He would read, as I have done, with tears of hope and encouragement, of that good and merciful High-priest, who knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust; who has himself felt our infirmities, and 'in the days of his flesh offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears.'

"And he would take encouragement from the 'gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth,' and, though his heart might often sink within him at the long delay of light and peace, so long as he understood the Bible as I believe one in his case *would* understand it, he would find enough to encourage him to persevere in seeking from a merciful Savior the gift of the Spirit to renew and sanctify his soul.

"It was under the influence of such considerations that, several Sabbaths since, I heard one of Dr. Emmons's *harshest* sermons. Among his inferences was this: 'The awakened sinner is far more guilty than the stupid, unconcerned sinner; and the more he sees his guilt and miserable condi-

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tion, and the more he strives and prays, the greater is his guilt, and the more hateful he is in the sight of God. The sinner is never so odious in the sight of God as when he sees and feels the requisitions of the holy law, and with a disobedient heart cries to God to help him to do his duty, when he is not willing to do it himself.'

"Oh, my dear father, it seemed to me then that, before them all, I could have knelt to the blessed Savior, who was present and heard those words, to bless and thank him that he was not so hard a master, but that he had left behind him so many gracious words of kindness and encouragement to all the wretched and guilty who would come to him for strength to do his will.

"And yet, if it is true that we are entirely able to keep the law of God perfectly; that we have abundant strength to turn to God, and love and serve him with all the heart; if we do not exercise that act of faith and love toward the Savior because we willfully hate and disregard him—if it is as easy to exercise submission as it is to lift the hand or move the lips, then Dr. Emmons is right, and it is impious mockery to come to the Savior to help us to love him; and the more we supplicate and entreat, the more fiercely must his anger burn. But this can not be; there is a cry of wretchedness which will move his compassion, a helplessness which he can pity; and I know and am persuaded that he will not and can not spurn from his presence any who come thus wretched and helpless for his aid.

"Thus you see what my feelings are and have been these several weeks. I find that my heart is wayward, selfish, impure, and vain, and I never so feel my weakness as when I attempt to regulate its evil propensities. ' Sometimes I lose that supporting hope that God will help me, and then I am ready to give all up in despair; and sometimes the world

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looks so charming, and my situation and employments are so pleasing, that my naturally cheerful spirits assume their native buoyancy, and then it seems as if I never should *persevere* in seeking religion.

"It is nothing but constant prayer to God that gives me any hope. I find that when I resolve against any particular sin, prayer is the most effectual safeguard; and it sometimes seems to me I find some comfort in praying to God, though I don't know that it is any thing more than the relief which weeping always affords to the mind. For myself, I am so weak, so foolish, and vain, that I feel no confidence in any thing I can resolve or perform, and all my hope is that God will give me strength.

"Perhaps you will think, indeed I suppose you *do* think, that I do not understand the Bible right, and take encouragement from what I have no right to; but it seems to me that it had better be so than that I should give all up, as I am sure I should if I had nothing more to encourage me than I have had the past summer. It is impossible that I should ever again take the course I have the past summer, unless the judgments of God should again make me desolate, and cut off every interest and employment in this world.

"It was by withdrawing my thoughts and attention from every thing else, and by a continued exertion to continue that vacuity and emptiness of soul which is felt when there is nothing to stimulate or interest, that I succeeded in confining my attention exclusively to the subject of religion; and I knew that whenever I did allow my feelings again to become interested in other things, unless some other stimulus was applied, all would be lost; and it seems to me now, if there is nothing in the Bible to encourage me to seek religion, there is nothing any where.

"When I think of Mr. Fisher, and remember his blame-

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less and useful life, his unexampled and persevering efforts to do his duty both to God and man, I believe that a merciful Savior has not left him to perish at last; that if he had delayed an answer to his supplications till the last sad hour, it was then bestowed; and that in the Day of Judgment we shall find that God is influenced in bestowing his grace by the efforts of men; that he does make the needful distinction between virtue and vice; and that there was more reason to hope for one whose whole life had been an example of excellence, than for one who had spent all his days in guilt and sin.

"I hope you will answer this speedily, and in *all its particulars*, just as you would in conversation."

Dr. Beecher's view of Dr. Emmons's peculiarities will appear in the following conversation:

I knew Dr. Emmons several years of the latter part of his life. I remember the publication of his first volume. He came out high, dry, and stiff that God was the author of sin.

Dr. Dwight had preached several strong sermons against that. Taylor and I used to talk about Emmons, and wonder how he could possibly have room in his system for accountability. To me it seemed an utter impossibility.

One Commencement I was at Taylor's, and was saying, "I would give any thing to ask him a question or two."

"Oh," said Taylor, "he's here, and is to preach to-night. He'll be in here to-morrow morning."

So he came in next morning; and after conversing on ordinary matters a while, I said I had read his first volume with pleasure, and with general agreement except in one particular, which, perhaps, I had misunderstood.

He said he should be most happy to explain. I replied that I understood him to say that it was impossible for God

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to create a free agent, who, being sustained by God, can *originate his own volitions*, either right or wrong.

Yes, he said, such were his views.

"My difficulty," said I, "then is, how the sinner can be to blame."

"Oh," said he, "blame don't depend on the cause of the volition, but on the moral quality of it."

"Will you give me, then," said I, "a definition of free accountable agency?"

"With pleasure," he answered. "It is the susceptibility of *being made to choose*."

"My difficulty," said I, "lies deeper. Suppose, as I believe myself, that all blame does lie in the moral quality of volition, the question is, How is the *sinner* to blame?"

"Because," he answered, "the volition is a wrong one in itself, and *is his*."

"Suppose we admit this. Now the fact is, God requires of reprobate men volitions innumerable which he don't make or create in them; how, then, does the sinner himself deserve to be damned when God does not create the desired volitions for him, and he has no more power to create them than to make a world?"

I waited for a reply, but he was silent, and began to blush from his chin to the roots of his hair, and I changed the subject.

Toward the latter part of his life, his disicples, some of them, said he didn't mean so. He *did* mean so.

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CHAPTER LXVIII.

CORRESPONDENCE, 1823.

Dr. Beecher to Edward.

"January 4, 1823.

"So the years pass. I have been licensed to preach twenty-four years, and am now fast using up the last half of a short life, and, from what I have experienced and can anticipate, the privilege of prayer and hope increases till the scene closes.

"You have begun to run well, and I hope nothing will hinder. * * * I shall come with George about the first week in February, as soon as I return from New York, whither I am going with Mr. Taylor and Mr. Silliman to beg for Yale College.

"Tell Brother Hawes that the Episcopalians are about to petition for a college at Hartford, calculating on the rivalship between New Haven and Hartford, and on local interest, to bring into the measure the influential Presbyterians of the county and city, and that if they succeed to destroy the unity of the Congregational denomination, they achieve what, by coalitions and new constitutions, they have been unable to accomplish—the serious injury of the cause of Christ.

"A schism in our ranks, with the enemy before and behind us, would indeed be confusion in the camp; and tell him the Lord Jesus Christ expects him and the good men in Hartford to do their duty; and that, if the college can not be kept out of being, it must be Episcopal exclusively—

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at any rate, not reared nor matured by the Presbyterian Church. That would be suicide."

Catharine to Dr. Beecher.

"February 15, 1823.

"My dear Father,—The question of my entire ability to keep the law of God can never be settled, even to the conviction of my understanding, unless by supernatural interference. Should arguments equally powerful with those advanced by you and Edward, and ten thousand times more so, be advanced to prove that I had physical strength to move the everlasting hills, it would be to no purpose. Consciousness would be that brow of iron that would resist them all.

"I do feel as certain that I have not present ability to realize the being and presence of God, and to awaken emotions of love toward him, as I do of the existence or non-existence of any faculty of the mind; and it is not strange, nor do I think it wrong, while this consciousness exists, that a conviction that God does require these impossibilities should awaken hard feeling toward him, for we ought not to experience other feelings than those of aversion toward what seems cruel and unjust in any being.

"The difficulty and the guilt consists in this consciousness of inability. The truth to be proved, then, is that, in certain cases, we must not rely upon our own consciousness, but trust to the interpretations that are given by fallible men of the Word of God.

"If I say that I can not perceive that emotions of affection are at the control of the will, you say that, as you understand the Bible, God does require these things. Now, which is easiest to abandon, confidence in my own consciousness or in your interpretation of the Bible?

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"It does seem to me that, on the question of man's inability, there are serious difficulties in any point of view. Should I take the ground of the Old Calvinists that men are naturally unable to keep the law, and yet God, in his Word, requires it, then the justice of God is impeached. Should I take the ground that men are, by the fall, incapacitated to their duty, and that God will grant assistance in answer to unholy prayers, it apparently destroys the fundamental principles of law and gospel. And should I take the only other alternative, it contradicts the testimony which on every other subject is deemed the most infallible, viz., the certain knowledge which the mind has of its own faculties and operations.

"I shall return next week to Boston, where God is now granting his Spirit. Once more I will agonize to enter in at the strait gate, and while I remain there will take no rest day nor night.

"But if I leave there with this wayward, hard, and sinful heart, I have no hope that I shall persevere in seeking religion. My own experience these last nine months forbids all such expectation; and if I do not then obtain religion, the world will soon engross my thoughts, and I shall receive its pittance as my portion.

"My heart now looks forward to such a result with dread; but I know it will be so, unless in a few weeks all things become new. If there ever was a time when my friends should pray for me, with desperate importunity, it is now, for I have every reason to believe that my eternal destinies are suspended on the event of a few short weeks. * * *

"As to my future employment, I wish to consult you. Generally speaking, there seems to be no very extensive sphere of usefulness for a single woman but that which can be found in the limits of a school-room; but there have been

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instances in which women of superior mind and acquire ments have risen to a more enlarged and comprehensive boundary of exertion, and by their talents and influence have accomplished what, in a more circumscribed sphere of action, would have been impossible.

"My employments this winter have led to the inquiry whether there is not a course that might be pursued leading to a more extended usefulness.

"I have always supposed that the distinguishing characteristics of my own mind were an active and inventive imagination, and quick perceptions in matters of taste and literature; yet I think there is reason to believe that in more solid pursuits there is no deficiency. For Eliza and Ann Fisher's use, I have abridged Mrs. B——'s Chemistry and her Philosophy, and also a good part of Logic. To recover my knowledge of Arithmetic, I went over it, beginning at Addition. I then began Day's Algebra, and finished it in six weeks, so that I believe I understand it, and have not lightly skimmed over it. I have also gone far enough in Geometry to perceive I can go farther without more labor than I would willingly give.

"My memory is quick and retentive, and all the reason my mind is not stored with knowledge is the neglect of the past. All the knowledge I have has, as it were, *walked into my head.*

"When I was in Hartford, Mr. Hawes lamented the want of a good female school. This and your advice have led me to wish to commence one there.

"I might take the general superintendence, and have considerable time for improvement, and also secure the benefit of Edward's assistance while he retains his school there."

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Dr. Beecher to Catharine.

"Litchfield, March 2, 1823.

"MY DEAR CHILD,—You will admit that the evidence of man's ability to obey God is in itself considered complete. When the argument is stated, you say it is conclusive. God is wise and good. To command impossibilities would be unjust. But he does command love, therefore it is not an impossibility. What have you to break the force of this evidence?

"'A consciousness of natural inability.'

"Suppose it to be so, how does the case stand? The connection between the premises and the conclusion may be so obvious in some cases as that the perception of it shall be as really a matter of consciousness as the consciousness of natural inability. And I can not but believe that you see the conclusiveness of the argument in favor of ability as clearly as you see or feel your inability.

"If you choose to make a distinction between intellectual perception and consciousness, it will not alter the case, since intellectual perception of truth, in given circumstances, may constitute as high evidence of the truth perceived as consciousness does of a fact perceived.

"You have, then, what amounts to two consciousnesses, in relation to a matter of fact, in direct opposition. You perceive, looking at evidence, a proposition proved, and, regarding your consciousness, you see it disproved. To which perception will you yield your assent? If you say the intellectual perception of agreement between premises and conclusion may be deceptive, I answer by saying again, the connection may be so plain that it can not be deceptive without destroying the foundations of moral certainty.

"But it is time to inquire whether your inability is a

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matter of direct consciousness, and is not rather a conclusion from premises drawn precisely as in the other case.

"You make attempts to love God in such circumstances and with such earnestness as convinces you that, were it physically possible, you should have succeeded.

"From reiterated, unavailing efforts, you conclude that the ability to love God does not exist. I may, then, alter the statement, and say you have proof, which you see to be complete, of the truth and falsehood of the same proposition. You see proof that you can and that you can not love God. To which of these perceptions will you yield your assent?

"To neither, you may say, so long as the evidence is exactly balanced. But from the fact that your perceptions are contradictory, you learn that what you call consciousness is not infallible; on one side or the other, your consciousness has deceived you.

"On which side, then, are you misled by a guide deemed infallible? Can you hesitate which is the fallacious presumption, that which coincides with the testimony of God, or that which contradicts it? that which maintains, or that which denies the rectitude of His ways? that which upholds, or that which overturns His moral government? that which coincides with, or that which contradicts the testimony of the Bible?

"Do you demand how you shall escape deception if your plainest perceptions of truth may be deceptive? I should not well know how to answer the question if I thought the fact were really so. But I have stated your case in respect to consciousness of inability much above what I suppose to be its merits. Let us examine a little this consciousness, which is to cancel all possible evidence, and defy every thing short of Omnipotence.

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"You are as conscious of natural inability to love God as you are of inability to remove mountains. You feel as certain of the non-existence of ability to love as you do of the existence of any faculty of mind. These strong expressions prove your sincerity, but do they prove the existence of a physical inability? Natural ability to love God must include all those faculties that are necessary to the exercise of that affection. To be conscious that you have not the requisite faculties, you must know what they are, and perceive the absence of one or more, or the imbecility and incompetence of all combined to the result demanded.

"You must *perceive* their deficiency to be *conscious* of it. If you could do this you would be conscious of natural inability.

"But, instead of perceiving directly any such physical defect, you perceive rather the existence of all the powers and faculties which can be conceived as requisite, or which have ever been known to be possessed or exercised by those who actually obey God; so that, instead of being conscious of physical inability, you are conscious of the existence of all the faculties which can be conceived requisite, or which have ever been known to exist in those who have actually exercised love.

"But, you will say, if I do not learn my inability by direct inspection, I learn it with absolute certainty another way. I learn by ineffectual effort that I have not strength to remove mountains, and I learn with equal certainty, in the same way, my inability to love God. I have exerted to the uttermost all the faculties I possess, and am as certain I can not love as that I can not remove mountains.

"Are you conscious that you have done all that is possible in your attempts to love God? Examine this question prayerfully in His presence, with your hand upon your

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heart. That you have not *always* done all that you could do is certain. But have you, in fact, ever put all your mind, soul, and strength into an effort to love God? Remember that the testimony of God is that you have not, and that you have refused to do it; that you are the accused party, judging in your own case, with a heart deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; and that multitudes who have felt and spoken as you do have discovered their mistake.

"If you have not put forth all your mind and strength, then you are not conscious of inability. If you have once or twice, for an hour, a day, a week, or a month, you are not conscious of inability, for the effect which did not follow a temporary effort might have followed a more protracted exertion of your entire ability. Can you claim any such entire and protracted exertion of all your powers? If not, where is your experimental evidence of physical inability?

"Let us now come a little nearer, and analyze your supposed experimental evidence of inability.

"What have you done? Of what are you conscious? You are conscious of a great desire to love God, of making great exertions to that end, and of utter failure. Now, if you can see that the failure can not arise from any cause but natural inability, your experience would be proof of such inability. But you know that voluntary agency may render a course of conduct certain and unchangeable as really as physical necessity.

"Jesus Christ is voluntarily unchangeable; so are the holy angels; and so are bad angels; and so, as God has decided, are sinful men.

"But you are conscious of actual desire and exertion to turn to God; so that, though it were possible that volition should perpetuate your disobedience, it is certain, to your

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own inspection, that it is not volition which does it. It must be, therefore, physical inability.

"It is time, now, that you open your eye upon a phenomenon of the human heart which has evidently escaped your notice. It is the existence in the heart of what some have called disposition, but which may be more properly denominated generic volition — a stated, habitual, and all-powerful choice, opposed often, indeed, by specific volitions, regrets, resolutions, and efforts of a subordinate character.

"In other words, a man may, all things considered, choose to hold on in a course which he fears to tread, and regrets to tread, and resolves and strives to turn from, but with resolutions and choice inferior to the generic volition which bears him on.

"A husband may see that his criminal attachment to another is conducting him to ruin; may regret that he ever saw the enchantress; resolve he never will see her again; and weep and pray to be delivered from the besetting sin, and yet this generic affection may be supreme, compared with every volition to the contrary, and prostrate every resolution, and render nugatory every effort. I select this example to illustrate the *fact* that choice may be opposed to choice, and affection to affection in the heart, and that the generic affection may maintain its empire in the midst of petulant opposition, and regrets, and wailings of subordinate volitions, while these are so importunate as to seem to be the *whole heart*, and to prove that there must be a physical inability of resisting the criminal attachment, when, in fact, it is not inability, but mere powerful, silent, settled, inflexible choice the other way.

"This contradiction of the affections arises from the fact that an object, all things considered, may be preferred, when, on many accounts, the preference is regretted.

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"The failure to love, then, which you ascribe to physical inability, may arise from another and a voluntary cause. What the Scriptures denominate your heart may be none other than a settled aversion from God and preference of the world to Him, and you may voluntarily hold out in the preference and aversion in the midst of such convictions of its folly, such fears of its issue, and such regrets and efforts to the contrary, as shall seem to be your whole heart and all your might, while, in fact, the strength of your heart in opposition to these volitions is the only cause of their futility.

"Do you ask, If this generic aversion is so powerful, why should I be so unconscious of its existence?

"This calls you to regard another fact in the history of the mind. Nothing is more common than the unperceived influence of a generic volition. Should I resolve to-day to come to Boston, that volition, unrepeated and perhaps not perceived again, would bring me thither. It is a common thing for men to be actuated by motives they do not suspect, and by evil passions and affections of whose existence they are unconscious.

"And what is confessedly true in the intercourse of life, the Scriptures declare to be true in our intercourse with God. The heart is desperately wicked, yet so deceitful that who can know it!

"The invisibility, then, of this generic aversion to God is no evidence of its non-existence. But is it invisible? What is the ground of your first apprehension that, if you do not become pious soon, you will return to folly? Is there not a repellancy in God which renders approach irksome? and a superior attachment to the world, poor as it is, which renders a return to it certain? And should his mercy delay, and you return to forgetfulness of God and your soul, will

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you not be able to perceive that your own choice leads the way?

"What is the result, then, of this protracted investigation?

"It convinces me, and I pray God it may convince you, that you set up against divine testimony a consciousness of inability that does not exist; a fact which has no being, and is contradicted alike by the Bible and by what you may observe in your own heart; not my construction, but its own construction, its own testimony, and the only construction possible without doing violence to its language.

"Do you ask to what conclusion I would bring you? I answer:

"1. I do not expect by evidence to make you *feel* as if you are able to love God. The feeling is in all cases, and will be, as if it were impossible.

"2. Nor do I wish to excite in you the expectation that without sovereign grace you will actually exercise the ability you possess. I rather desire that the fact of your dependence on God should be felt, if possible, still more deeply than you feel it. But,

"3. I do desire that, upon divine testimony, in opposition to any presumptuous reliance upon your own supposed consciousness, you *believe* in the actual fact of *ability* as the foundation of equity in the divine requisition, and such ability as clothes with justice all divine requisitions and penalties, and with mercy all divine interpositions, both of the Mediator to atone, and of the Spirit to sanctify. This I desire you to do, as I do myself; for, though I believe the course of reasoning correct which I adopt and have pursued in this letter, my faith stands not in my speculations, not in my capacity to see and explain how it can be that I am so able and so obstinate, but on the fact that it is so because God can not err, can not lie, and has declared it to be so;

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in fact, administers his eternal government on the assumption of ability commensurate with requisition.

"Were I to depart from my implicit confidence in God, I could find as many difficulties and ask as many unanswerable questions as you do.

"But I know that what God says is true, and what he does is right; and here I rest my faith, and desire you to rest yours; and if I have plunged into deep waters in this letter, it is not because I prefer to wade in them, but to rescue from drowning my own dear child, who is attempting to lay among the billows the foundations of her hope and confidence toward God.

"Write immediately; and oh! may God grant to your sightless eyes light, and to your rebellious, disconsolate heart peace in believing."

Dr. Beecher to Catharine (at Boston).

"Hartford, March 21, 1823.

"I came here Tuesday evening, and began my inquiries next day about opening a school, and, having been pushing them as fast as such matters can be pushed until now, the point is, I think, well settled that such a school is greatly needed, and that scholars enough can be obtained to justify opening. It will not, however, answer for you to engage in it listlessly, expecting yourself to superintend and do a little, and have the weight of the school come on others. I should be ashamed to have you open, and keep only a commonplace, middling sort of school. It is expected to be of a higher order; and, unless you are willing to put your talents and strength into it, it would be best not to begin.

"I met with Mr. Lewis Dwight this morning. He goes with me to Litchfield this afternoon to plead the cause of

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Boston with my people. You can say to Mr. Dwight that, health and people permitting, I expect to come on."

Of this visit to Boston Dr. Beecher says:

"I preached on through the winter of 1822 till spring, when Dwight invited me to Boston to help him in a revival. I went on horseback; started just after a great snow-storm, before the stage had broken the paths. I rode in cattle-paths, sometimes my saddle-bags touching the snow on either side.

"At that time Dr. Jackson had prescribed mutton-chops, and I had to carry a supply along in my saddle-bags, and have them cooked at the country taverns where I stopped."

Dr. Beecher to Edward (at Hartford).

"Boston, April 16, 1823.

" * * * As to the revival, I remember how eagerly I desired to hear about the interior of things here. Yet the moral influence operating is so extensive and various, and the outline required to give a just account of things so comprehensive, and the filling up demands so many facts, and needs so much time, that, with the pressure of labor, and the aversion to labor produced by weariness and sometimes by indisposition, I have written very little to any one. I can say a few things.

"There is unquestionably a great and auspicious change going on in Boston in respect to evangelical doctrine and piety. The orthodox have for years been delving in their Sabbath-schools and other evangelical efforts, and their zeal, and strength, and momentum, as to preparing the way for a revival, are noble, and they are reaping their reward.

"Aside from the effect of the revival, the following things have struck me and others here. The numerical, and polit-

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ical, and secular influence of the evangelical population is becoming powerful in this city, compelling Unitarian ambition to show less contempt and more courtesy to the orthodox.

"The late election has broken, and will, in its consequences, break forever their power as a Unitarian political party to proselyte, and annoy, and defend by perverted legislative and judicial influence. This, at least, is the opinion here. They feel their downfall.

"To a great extent the Unitarian population begin to be apprehensive about the soundness of their foundation. They are moved evidently and shaken; not universally, but many are. The facts to confirm this opinion are such as these: A Mr. O——, member of Mr. Parkman's Church, comes once a week to Mr. Wisner for counsel.

"He has published the account of the revival in Whitfield's day here, has written and published an able defense of conference meetings and charitable associations, and is at the head of a number of young men who meet once a week to sing orthodox hymns and pray, and who, as he told Mr. Wisner, think no better of Unitarianism than he does.

"Besides this, numbers attend neighborhood meetings and other religious associations of the orthodox; and there is, with the more sober part of Unitarian congregations, dissatisfaction and continual leaving of persons of wealth and consequence. * * *

"Besides this, the revival is *up*, so much so among Unitarians that the ministers, even those who had opened against it and night meetings, have been obliged to strike and come under its lee or into its wake, pretending to like it if properly conducted, and have set up meetings, but Aaron's rod swallows them up. They can not talk to the conscience and make people feel.

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"The revival is progressing steadily, but rather slowly; about six a week in Mr. Dwight's inquiry meeting are found to hope. I set up a Sabbath-evening lecture in Park Street last Sabbath evening, which was filled, pews and alleys, to overflowing with Unitarians of all sorts, as well as others. The solemnity was profound, and the effect of the sermon good.

"Last evening, the first time in eighty years, Old South was opened for a stated weekly lecture, to be preached by myself while I stay. The house was crammed as much as if Maffit had preached. Unitarian clergy and laity present.

"On the whole, the tone of my preaching and the effect is about the same as in the revival at Hartford, so far as commanding deep attention is concerned and the convocation of the people. The excellency of the power is of God. I hope for great and good things; but one able man needs to be here constantly to aid the stated pastors, and if Mr. Taylor can not come, Mr. Hawes must, I think, before I leave. But he will be requested more explicitly.

"I have not yet produced the union of the inquiry meetings which I intend, nor got a chance to address the churches; the latter I expect to do to-morrow evening, the former I hope to accomplish next week.

"Things then will be in about as good external order as is practicable, and I can not but hope and believe that the work may progress steadily for a long time. My health is better than when I left home."

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CHAPTER LXIX.

EARLY REMEMBRANCES.

From Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

"DEAR BROTHER,—My earliest recollections of Litchfield are those of its beautiful scenery, which impressed and formed my mind long before I had words to give names to my emotions, or could analyze my mental processes. I remember standing often in the door of our house and looking over a distant horizon, where Mount Tom reared its round blue head against the sky, and the Great and Little Ponds, as they were called, gleamed out amid a steel-blue sea of distant pine groves. To the west of us rose a smooth-bosomed hill called Prospect Hill; and many a pensive, wondering hour have I sat at our play-room window, watching the glory of the wonderful sunsets that used to burn themselves out, amid voluminous wreathings, or castellated turrets of clouds—vaporous pageantry proper to a mountainous region.

"Litchfield sunsets were famous, perhaps because watched by more appreciative and intelligent eyes than the sunsets of other mountain towns around. The love and notice of nature was a custom and habit of the Litchfield people; and always of a summer evening the way to Prospect Hill was dotted with parties of strollers who went up thither to enjoy the evening.

"On the east of us lay another upland, called Chestnut Hills, whose sides were wooded with a rich growth of forest-trees; whose changes of tint and verdure, from the first

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misty tints of spring green, through the deepening hues of summer, into the rainbow glories of autumn, was a subject of constant remark and of pensive contemplation to us children. We heard them spoken of by older people, pointed out to visitors, and came to take pride in them as a sort of birthright.

"Seated on the rough granite flag-steps of the east front door with some favorite book—if by chance we could find such a treasure—the book often fell from the hand while the eye wandered far off into those soft woody depths with endless longings and dreams — dreams of all those wild fruits, and flowers, and sylvan treasures which some Saturday afternoon's ramble had shown us lay sheltered in those enchanted depths. There were the crisp apples of the pink azalea — honeysuckle apples we called them — there were scarlet wintergreen berries; there were pink shell blossoms of trailing arbutus, and feathers of ground pine; there were blue, and white, and yellow violets, and crowsfoot, and bloodroot, and wild anemone, and other quaint forest treasures.

"Between us and those woods lay the Bantam River—a small, clear, rocky stream, pursuing its way through groves of pine and birch—now so shallow that we could easily ford it by stepping from stone to stone, and again, in spots, so deep and wide as to afford bathing and swimming room for the young men and boys of the place. Many and many a happy hour we wandered up and down its tangled, rocky, and ever-changing banks, or sat under a thick pine bower, on a great granite slab called Solitary Rock, round which the clear brown waters gurgled.

"At the north of the house the horizon was closed in with distant groves of chestnut and hickory, whose waving tops seemed to have mysteries of invitation and promise to our childhood. I had read, in a chance volume of Gesner's

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'Idyls,' of tufted groves, where were altars to Apollo, and where white-robed shepherds played on ivory flutes, and shepherdesses brought garlands to hang round the shrines, and for a long time I nourished a shadowy impression that, could I get into those distant northern groves, some of these dreams would be realized. These fairy visions were, alas! all dissolved by an actual permission to make a Saturday afternoon's excursion in these very groves, which were found to be used as goose-pastures, and to be destitute of the flowery treasures of the Chestnut Hills forests.

"My father was fond of excursions with his boys into the forests about for fishing and hunting. At first I remember these only as something pertaining to father and the older boys, they being the rewards given for good conduct. I remember the regretful interest with which I watched their joyful preparations for departure. They were going to the Great Pond—to Pine Island—to that wonderful blue pine forest which I could just see on the horizon, and who knew what adventures they might meet! Then the house all day was so still; no tramping of laughing, wrestling boys—no singing and shouting; and perhaps only a long seam on a sheet to be oversewed as the sole means of beguiling the hours of absence. And then dark night would come down, and stars look out from the curtains, and innuendoes would be thrown out of children being sent to bed, and my heart would be rent with anguish at the idea of being sent off before the eventful expedition had reported itself. And then what joy to hear at a distance the tramp of feet, the shouts and laughs of older brothers; and what glad triumph when the successful party burst into the kitchen with long strings of perch, roach, pickerel, and bullheads, with waving blades of sweet-flag, and high heads of cattail, and pockets full of young wintergreen, of which a generous portion was be-

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stowed always upon me. These were the trophies, to my eyes, brought from the land of enchantment. And then what cheerful hurrying and scurrying to and fro, and waving of lights, and what cleaning of fish in the back shed, and what calling for frying-pan and gridiron, over which father solemnly presided; for to his latest day he held the opinion that no feminine hand could broil or fry fish with that perfection of skill which belonged to himself alone, as king of woodcraft and woodland cookery.

"I was always safe against being sent to bed for a happy hour or two, and patronized with many a morsel of the supper which followed, as father and brothers were generally too flushed with victory to regard very strictly dull household rules.

"Somewhat later, I remember, were the expeditions for chestnuts and walnuts in the autumn, to which all we youngsters were taken. I remember the indiscriminate levy which on such occasions was made on every basket the house contained, which, in the anticipated certainty of a great harvest to bring home, were thought to be only too few. I recollect the dismay with which our second mother, the most ladylike and orderly of housekeepers, once contemplated the results of these proceedings in her well-arranged linen-room, where the contents of stocking-baskets, patch-baskets, linen-baskets, yarn-baskets, and thread-baskets were all pitched into a promiscuous heap by that omnipotent marauder, Mr. Beecher, who had accomplished all this confusion with the simple promise to bring the baskets home full of chestnuts.

"What fun it was, in those golden October days, when father dared William and Edward to climb higher than he could, and shake down the glossy chestnuts! To the very last of his life, he was fond of narrating an exploit of his climbing a chestnut-tree that grew up fifty feet without

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branches slantwise over a precipice, and then whirling himself over the abyss to beat down the chestnuts for the children below. 'That was a thing,' he said, 'that I wouldn't let any of the boys do.' And those chestnuts were had in everlasting remembrance. I verily believe that he valued himself more on some of those exploits than even his best sermons.

"My father was famous for his power of exciting family enthusiasm. Whenever he had a point to carry or work to be done, he would work the whole family up to a pitch of fervent zeal, in which the strength of each one seemed quadrupled. For instance: the wood of the family used to be brought in winter on sleds, and piled up in the yard, exactly over the spot where father wished in early spring to fix his cucumber and melon frames; for he always made it a point to have cucumbers as soon as Dr. Taylor, who lived in New Haven, and had much warmer and drier land; and he did it by dint of contrivance and cucumber frames, as aforesaid. Of course, as all this wood was to be cut, split, and carried into the wood-house before an early garden could be started, it required a miracle of generalship to get it done, considering the immense quantity required in that climate to keep an old windy castle of a house comfortable. How the axes rung, and the chips flew, and the jokes and stories flew faster; and when all was cut and split, then came the great work of wheeling in and piling; and then I, sole little girl among so many boys, was sucked into the vortex of enthusiasm by father's well-pointed declaration that he 'wished Harriet was a boy, she would do more than any of them.'

"I remember putting on a little black coat which I thought looked more like the boys, casting needle and thread to the wind, and working almost like one possessed for a day and

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a half, till in the afternoon the wood was all in and piled, and the chips swept up. Then father tackled the horse into the cart, and proclaimed a grand fishing party down to Little Pond. And how we all floated among the lily-pads in our boat, christened 'The Yellow Perch,' and every one of us caught a string of fish, which we displayed in triumph on our return.

"There were several occasions in course of the yearly housekeeping requiring every hand in the house, which would have lagged sadly had it not been for father's inspiring talent. One of these was the apple-cutting season, in the autumn, when a barrel of cider-apple-sauce had to be made, which was to stand frozen in the milk-room, and cut out from to time in red glaciers, which, when duly thawed, supplied the table. The work was done in the kitchen, an immense brass kettle hanging over the deep fireplace, a bright fire blazing and snapping, and all hands, children and servants, employed on the full baskets of apples and quinces which stood around. I have the image of my father still as he sat working the apple-peeler. 'Come, George,' he said, 'I'll tell you what we'll do to make the evening go off. You and I'll take turns, and see who'll tell the most out of Scott's novels;' for those were the days when the Tales of my Landlord and Ivanhoe had just appeared. And so they took them, novel by novel, reciting scenes and incidents, which kept the eyes of all the children wide open, and made the work go on without flagging.

"Occasionally he would raise a point of theology on some incident narrated, and ask the opinion of one of his boys, and run a sort of tilt with him, taking up the wrong side of the question for the sake of seeing how the youngster could practice his logic. If the party on the other side did not make a fair hit at him, however, he would stop and explain

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to him what he ought to have said. 'The argument lies so, my son; do that, and you'll trip me up.' Much of his teaching to his children was in this informal way.

"In regard to Scott's novels, it will be remembered that, at the time they came out, novel writing stood at so low an ebb that most serious-minded people regarded novel reading as an evil. Such a thing as a novel was not to be found in our house. And I well recollect the despairing and hungry glances with which I used to search through father's library, meeting only the same grim sentinels—Bell's Sermons, Bogue's Essays, Bonnet's Inquiry, Toplady on Predestination, Horsley's Tracts. There, to be sure, was Harmer on Solomon's Song, which I read, and nearly got by heart, because it told about the same sort of things I had once read of in the Arabian Nights. And there was The State of the Clergy during the French Revolution, which had horrible stories in it stranger than fiction. Then there was a side-closet full of documents, a weltering ocean of pamphlets, in which I dug and toiled for hours to be repaid by disinterring a delicious morsel of a Don Quixote that had once been a book, but was now lying in forty or fifty *dissecta membra*, amid Calls, Appeals, Sermons, Essays, Reviews, Replies, and Rejoinders. The turning up of such a fragment seemed like the rising of an enchanted island out of an ocean of mud.

"Great was the light and joy, therefore, when father spoke *ex cathedra*, 'George, you may read Scott's novels. I have always disapproved of novels as trash, but in these is real genius and real culture, and you may read them.' And we did read them; for in one summer we went through Ivanhoe seven times, and were both of us able to recite many of its scenes, from beginning to end, verbatim.

"One of father's favorite resorts was Aunt Esther's room,

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about half a minute's walk from our house. How well I remember that room! A low-studded parlor, looking out on one side into a front yard shaded with great elm-trees; on the other, down a green side-hill, under the branches of a thick apple-orchard. The floor was covered with a neat red and green carpet; the fireplace resplendent with the brightest of brass andirons; small hanging book-shelves over an old-fashioned mahogany bureau; a cushioned rocking-chair; a neat cherry tea-table; and an old-fashioned looking-glass, with a few chairs, completed the inventory. I must not forget to say that a bed was turned up against the wall, and concealed in the day time by a decorous fall of chintz drapery.

"This room, always so quiet, so spotlessly neat, was a favorite retreat, not only of father, but of all us children, who were allowed, as a reward of good behavior, to go and pass an hour or two with Aunt Esther. She rented the apartment of a motherly old body, of a class whom every body in a Yankee village calls aunt. And Aunt Bull was a great favorite with all children, being always provided with a kind word and a piece of gingerbread for each and every one. Aunt Esther, too, had a deep, shady, mysterious closet in her room, most stimulating to our childish imaginations, from whence, when we went to take tea with her, came forth delicate India china, quaint old-fashioned glass, and various dainties, for the making of which she was celebrated, and some of which bear her name to this day in the family.

"But Aunt Esther herself, with her sparkling hazel eyes, her keen, ready wit, and never-failing flow of anecdote and information, interested us even more than the best things she could produce from her closet. She had read on all subjects—chemistry, philosophy, physiology, but especially on natural history, where her anecdotes were inexhausti-

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ble. If any child was confined to the house by sickness, her recounting powers were a wonderful solace. I once heard a little patient say, 'Only think! Aunt Esther has told me *nineteen rat stories* all in a string.' In fact, we thought there was no question we could ask her that she could not answer.

"I remember once we said to her, 'Aunt Esther, how came you to know so much about every sort of thing?' 'Oh,' said she, 'you know the Bible says the works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein. Now I happened to have pleasure therein, and so I sought them out.'

"It was here that father came to read to her his sermons, or the articles that he was preparing for the 'Christian Spectator;' for he was a man who could never be satisfied to keep any thing he wrote to himself. First he would read it to mother, and then he would say, 'I think now I'll go over and read it to Esther.'

"It was in Aunt Esther's room that I first found a stray volume of Lord Byron's poetry, which she gave me one afternoon to appease my craving for something to read. It was the 'Corsair.' I shall never forget how it astonished and electrified me, and how I kept calling to Aunt Esther to hear the wonderful things that I found in it, and to ask what they could mean. 'Aunt Esther, what does it mean—

"'One I never loved enough to hate?'

"'Oh, child, it's one of Byron's strong expressions.'

"I went home absorbed and wondering about Byron; and after that I listened to every thing that father and mother said at the table about him. I remember hearing father relate the account of his separation from his wife; and one day hearing him say, with a sorrowful countenance, as if an-

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nouncing the death of some one very interesting to him, 'My dear, Byron is dead—*gone*.' After being a while silent, he said, 'Oh, I'm sorry that Byron is dead. I did hope he would live to do something for Christ. What a harp he might have swept!' The whole impression made upon me by the conversation was solemn and painful.

"I remember taking my basket for strawberries that afternoon, and going over to a strawberry field on Chestnut Hill. But I was too dispirited to do any thing; so I laid down among the daisies, and looked up into the blue sky, and thought of that great eternity into which Byron had entered, and wondered how it might be with his soul.

"The next Sunday father preached a funeral sermon on this text: 'The name of the just is as brightness, but the memory of the wicked shall rot.' The main idea of the sermon was that goodness only is immortal, and that no degree of brilliancy and genius can redeem vice from perishing. He spoke of the different English classics, and said that the impurities of Sterne and Swift had already virtually consigned them almost to oblivion. Then, after a brief sketch of Byron's career, and an estimate of his writings, he said that some things he had written would be as imperishable as brass; but that the impurities of other portions of his works, notwithstanding the beauty of the language, would in a few years sink them in oblivion. He closed with a most eloquent lamentation over the wasted life and misused powers of the great poet.

"I was eleven years old at the time, and did not generally understand father's sermons, but this I understood perfectly, and it has made an impression on me that has never been effaced.

"If it be recollected that the audience to whom he preached was largely composed of the students of the law school,

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sons of the first families from all parts of the Union, and graduates of the first colleges, and the pupils of the female school, also from the first families in all parts of the nation, and that the Byronic fever was then at its height among the young people, it will be seen how valuable may have been the moral discriminations and suggestions of such a sermon.

"Father often said, in after years, that he wished he could have seen Byron, and presented to his mind his views of religious truth. He thought if Byron 'could only have talked with Taylor and me, it might have got him out of his troubles;' for never did men have more utter and complete faith in the absolute verity and power of what they regarded as Gospel doctrine than my father and the ministers with whom he acted. And though he firmly believed in total depravity, yet practically he never seemed to realize that people were unbelievers for any other reason than for want of light, and that clear and able arguments would not at once put an end to skepticism.

"With all that was truly great among men he felt a kindred sympathy. Genius and heroism would move him even to tears. I recollect hearing him read aloud Milton's account of Satan's marshaling his forces of fallen angels after his expulsion from heaven. The description of Satan's courage and fortitude was read with such evident sympathy as quite enlisted me in his favor, and in the passage,

> "'Millions of spirits, for his fault amerced
> Of heaven, and from eternal splendors flung
> For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
> Their glory wither'd; as when heaven's fire
> Hath scathed the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
> With singed top, their stately growth, though bare,
> Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
> To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend

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> From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
> With all his peers: attention held them mute.
> Thrice he essay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
> Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth.'

"On reaching this point father burst into tears himself, and the reading ended.

"He had always, perhaps on the same principle, an intense admiration for Napoleon Bonaparte, which he never cared to disguise. He was wont to say that he was a glorious fellow, and ought to have succeeded. The criticisms on his moral character, ambition, unscrupulousness, etc., he used to meet by comparing him with the Bourbons whom he supplanted—'not a whit better morally, and *imbecile* to boot.' Of the two, he thought it better that a wise and able bad man should reign than a stupid and weak bad man. He never altogether liked Dr. Channing's article on Napoleon. 'Why rein his character up,' he said, 'by the strict rules of Christian perfection, when you never think of applying it to the character of any other ruler or general of the day?'

"The fact is, that his sympathy with genius was so intense, especially executive genius, that it created what might almost be called a personal affection toward the great leader, and with it was blent somewhat of the anxiety of the pastor, the habitual bishop of souls, for a gifted but erratic nature. His mind was greatly exercised about the condition of the emperor's soul, and he read every memoir emanating from St. Helena with the earnest desire of shaping out of those last conversations some hope for his eternal future.

"Father was very fond of music, and very susceptible to its influence; and one of the great eras of the family, in my childish recollection, is the triumphant bringing home from New Haven a fine-toned upright piano, which a fortunate accident had brought within the range of a poor country

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minister's means. The ark of the covenant was not brought into the tabernacle with more gladness than this magical instrument into our abode.

"My older sisters had both learned to play and sing, and we had boarding in our family an accomplished performer, the charming and beautiful Louisa Wait, whose image floats through my recollection of these days like that of some marvelous little fairy, she was so small, so lovely, so lively, and sang so delightfully.

"Father soon learned to accompany the piano with his violin in various psalm tunes and Scotch airs, and brothers Edward and William to perform their part on the flute. So we had often domestic concerts, which, if they did not attain to the height of artistic perfection, filled the house with gladness.

"These recollections are among the most cheerful of my life. Our house rang with Scotch ballads, for which Louisa had a special taste, and the knowledge of which she introduced through all the circle of her pupils.

"One of my most decided impressions of the family as it was in my childish days was of a great household inspired by a spirit of cheerfulness and hilarity, and of my father, though pressed and driven with business, always lending an attentive ear to any thing in the way of life and social fellowship. My oldest sister, whose whole life seemed a constant stream of mirthfulness, was his favorite and companion, and he was always more than indulgent toward her pranks and jokes. Scarcely any thing happened in the family without giving rise to some humorous bit of composition from her pen, either in prose or verse, which would be read at the table, and passed round among the social visiting circles which were frequent at our house. Among these I remember 'The Complaint of the Dying Calf,' which commem-

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orated the disappearance of one of our domestic favorites, and which concluded thus:

"'One short request I make to you,
Fair ladies, ere I bid adieu:
That for my sorrows you will feel
When next you eat a leg of veal,
And banish smiles, and cease to laugh,
And think of me—a dying calf.'

Another of these domestic lyrics was written to cover the retreat of a terrified domestic, who was overwhelmed by the misfortune of having broken the best dish in the minister's new service of crockery:

"'Come all, and list a dismal tale!
Ye kitchen muses, do not fail,
But join our sad loss to bewail.
High mounted on the dresser's side,
Our brown-edged platter stood with pride;
A neighboring door flew open wide,
Knock'd out its brains, and straight it died.
Come, kindred platters, with me mourn;
Hither, ye plates and dishes, turn;
Knives, forks, and carvers all give ear,
And each drop a dish-water tear.
No more with smoking roast-beef crown'd
Shall guests this noble dish surround;
No more the buttered cutlet here,
Nor tender chicken shall appear;
Roast pig no more here show his visard,
Nor goose, nor even goose's gizzard;
But broken-hearted it must go
Down to the dismal shades below;
While kitchen muses, platters, plates,
Knives, forks, and spoons upbraid the Fates;
With streaming tears cry out, "I never!
Our brown-edged platter's gone forever!"'

Another ballad, at somewhat greater length, was a vast fa-

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vorite among us children. It was written to celebrate the wedding of a cousin married from our house, and was so contrived as to introduce all the intimates of our circle.

"Compositions of a graver cast, romantic or poetic, were also much in vogue in the literary coteries of Litchfield. The history and antiquities of the Bantam Indians formed the theme of several ballads and poetical effusions, one of which, by sister Catharine, and two by the head teacher of the Female Academy, Mr. John P. Brace, were in the mouths and memories of us all.

"The poetic compositions of this gentleman were constantly circulating among the young ladies of his school and the literati of the place, and there was a peculiar freshness of enjoyment and excitement to us in this species of native unpublished literature.

"Mr. Brace was one of the most stimulating and inspiring instructors I ever knew. He was himself widely informed, an enthusiast in botany, mineralogy, and the natural sciences generally, besides being well read in English classical literature. The constant conversation which he kept up on these subjects tended more to develop the mind and inspire a love of literature than any mere routine studies. The boys were incited by his example to set up mineralogical cabinets, and my brother George tramped over the hills in the train of his teacher, with his stone-hammer on his shoulder, for many delightful hours. Many more were spent in recounting to me the stores of wisdom derived from Mr. Brace, who, he told me with pride, corresponded with geologists and botanists in Europe, exchanging specimens with them.

"This school was the only one I ever knew which really carried out a thorough course of ancient and modern history. Miss Pierce herself, with great cleverness, had compiled an abridgment of ancient history, from the best sources,

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in four volumes, for the use of her pupils; after which, Russell's 'Modern Europe,' with Coots's continuation, and Ramsay's 'American Revolution,' brought us down nearly to our own times.

"The interest of those historical recitations with a preceptor so widely informed, and so fascinating in conversation as Mr. Brace, extended farther than the class. Much of the training and inspiration of my early days consisted, not in the things which I was supposed to be studying, but in hearing, while seated unnoticed at my desk, the conversation of Mr. Brace with the older classes. There from hour to hour I listened with eager ears to historical criticisms and discussions, or to recitations in such works as Paley's 'Moral Philosophy,' Blair's 'Rhetoric,' Alison 'On Taste,' all full of most awakening suggestions to my thoughts.

"Mr. Brace exceeded all teachers I ever knew in the faculty of teaching composition. The constant excitement in which he kept the minds of his pupils—the wide and varied regions of thought into which he led them—formed a preparation for teaching composition, the main requisite for which, whatever people may think, is to have something which one feels interested to say.

"His manner was to divide his school of about a hundred into divisions of three or four, one of which was to write every week. At the same time, he inspired an ambition by calling every week for volunteers, and there were some who volunteered to write every week.

"I remember I could have been but nine years old, and my handwriting hardly formed, when the enthusiasm he inspired led me, greatly to his amusement, I believe, to volunteer to write every week.

"The first week the subject of composition chosen by the class was 'The Difference between the Natural and the Mor-

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al Sublime.' One may smile at this for a child nine years of age; but it is the best account I can give of his manner of teaching to say that the discussion which he held in the class not only made me understand the subject as thoroughly as I do now, but so excited me that I felt sure I had something to say upon it; and that first composition, though I believe half the words were misspelled, amused him greatly.

"It was not many weeks I had persevered in this way before I received a word of public commendation; for it was his custom to read all the compositions aloud before the school, and, if there was a good point, it was sure to be noticed.

"As you may see, our subjects were not trashy or sentimental, such as are often supposed to be the style for female schools. An incident, in my twelfth year, will show this clearly. By two years of constant practice under his training and suggestion, I had gained so far as to be appointed one of the writers for the annual exhibition—a proud distinction, as I then viewed it.

"The subject assigned me was one that had been very fully discussed in the school in a manner to show to the utmost Mr. Brace's peculiar power of awakening the minds of his pupils to the higher regions of thought. The question was, 'Can the immortality of the soul be proved by the light of nature?'

"Several of the young ladies had written strongly in the affirmative. Mr. Brace himself had written in the negative. To all these compositions and the consequent discussions I had listened, and, in view of them, chose to adopt the negative.

"I remember the scene at that exhibition, to me so eventful. The hall was crowded with all the literati of Litchfield. Before them all our compositions were read aloud. When

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mine was read, I noticed that father, who was sitting on high by Mr. Brace, brightened and looked interested, and at the close I heard him say, 'Who wrote that composition?' '*Your daughter, sir!*' was the answer. It was the proudest moment of my life. There was no mistaking father's face when he was pleased, and to have interested *him* was past all juvenile triumphs."

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CHAPTER LXX.

CORRESPONDENCE, 1823.

Dr. Beecher to Dr. Taylor.

"Boston, April 24, 1823.

"DEAR BROTHER,—You can not imagine how much embarrassment your delay to answer Brother Wisner's letter occasions.

"I wish to return home, if I can, next week; but it is important, *beyond measure*, that the two lectures of Sabbath and Tuesday evenings which I have established be kept up, both *also* and *likewise*.

"The success in commanding the attendance of Unitarians is as great as it is unexpected, as is also the attempt I have made to explain our views of truth, and press them home on the conscience.

"The fact is that the mass of the Unitarian population, who have heard and seen Calvinism only in caricature, have *no settled opinions*, and when the *truth* is presented, have nothing to say against it. The two lectures in Park Street and Old South have been *crammed*. The attention to religion continues and extends. New cases of inquiry and of hope appear every week, and an impression is made among the Unitarian population too deep and solemn in favor of the revival to allow their ministers to preach against it.

"A light is shining in this benighted city which can not be hid, and impressions are extending which can not be effaced or arrested.

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"Now, brother, it is doubtful whether I can stand it longer than next Sabbath, and it is immeasurably important that you take the tide while it is coming in, before I leave it. It is a critical, auspicious, all-important moment to flash light into dark places, which, if not seized, may never return. It is the moment to charge as Wellington did at Waterloo when he saw the Guards of Napoleon fall into confusion.

"And *you* are the man to follow up that which has been begun with more success as yet than I had dared to hope. I know of nothing now so important as your presence here. Let nothing but impossibility prevent your coming on *instantly*, as it is vastly important that I see you before I leave, and say a few things in your ear only.

"If any thing will prevent your being here Sabbath after next, and early enough in the week for me to see you and get home on Saturday, say so, that I can see you on Wednesday and set out on Thursday; then I must entreat and enjoin it on you to see that my pulpit is supplied. Tutor Fowler will be very highly acceptable, and even yourself will do if none better can be found; but don't, in the name of justice, leave my good, dear people vacant, for there is some seriousness rising, I hear, at Litchfield now.

"I depend on it that you will not fail to see my pulpit supplied; and, on the whole, if you do come, I wish to pay for the supply, and have it made at all events, for then I can stay longer with you, and we can both adjust several important matters which neither can as well do alone.

"Write instanter on receiving this what I may depend on, as we must have some one on the ground before I leave. Now is the time to strike for all New England and the United States."

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Dr. Beecher to Edward.

"April 30, 1828.

"The Church of Park Street have written a request to my Church and society, entreating their consent for me to stay three or four weeks more. I have made a statement of the situation of things, as also has Mr. Dwight, and shall be regulated by a regard to health as to the time of continuance, if my people consent.

"The cloud seems to become more full of rain. There is every indication of a crisis, a bursting out by-and-by, which will be as the letting out of waters.

"If the churches continue humble, and prayerful, and active, and the present course of preaching and effect continues without any thing to break its force, especially if we succeed, as I now expect, in establishing a united anxious meeting to which many will come of such station and character as to take away fear and shame from a great mass of population behind, now secretly interested, the movement, if it can be fairly achieved, will be like the breaking forth of many waters.

"This is looking at things with the eye of a Christian philosopher, and with that hope, and fear, and trembling which respects prospective good. We may and we may not achieve this. At present all movements are the right way.

"The lecture last Sabbath evening produced the most visible impression which I ever witnessed in so large an assembly. The house and alleys were nearly full, and there was all the solemnity and silence of a revival conference, and much weeping. The assembly was a motley mixture from all sects in the city.

"Last evening, at Old South, was the fullest meeting we have ever had. The subject was not calculated to shake

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the feelings, but the attention was intense and the solemnity deep. Thus far the truth has commended itself to the conscience of those who have come to hear, almost without exception. What the end will be I can not tell, but I hope to see an inquiry meeting soon that in its effects will move the city.

"If the mass begins to move there will be no stopping it, and no calculation of the glorious results. If this is hoping great things and attempting great things, it is only obeying the indications of the Word and the providence of God."

Dr. Beecher to Dr. Taylor.

"Boston, May 1, 1828.

"BROTHER,—Thou hast well done in that thou hast concluded to come, and thou wilt please to come on immediately after election, as in that case I will remain until the Monday after thy arrival, and have time to say all I wish in thine ear.

"The work goes on; seems to be coming into better order, and to be beginning to move as one work under a common combined influence. The screw is now turning, and pressing more and more.

"The style of conviction in inquiry meeting is becoming more marked, definite, and deep, and it seems a little more like home in a Connecticut revival. But it is all-important that some one like yourself should be here to aid in that assimilation and consolidation of evangelical influences which is beginning, but may never be consummated without help *ab extra*. And it is also vastly important that the favorable impression now made on Unitarians be continued and followed up.

"The Unitarian ministers here are young men, and most

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of them feeble men. They have not the confidence and control of the population nominally under them as their predecessors had.

"The fact is that the Unitarian people, with the exception of a few *veterans*, are no more Unitarians than any uninformed people, who know nothing except that they do not believe in Calvinism as caricatured *in terrorem*. And when the truth, divested of obnoxious terms, is mildly, and kindly, and luminously explained and earnestly applied, they have no shield, and are easily impressed and awakened, and even easier than some of our hardened orthodox hearers.

"I make this explanation that you may know what sort of sermons to select, and with what sort of spirit you are to come to enter into this vineyard.

"We need now no ordination, knocking down sermons. These have had their use and done their work. The *feeling* which I now have, and have from the beginning breathed out in all my sermons, is the same, if I can judge, which Jesus himself experienced, who was moved with compassion when he saw the multitude, because they fainted and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd.

"Now, in addressing such an audience, I have not felt *once* the spirit of rebuke; have not uttered an ironical or sarcastic expression; have not struck one stroke at an antagonist, or spoke as if I was aware that there were any hearing who thought differently from myself.

"In respect to doctrine, I have taken the course of luminous exposition calculated to prevent objections, and applied closely, as to its experimental bearings, on conscience and heart, and held up in various forms the experience of renewed and unrenewed men, enabling Christians to feel that they have religion, and compelling sinners to conclude that they have not.

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"For our most powerful sermons, which our people need, and are prepared to understand, they are not prepared as yet.

"The two leading objects demanded here are to remove misapprehension and prejudice concerning our doctrines, and to commend them powerfully to the conscience; and then to extend clear conceptions of the nature and evidences of vital religion and of the several Christian graces, so explained as to compel sinners to see that it is a reasonable service, the religion of the Bible, and that they have not got it; and then, when their false confidence is undermined, assail powerfully their conscience, and press them kindly, but earnestly, to obtain religion, throwing on themselves the responsibility if they fail.

"You will, of course, bring on some of your best discourses on experimental religion, and your most successful sermons in explaining the doctrines and pressing obligation on the conscience.

"They were afraid of me when I came to Old South, understanding I had been a man of war from my youth, and had shed much blood. They feared to open Old South for me, lest the wind of such commotion as I should make might frighten and prejudice, if it did not even break skulls; and they can hardly credit their own ears now that they hear no accents but those of candid instruction, and argument, and affectionate exhortation; or their own hearts, which tell them that they hear nothing to gainsay or disapprove.

"It is known that you also, brother, have not been a coward in the battle or slack in shedding blood; and some fears, I perceive, are entertained by our good people that you may not be able to work such miraculous transformations of yourself as they think 'Lyman Beecher, Chairman,' has done. But if I had not known you full well, I should not have written with such vehement importunity.

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"The fact is, *inter nos*, that the weight of metal that has been opened on them in the Sabbath-evening lecture and Tuesday evening must not be lessened *yet;* and I know of no man who, to my apprehension, can give to these lectures the power of intellect they need, and the style of execution they need, life yourself.

"But coming, as you will now do, apprised, and accommodating your sermons before delivery to what your experience will soon indicate as demanded, I feel that I shall commit to your hands this most important charge, for the moment, in these United States.

"Every thing is shaking and changing; and if this assault on public opinion and feeling continues, and if the lectures are sustained well it will continue, the light will shine into the darkness, and the darkness will comprehend it.

"Come on, then, dear brother, with *haste*, with *meekness*, and *compassion;* with *humility*, and *weakness*, and *strength* in the Lord, and in the power of His might, and the Lord —the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle— He will give you the victory."

Dr. Beecher to the Children (at Hartford).

"July, 1823.

"My dear Catharine, Edward, Mary, and George,— The expression of your affection for me, and of your desires to see me, are more grateful to my heart than you can conceive, or ever will, until all nearly of the dear friends are gone on whom you leaned in early life, and all the associates with whom you began a family state, and you have only children left for your most intimate friends and companions.

"I desire to bless God that mine are such in intelligence, and virtue, and affection as to fill, as far as possible, the void

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in my heart which the removal of most beloved friends had otherwise rendered lonely and desolate.

"I find myself continually more attached to my children, and beginning, in feeling, to look back and lean on them as once I looked up for support to those of the generation which is gone; and it is my hope and prayer that you may all be continued and prospered to give support and consolation in the afternoon and evening of my day.

"Nothing is more uncertain than the future, or more futile often than our plans; but one of my thoughts, which occurs sometimes, is that perhaps I may come to that state in which pastoral cares will be irksome, and may desire a quiet retreat before life closes, in which, instead of taking care, I may be the object of care; and, if the fact should be so, I have only to hope that God will so prosper my children that they will be able, for I know they will be willing, to minister to my comfort.

"As to your difficulties, my opinion is that you will escape better by cultivating devout affections, and a spirit of implicit confidence in God, than by pushing the point of speculation farther at present. After all that can be explained, there is occasion, through the limitation of our views, and the bias and blindness of our hearts, to receive the kingdom of God as a little child, simply upon the evidence of 'thus saith the Lord.'"

The Same.

"September 1, 1823.

"DEAR CHILDREN,—Not a line do I get from any of you. I unrolled the surtout, and out dropped a letter for your mother and for William, but none for me. I felt disappointed, as I had long been hungry for a letter; so I searched the pockets and found none, and felt sad.

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"Edward has not written me, nor Catharine, since I was at Hartford; and M—— and G——, I fear, never wrote me a letter in their life. Now I advise you all to put your heads together, and see if they do not contain enough to make at least one letter, and your hearts together, and see if they will not impel you to write; and after you have written one letter in general, I should like one in particular from any who feel disposed to write.

"My health is as good as usual. My revision of sermons progresses steadily every week; but it will take more time to fit one sermon for the press, after it is fitted to preach, than to prepare five for the pulpit. But, if my health do not fail, the volume will certainly be done, for I do nothing else, excepting that for a week I am preparing an ordination sermon to preach at Worcester, which I believe, as near as I can guess, will be a good one."

Dr. Beecher to Edward.

"Worcester, October 16, 1823.

"You will hear from Mr. Hawes particulars more at large. A faint attempt at opposition was made, but was easily set aside, and all went well. The sermon did as much execution as I expected, though but little more than half of it could be delivered in an hour and a half. A copy is requested, which I shall have ready before my return, and probably the sermon will be printed before.

"The mode of assault by collateral argument is regarded with high approbation by all, I believe.

"I am requested by the committee of Brother Wisner's Church to supply as many Sabbaths as I can stay—possibly two."

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Dr. Beecher to William.

"November 1, 1823.

"I returned from Boston yesterday. I wish you to call on Mrs. Brooks, the wife of D. S. Brooks, a physician in Cherry Street (New York). Next to Aunt Esther, she loves me, and is loved by me, the best of all my early friends. She was my nurse in infancy, my counselor in youth, and at length my companion, and will be an affectionate mother to you. Don't fail to find her, and when you have read my sermon, give it to her."

Dr. Wisner to Dr. Beecher.

"December 16, 1823.

"I am particularly desirous that these notes which I send you should be appended, because the more I study the sermon the stronger does my conviction become that the argument is irrefragable. I therefore wish the second edition to be as complete as possible."

On this letter is endorsed as follows: "That was the man I loved the best of all on earth. I never pass the Old South but that I think of Wisner."

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CHAPTER LXXI.

CORRESPONDENCE, 1824.

Dr. Beecher to Edward.

"January 5, 1824.

"I am gratified that you feel about property as I feel. I think the idea that we are all one establishment is not only true, but of great practical importance, and in this view, aside from my own comfort, it is best to make the old establishment free from debt.

"I wish to be in a situation that, if any of you are sick or unemployed, you can be at home without occasioning any embarrassment. * * * It would add much to my tranquillity of mind to pay my debts off now.

"I am now studying, as a matter of daily habit, to better advantage than ever in my life. * * * The affection of my children, and their disposition to do well and promote my happiness, are sources of daily and rich enjoyment. Were it the reverse, as with some parents it is, it seems to me I should die. It is a long time since health and circumstances have allowed me a flow of feeling so even and cheerful as I now enjoy.

"I am preparing my sermon on Depravity, which, if there be any such thing, will be a moral demonstration. I do expect that with many it will settle the subject. The volume will include more elementary sermons, and more argument and effect, than I at first calculated."

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The Same.

"January 14, 1824.

"I am sorry I can not give all my time to the vindication of my Worcester sermon. It will be mere play. I know nearly what they will say, and on the most important points, where the heat of the battle will be, am prepared.

"I shall be able to back up what I have said about moral influences by an additional array of facts, which will be oversetting, if I do not greatly misjudge. There may be points on which I shall need the research of others; and if I need it I must have it, for it is a common cause, and the assault which I have made is now the brunt of the battle.

"I hope to be guided and sustained by wisdom and power from on high; but, generally, I am quite at rest about what man can do to overset so sound an argument."

Dr. Tyler to Dr. Beecher.

"January 24, 1824.

"I give you a thousand thanks for that sermon. It is just the thing that was wanted; and if it does not produce some confusion in the camp, I greatly mistake."

Dr. Beecher to Dr. Wisner.

"January 24, 1824.

"I know not how to get along with my part of the warfare in Boston without some one as an ally whom I may fearlessly tax as much as the exigency of affairs demand, and somehow my feelings, as well as my judgment, devolve the requisite care and labor upon you. * * * As it is for the *cause* I am engaged, and for you, locally, more than for myself, I hope you will allow me to call upon you freely.

"Indeed, my interest in Boston and all that region is such

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that I wish for a correspondent who understands moral causes, and is in the midst of things, to tell me from time to time the state of affairs.

"Your criticisms have been received, and, with one or two exceptions, have been adopted. The statement of the Trinity I can not alter, as no other mode will enable me, or any one, as I believe, to vindicate the doctrine.

"I have delayed the sermon some in anticipation of the review in the Christian Examiner; but, on the whole, it is better to attend to the review as a separate thing. For this I am making preparation by anticipation, and am in good forwardness, especially on the subject of *moral tendency*, which I expect will be assailed with most fury, and which is exactly the point on which, of all others, I should prefer to have the controversy turn.

"I am sensible that he that putteth on his armor should not boast; but, in corroboration of moral tendency, I have in my possession facts which I am sure will cause the ears of somebody to tingle."

Dr. Beecher to Catharine.

"March 3, 1824.

"Wisner has been indefatigable in serving me, both when in Boston and since, in preparing my second edition for press and revising proof-sheets. He writes as follows:

"'No review has yet appeared. I begin to think the Unitarians have come to a conclusion to say nothing about it in their publications, which, I am sure, would be their wisest course.'

"I suppose you are proud enough of the sermon already; but, if you will put your foot on that monster's head, pride, I will tell you that, instead of getting weary with reading it over three or four times, as I have done

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thus far in correcting, I become constantly more and more interested."

Dr. Nettleton to Dr. Beecher.

"Wethersfield, April 2, 1824.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have a thousand things to say, but must be content only to hint a few. I have read your sermon preached at Worcester with as much interest as any one.

"Have read the review in the Christian Examiner, which you must have seen. The writer commences with an acknowledgment that there is nothing in your statement with which himself or any Unitarian can find fault. Every sentiment which you there profess to hold is in fact correct, and agreeable to the 'faith once delivered to the saints.' I do not find that he has attempted to refute a single article in your sermon. Indeed, how can he? he even thanks you for your concession. The amount of what he says is that you are not a Calvinist; and he can find nothing to do but to impeach your motives, and show that you are at war with the orthodox of the present day.

"What he quotes from Calvin about *election* and *worthiness*, and from Edwards about *promises* to those who have *no true virtue* or *holiness* of heart, and from Woods about the commencement of *real goodness* in the heart being *unconditional* on the part of God—all this is in perfect accordance with every word of your sermon. Nor can the writer contradict the sentiment contained in these quotations without adopting the sentiment that there *are* promises to acts previous to the *commencement of* REAL *goodness in the heart*, which your statement nowhere implied, nor has he shown them in the Bible.

"I wish I could see you. I can not write my thoughts.

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I believe it to be a matter of fact that you and I are *really* a different kind of Calvinists from what Unitarians have imagined or been accustomed to manage. Probably the writer thinks that you are in sentiment at war with the orthodox at the present day, but he is grandly mistaken so far as *Connecticut* is concerned. And I do suppose that we do preach moral obligation and dependence different from many of our old divines—that in some things the Calvinism of Connecticut or New England has undergone an important change.

"Why not take this ground with Unitarians? We feel no concern for old Calvinism. Let them dispute it as much as they please; we feel bound to make no defense. Come home to the *evangelical system* now taught in New England. Meet us, if at all, on our own *avowed* principles, or we shall have nothing to say to you. We do believe thus, and so free agency, etc., etc., as in your sermon.

"Brother Beecher, I know not what your determination may be as to an answer to the review. As it contains many things provoking, I have felt as though it would be preferable to hold your peace; but put your thoughts into the hand of some able reviewer for the Spectator. There is a kind of dignity in the silence which you have hitherto manifested whenever attacked, which, *me judice*, is rarely maintained, perhaps never in entering the lists of warm controversy.

"I am impressed with the thought that your own *influence* will be more safely and effectually preserved by your old course of taciturnity; but I will not dictate. The revival is now near you; we rejoice in the prospect. What has got into Bunce? My love to all your family."

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CHAPTER LXXII.

THE FAITH ONCE DELIVERED TO THE SAINTS.

We propose in the present chapter, which closes the volume, to give some extracts from the sermon already repeatedly mentioned in the correspondence, and from the reply to the review of the same in the Christian Examiner.

"The Unitarian defection," observes Dr. Bacon, alluding to this period, "was then at the height of its power and in the full tide of its progress, and a mind like his, ever watching for the signs of the times, could not be indifferent to the portentous outlook from his post of observation.

"Already he had found one opportunity of making himself heard at the centre of that great defection from evangelical truth. His sermon, preached at an ordination in Park Street Church, and entitled 'The Bible a code of laws,' was a most telling argument against the Unitarian system, striking it where it is most defenseless.

"Guided as by an instinctive sagacity, he felt that Unitarianism was to be defeated not by a merely defensive warfare, answering its objections in detail, but rather by a direct assault on the system itself, and by fresh statements and illustrations of great foundation truths — and of that method his Park Street sermon was a specimen.

"Soon afterward the installation of his young friend and theological pupil, Elias Cornelius, at Salem, gave him another opportunity, and then his theme was, 'The design, rights, and duties of local churches.'

"Four years later, in 1823, he preached at an ordination

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in Worcester, when (if I may be indulged in the reminiscence) I had the privilege of hearing his great sermon on 'The faith once delivered to the saints.' That sermon, I do not hesitate to say, was one of the most effective publications in the Unitarian controversy of the time.

"Stuart had published his Letters to Channing, which remained, and still remain unanswered. Woods, the Abbott professor at Andover, on one side, and Ware, the Hollis professor at Harvard, on the other, had completed their debate, each to the general satisfaction of his own friends. Orthodoxy, in the person of its champion, had defended itself with great ability against Unitarian objections, and those objections had been stated again with great clearness and politeness.

"But the sermon on 'The faith once delivered to the saints' was like a huge bomb thrown right into the camp of the adversaries. The strength of Unitarianism was in its objections to Trinitarian and Calvinistic doctrines, or what its advocates chose to represent as such; but the Worcester sermon, by its clear, fresh statement of the two systems in their contrast, and by its ingenious, intelligible, and effective demonstration that the so-called 'liberal system' could not possibly be the faith once delivered to the saints, put that system to the awkward work of defending itself."

Extracts from Sermon.

"The faith once delivered to the saints includes, it is believed, among other doctrines, the following:

"That men are free agents, in the possession of such faculties, and placed in such circumstances as render it practicable for them to do whatever God requires, reasonable that he should require it, and fit that he should inflict literally the entire penalty of disobedience. Such ability is here

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intended as lays a perfect foundation for government by law, and for rewards and punishments according to deeds.

"That the divine law requires love to God with all the heart, and impartial love for men, together with certain overt duties to God and men by which this love is to be expressed; and that this law is supported by the sanctions of eternal life and eternal death.

"That the ancestors of our race violated this law; that, in some way, as a consequence of their apostasy, all men, as soon as they become capable of accountable action, do, *of their own accord, most freely* and *most wickedly* withhold from God the *supreme love*, and from man the *impartial love*, which the law requires, besides violating many of its practical precepts; and that the obedience of the heart, which the law requires, has ceased entirely from the whole race of man.

"That, according to the principles of moral government, obedience, either antecedent or subsequent to transgression, can not avert the penalty of law; and that pardon, upon condition of repentance merely, would destroy the efficacy of moral government.

"That an atonement has been made for sin by Jesus Christ, with reference to which God can maintain the influence of his law and forgive sin, upon condition of repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; that all men are invited sincerely in this way to return to God, with an assurance of pardon and eternal life if they comply.

"That a compliance with these conditions is practicable, in the regular exercise of the powers and faculties given to man as an accountable creature, and is prevented only by the exercise of a voluntary criminal aversion to God, so inflexibly obstinate that, by motives merely, men are never persuaded to repent and believe.

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"That God is able, by his Spirit, to make to the mind of man such an application of the truth as shall unfailingly convince him of sin, render him willing to obey the Gospel, and actually and joyfully obedient.

"That this special influence of the Holy Spirit is given according to the supreme discretion or good pleasure of God; and yet, ordinarily, is so inseparably associated with the use of means by the sinner as to create ample encouragement to attend upon them, and to render all hopes of conversion while neglecting or rejecting the truth, or while living in open sin, eminently presumptuous.

"That believers are justified by the merits of Christ through faith, and are received into a covenant with God which secures their continuance in holiness forever; while those who die in their sins will continue to sin willfully, and to be punished justly forever.

"That God exercises a providential government, which extends to all events in such a manner as to lay a just foundation for resignation to his will in afflictions brought upon us by the wickedness of men, and for gratitude in the reception of good in all the various modes of human instrumentality; that all events shall illustrate his glory, and be made subservient to the good of his kingdom; and that this government is administered in accordance with a purpose or plan known and approved of by him from the beginning.

"Finally, that the God of the universe has revealed himself to us as existing in three persons—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—possessing distinct and equal attributes, and, in some unrevealed manner, so united as to constitute *one God.*

"These are the doctrines which, it is believed, were delivered to the saints, and which have been held, substantially, though with some variety of modification, by the true Church of God in all ages. * * *

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"We are sensible that in our land there are many who have no opportunity of hearing the evangelical system of doctrines stated in a manner which its advocates would approve, and that no small prejudice has arisen against it through misapprehension. But, with his Bible in his possession, we are constrained to believe that every man may know what the Scriptures say on these subjects, and that, if the evangelical system be divine, it can not be rejected with impunity. If to any this opinion shall seem severe, and, as some have said, as if we were *glad* that many will be lost, we can say with an apostle, and call God to witness, that 'we have great heaviness and continual sorrow in our hearts for our brethren, our kinsmen according to the flesh,' whom, as we understand the Bible, we can not but regard as fatally deceived.

"If the effects of their mistake were, in our view, confined to this transient scene, or if we could believe that the truth of God, as a whole, could be misunderstood and rejected, consistently with that moral renovation of the heart which is indispensable to communion with God and admission to heaven, we might hold our peace, for of what possible consequence can it be to us whether our fellow-men agree or differ from us on points which in a few days may be of no consequence? Time is too short, and eternity is too long, to justify great solicitude about things which affect us only here. But if, as we believe, all the qualifications for heaven have ceased from the heart of man, and all the means of their restoration lie in the system of revealed truth, and the efficacy given to it by the special influence of the Holy Spirit; and if God will not sanctify by the instrumentality of error, where his truth is rejected in the presence or within the reach of ample evidence, how can we, in such circumstances, behold our fellow-men, our friends and

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neighbors, moving onward to the confirmed state of a miserable eternity, and not be deeply affected? We beseech you, brethren, 'by the meekness and gentleness of Christ,' that you be not offended with our plainness in this discourse, nor with our importunity in its application. We respectfully but earnestly invite your attention to the argument which has been submitted to your consideration, and entreat that, in the light of it and of God's holy Word, you will give to your own opinions one revision more—one *careful, prayerful, immediate revision;* for, if you are wrong, it will soon be too late to retrieve the mistake. Allow us to ask you, then, affectionately, solemnly, whether such collateral evidence as we have been able to lay into the scale of evangelical exposition can be the result of accident, or can be found to be laid in the opposite scale. Are the doctrines of the liberal system contained in the text, according to its most direct and obvious meaning? Do they receive the sanction of approbation from the most devout persons, and the sentence of condemnation from the irreligious and vicious? Does the liberal system produce the same objections which the faith delivered to the saints produced? Is it gladly received by the common people, and rejected by the same sort of men, in the higher orders of society, who rejected the Gospel? Do the doctrines of the liberal system occasion a virulent hostility against them in such circumstances as show that it does not result from the ardent love of truth or hatred of error? Do they occasion the same fears and anxieties about a future state, the same deep conviction of sin, and the same joyful and often sudden conversion to God, as are manifested under evangelical preaching and in revivals of religion? Do the doctrines of the liberal system produce revivals of religion at all, and not, rather, awaken prejudices and array influence against them?

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Do they produce the same style of piety—as deep, solemn, and ardent—as the faith produced which was delivered to the saints? Do they inspire the same solicitude and effort for the awakening and conversion of sinners, under the light of the Gospel, or the same compassion for the heathen, and enterprise for their salvation? Does the liberal system inspire the same assurance of its being true, attended by the same unwavering constancy in its profession, which the faith delivered to the saints inspired? And does it produce the same assurance of hope, and the same sustaining joy, 'full of glory,' in the hour of death?" * * *

From Reply to Review.

"He (the reviewer) claims that I have abandoned the Calvinistic system, and have come over to the Arminian, Unitarian faith; and the only front of my offending is that, not having the capacity to perceive, or the magnanimity to avow, my conversion to Arminianism, I have attempted to persuade the public that this anti-Calvinistic Unitarian creed of mine is substantially the faith of the Reformers, the Puritans, the fathers of New England, and the great body of the orthodox in our country.

"When I first read these charges, I was disposed to bestow a smile upon them and let them pass. But, in attending to the course of the controversy between Unitarians and the orthodox, I perceived what appeared to me a settled determination in Unitarians to make the impression on the public mind that every variation in the explanation, statement, and proof of our doctrines, occasioned by the progress of mental philosophy, or of biblical criticism, or by Unitarian misrepresentations, is an abandonment of our first principles, and an approximation to Unitarianism. I have heard the boastings reiterated of Professor Stuart's approximation

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to Unitarianism, and of my own Arminian tendencies in preaching; and lately I have read in Dr. Channing's sermon that 'it is a plain matter of fact that the hard features of that religious system which has been "received by tradition from our fathers" are greatly softened, and that a necessity is felt by those who hold it of accommodating their representations of it more and more to the improved philosophy of the human mind, and to the undeniable principles of natural and revealed religion. Unconditional election is seldom heard of among us. The imputation of Adam's sin to his posterity is hastening to join the exploded doctrine of transubstantiation. The more revolting representations of man's state by nature are judiciously kept out of sight; and, what is still of greater importance, preaching is incomparably more practical than formerly.' * * *

"It is certainly an unexpected task which devolves upon me of proving that my doctrinal opinions are Calvinistic. It is not my purpose to exhaust the subject now; but if, after reading the evidence which I submit to his consideration, the reviewer shall remain skeptical and call for more, it shall be at his service.

"As evidence, then, that the doctrinal system contained in the epitome is substantially Calvinistic, I submit the following:

"1. It is the doctrinal system which I have exhibited in my public ministry for more than twenty years, and which has secured to me, without contradiction until now, the reputation of being a Calvinist. Could this have happened if my system of belief were decidedly anti-Calvinistic? Have Calvinists and Arminians misunderstood my doctrinal opinions until now?

"2. Since the publication of the sermon I have been neither admonished of heresy nor denounced for it by any of

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my Calvinistic brethren; and, commonly, the orthodox are not slow to denounce apostates, especially in Connecticut, Unitarians themselves being judges.

"3. I have received from Unitarians none of those tokens of complacency which they are wont to bestow upon apostates from orthodoxy. Not one of the thousand trumpets which blow the fame of favored Unitarians has swelled a note in my praise, and no Unitarian press has groaned with a second and third edition of this anti-Calvinistic sermon for gratuitous distribution.

"4. Even the reviewer is not softened by his own convictions of my anti-Calvinism into complacency and good feeling, but goes on, throughout the review, smiting, as if he were contending with a real antagonist. Could this have happened if he had only found a convert from Calvinism, whose sole fault was that he had not as yet found out that he had come over to the Unitarian faith? Indeed, I have attempted in vain to discover how an anti-Calvinistic creed, claiming to be the faith delivered to the saints, should be regarded as furnishing an occasion for proving that Calvinism is not the primitive faith. Had I any where asserted that Calvinism is the primitive faith? I had not named the term. Was the evangelical system, however, so decidedly Calvinistic in its bearings that it must fall, of course, to the ground, if it could be proved that Calvinism is not the faith delivered to the saints? By no means. The doctrines laid down in the sermon are an 'innovation upon the popular faith' of Calvinism. They are 'decidedly anti-Calvinistic.' They are the doctrinal articles of Arminians and Unitarians; and yet, in reviewing this decidedly anti-Calvinistic Unitarian creed, a great effort is made to prove that Calvinism is not the faith delivered to the saints. Would not the reviewer have put forth his strength to as much purpose if he

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had labored to prove that Mohammedanism was not the faith delivered to the saints?

"5. I have made inquiry, far and wide, for the purpose of ascertaining whether I had, in the opinion of the orthodox of any class, as I have in the opinion of the reviewer, 'erred and strayed entirely' from the Calvinistic system. But, while some differ with me on subordinate points or modes of explanation, all, without exception, from whom I have heard, have admitted that the sermon contains, *substantially*, a true account of the faith delivered to the saints, and a *true account* of what have been denominated the doctrines of the Reformation, and of the orthodox faith as held in this country.

"Dr. Green, of Philadelphia, the editor of the Christian Advocate, says, in a review of my sermon, that I belong to a class of ministers who are Calvinists; that the 'evangelical system' will no doubt be considered as a Calvinistic statement; that I claim, and justly, all Calvinists, of whatever description, as belonging to those who hold the evangelical system, though all of them would not, of course, subscribe to every statement it contains. But no man understands more fully than Dr. Green the doctrinal articles of the Presbyterian confession of faith, and the prevailing views of the Presbyterian Church. The class of Calvinists to which Dr. Green supposes I belong are probably the Calvinists of Connecticut, and of New England generally. But are not the orthodox clergy of Connecticut and New England Calvinists? Are not the professors at Andover Calvinists? And yet no complaint from that source has been made against the sermon as anti-Calvinistic; on the contrary, it has been recognized by the professors as being what it claims to be, substantially Calvinistic. * * *

"Let it not be said that we adopt our faith blindly, and

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make no progress in our knowledge of the truth, because we hold fast the first principles of our early profession; for elementary truths may be held in combination with error, which time and study may sift out; and the truths themselves are capable of almost indefinite varieties of statement and explanation, without abandoning the elementary positions themselves. These modified statements Unitarians mistake for a change in our principles, when we only avail ourselves, as Providence designed we should, of heresies and errors, to render our statement of doctrines more exact, and our positions more impregnable to assault. Our progress, therefore, consists not in tearing up old foundations, but in rearing and beautifying the superstructure that rests upon them; a progress in which, the farther we proceed, the more we believe that our first principles are those of the oracles of God."

END OF VOL. I.

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